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Comedies, histories and Tragedies [Mit d. Porträt d. Verfassers]

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To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
 It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut ;
Wherein the Grauer had a ſtrife
 with Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
 As well in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face ; the Print would then ſurpaſſe
 All, that vvas euer vvrit in braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
 Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

Mr. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON

Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

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14

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM

Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the *Kings most Excellent Maiesty.*

AND

PHILIP

Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L. we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, vvhile we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and haue prosequuted both them, and their Authour liuing, vvith so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done

vnto their parent. There is a great difference, vvhether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L L. likings of the seuerall parts, vvhen they were acted, as before they vvere publiſhed, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; vvithout ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of ſo worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our Shakespeare, *by humble offer of his playes, to your moſt noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iuſtly obſerued, no man to come neere your L.L. but vvith a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath bin the height of our care, vvho are the Preſenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we muſt alſo craue our abilities to be conſiderd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nation (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leauened Cake. It vvas no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H. H. theſe remaines of your ſeruant* Shakeſpeare; *that what delight is in them, may be euer your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre ſo careſull to ſhew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is*

Your Lordſhippes moſt bounden,

John Heminge.
Henry Condell.

To the great Variety of Readers.

FRom the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: There you are num-ber'd. We had rather you were weighd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purſes. Well! it is now publique, & you wil ſtand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and cenſure. Do ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a Booke, the Stationer ſaies. Then, how odde ſoeuer your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Iudge your ſixe-pen'orth, your ſhillings worth, your fiue ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the iuſt rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Cenſure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, theſe Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and ſtood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confeſſe, worthie to haue bene wiſhed, that the Author himſelfe had liu'd to haue ſet forth, and ouerſeen his owne writings; But ſince it hath bin ordain'd otherwiſe, and he by death de-parted from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publiſh'd them; and ſo to haue publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerſe ſtolne, and ſurreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of iniurious impoſtors, that expos'd them: euen thoſe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers, as he conceiued thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that eaſineſſe, that wee haue ſcarſe receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praiſe him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loſt. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to vnderſtand him. And ſo we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your ſelues, and others. And ſuch Readers we wiſh him.

Iohn Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

To the memory of my beloued, The AVTHOR

Mr. William Shakespeare: And what he hath left vs.

TO *draw no enuy (*Shakeſpeare) *on thy name,*
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confeſſe thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither Man, *nor* Muſe, *can praiſe too much.*
'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe wayes
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praiſe,
And thinke to ruine, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praiſe a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe againſt them, and indeed
Aboue th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakeſpeare, *riſe; I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenſer, *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art aliue ſtill, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praiſe to giue.
That I not mixe thee ſo, my braine excuſes;
I meane with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didstſt our Lily *out-ſhine,*
Or ſporting Kid, *or* Marlowes *mighty line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latine, *and leſſe* Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchilus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles *to vs,*
Paccuuius, Accius, *him of* Cordoua *dead,*
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And ſhake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leaue thee alone, for the compariſon

Of

Of all, that insolent Greece, *or haughtie* Rome
sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, *thou hast one to showe,*
To whom all Scenes of Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses *still were in their prime,*
When like Apollo *he came forth to warme*
Our eares, or like a Mercury *to charme!*
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, *tart* Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not please;*
But antiquated, and deserted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, *must enioy a part.*
For though the Poets *matter, Nature be,*
His Art doth giue the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Vpon the Muses *anuile: turne the same,*
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's *made, as well as borne.*
And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Liues in his issue, euen so, the race
Of Shakespeares *minde, and manners brightly shines*
In his well torned, and true filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Auon! *what a sight it were*
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights vpon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, *and our* Iames!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

Ben: Ionson.

TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceaſed Authour Maiſter

W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-ſpeare, *at length thy pious fellowes giue*
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe, thy name muſt · when that ſtone is rent,
And Time diſſolues thy Stratford *Moniment,*
Here we aliue ſhall view thee ſtill. This Booke,
When Braſſe and Marble fade, ſhall make thee looke
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-ſpeares; *eu'ry Line, each Verſe*
Here ſhall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naſo *ſaid,*
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke ſhall once inuade.
Nor ſhall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead
(Though miſt) vntill our bankrout Stage be ſped
(Impoſsible) with ſome new ſtraine t'out-do
Paſsions of Iuliet, *and her* Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans *ſpake.*
Till theſe, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our Shake-ſpeare, *thou canſt neuer dye,*
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

VVEE *wondred* (Shake-ſpeare) *that thou went'ſt ſo ſoone*
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a ſecond part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie;*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

The Workes of William Shakeſpeare,

containing all his Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies: Truely ſet forth, according to their firſt *ORJGJNALL.*

The Names of the Principall Actors in all theſe Playes.

William Shakeſpeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Auguſtine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Croſſe.
Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Oſtler.
Nathan Field.
John Vnderwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Eccleſtone.
Joſeph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinſon.
Iohn Shancke.
Iohn Rice.

Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous

Scenicke Poet, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* braue; for done are *Shakeſpeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now beſticke thoſe bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* firſt, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarſe make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went ſoone about,
The life yet of his lines ſhall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.

10.

A CATALOGVE

of the ſeuerall Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boteſwaine.

Maſter.

BOte-ſwaine.

Boteſ. Heere Maſter: What cheere?

Maſt. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelues a ground, beſtirre, beſtirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boteſ. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-ſale: Tend to th'Maſters whiſtle: Blow till thou burſt thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boteſwaine haue care: where's the Maſter? Play the men.

Boteſ. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Maſter, Boſon?

Boteſ. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do aſsiſt the ſtorme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boteſ. When the Sea is: hence, what cares theſe roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; ſilence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboord.

Boteſ. None that I more loue then my ſelfe. You are a Counſellor, if you can command theſe Elements to ſilence, and worke the peace of the preſent, wee will not hand a rope more, vſe your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thankes you haue liu'd ſo long, and make your ſelfe readie in your Cabine for the miſchance of the houre, if it ſo hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I ſay. *Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteſwaine.

Boteſ. Downe with the top-Maſt: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-courſe. A plague———
A cry within. *Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*
vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to ſinke?

Sebaſ. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous incharitable Dog.

Boteſ. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent Noyſemaker, we are leſſe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger then a Nutt-ſhell, and as leaky as an vnſtanched wench.

Boteſ. Lay her a hold, a hold, ſet her two courſes off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All loſt, to prayers, to prayers, all loſt.

Boteſ. What muſt our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's aſſiſt them, for our caſe is as theirs.

Sebaſ. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-raſcall, would thou mightſt lye drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water ſweare againſt it,
And gape at widſt to glut him. *A confuſed noyſe within.*
Mercy on vs.
We ſplit, we ſplit, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.

Anth. Let's all ſinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I giue a thouſand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deereſt father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it ſeemes would powre down ſtinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Daſhes the fire out. Oh! I haue ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A braue veſſell

(Who had no doubt ſome noble creature in her)
Daſh'd all to peeces : O the cry did knocke
Againſt my very heart : poore ſoules, they periſh'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue ſuncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It ſhould the good Ship ſo haue ſwallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.
Proſ. Be collected,
No more amazement : Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.
Mira. O woe, the day.
Proſ. No harme :
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one ; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
Then *Proſpero*, Maſter of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.
Proſ. 'Tis time
I ſhould informe thee farther : Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me : So,
Lye there my Art : wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull ſpectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compaſſion in thee :
I haue with ſuch prouiſion in mine Art
So ſafely ordered, that there is no ſoule
No not ſo much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the veſſell
Which thou heardſt cry , which thou ſaw'ſt ſinke : Sit
For thou muſt now know farther. [downe,
Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt
And left me to a bootleſſe Inquiſition,
Concluding, ſtay : not yet.
Proſ. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiue. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell ?
I doe not thinke thou canſt, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.
Mira. Certainely Sir, I can.
Proſ. By what ? by any other houſe, or perſon ?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis farre off :
And rather like a dreame, then an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me ?
Proſ. Thou hadſt ; and more *Miranda* : But how is it
That this liues in thy minde ? What ſeeſt thou els
In the dark-backward and Abiſme of Time ?
Yf thou remembreſt ought ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou maiſt.
Mira. But that I doe not.
Proſ. Twelue yere ſince (*Miranda*) twelue yere ſince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power :
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father ?
Proſ. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princeſſe ; no worſe Iſſued.
Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or bleſſed was't we did ?
Proſ. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou ſaiſt) were we heau'd thence,
But bleſſedly holpe hither.
Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, pleaſe you, farther ;
Proſ. My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Anthonio* :
I pray thee marke me, that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious : he, whom next thy ſelfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my ſtate , as at that time
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero*, the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity ; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell ; thoſe being all my ſtudie,
The Gouernment I caſt vpon my brother,
And to my State grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies, thy falſe vncle
(Do'ſt thou attend me ?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedefully.
Proſ. Being once perfected how to graunt ſuites,
how to deny them : who t'aduance, and who
To traſh for ouer-topping ; new created
The creatures that were mine, I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em ; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, ſet all hearts i'th ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't : Thou attend'ſt not ?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Proſ. I pray thee marke me :
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being ſo retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate : in my falſe brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my truſt
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my truſt was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſynner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleeue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Subſtitution
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiue : hence his Ambition growing :
Do'ſt thou heare ?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafeneſſe.
Proſ. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Abſolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough : of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(ſo drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.
Mira. Oh the heauens :
Proſ. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I ſhould ſinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

who having, to untruth, by telling of it
Collier's Copy of 1632

Good wombes haue borne bad ſonnes.
Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers ſuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine,* and ith' dead of darkeneſſe
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelfe.
Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.
Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the preſent buſineſſe
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were moſt impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre deſtroy vs?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that queſtion: Deare, they durſt not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor ſet
A marke ſo bloudy on the buſineſſe; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkaſſe of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſayle, nor maſt, the very rats
Inſtinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyſt vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to ſigh
To th' windes, whoſe pitty ſighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preſerue me; Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which raiſ'd in me
An vndergoing ſtomacke, to beare vp
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we a ſhore?
Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſigne) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince haue ſteeded much, ſo of his gentleneſſe
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furniſhd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But euer ſee that man.
Pro. Now I ariſe,
Sit ſtill, and heare the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaſter, made thee more profit
Then other Princeſſe can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.
Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For ſtill 'tis beating in my minde; your reaſon
For rayſing this Sea-ſtorme?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: And by my preſcience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A moſt auſpitious ſtarre, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclinde to ſleepe: 'tis a good dulneſſe,
And giue it way: I know thou canſt not chuſe:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel.* Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Maſter, graue Sir, haile: I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clowds: to thy ſtrong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempeſt that I bad thee.
Ar. To euery Article.
I boorded the Kings ſhip: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waſte, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, ſometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-maſt,
The Yards and Bore-ſpritt, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precurſers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And ſight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to beſiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident ſhake.
Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was ſo firme, ſo conſtant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ar. Not a ſoule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the veſſell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings ſonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-ſtaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the firſt man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit:
But was not this nye ſhore?
Ar. Cloſe by, my Maſter.
Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) ſafe?
Ar. Not a haire periſhd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher then before: and as thou badſt me,
In troops I haue diſperſd them 'bout the Iſle:
The Kings ſonne haue I landed by himſelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with ſighes,
In an odde Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting
His armes in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ſhip,
The Marriners, ſay how thou haſt diſpoſd,
And all the reſt o'th' Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings ſhippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldſt me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes,* there ſhe's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their ſuffred labour
I haue left aſleep: and for the reſt o'th' Fleet

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day?
Ar. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since yͧ dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full yeere.
Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread yͤ Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.
Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with (child,
And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my slaue,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thanke thee Master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.
Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently.
Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.
Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere.
Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: speake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine apparision: my queint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by yͤ diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.
Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlaue,
Whom ſtripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didſt ſeeke to violate
The honor of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didſt preuent me, I had peopel'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans.*
Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodneſſe wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didſt not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſeruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadſt
Deſeru'd more then a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Proſ. Hag-ſeed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt beſt
To anſwer other buſineſſe: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglectſt, or doſt vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos,*
And make a vaſſaile of him.
Pro. So ſlaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuiſible playing & ſinging.
Ariel Song. *Come vnto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands:
Curtſied when you haue, and kiſt
the wilde waues whiſt:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and ſweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.
Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare, the ſtraine of ſtrutting Chanticlere*
cry cockadidle-dowe.
Fer. Where ſhold this Muſick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth'Iland, ſitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Muſicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.
Ariell Song. *Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,*
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, & ſtrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding-dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall buſines, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me ſir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, & hath ſuch ſenſes
As we haue: ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wracke: and but hee's ſomething ſtain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) ÿ might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellowes,
And ſtrayes about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoule prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſſe
On whom theſe ayres attend: Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beſt of them that ſpeake this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee ſpeake of *Naples:* he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my ſelfe am *Naples,*
Who, with mine eyes (neuer ſince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue ſonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt ſight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel,*
Ile ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your ſelfe ſome wrong: A word.
Mir. Why ſpeakes my father ſo vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw: the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for: pitty moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples.*
Pro. Soft ſir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this ſwift buſines
I muſt vneaſie make, leaſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ſt heere vſurpe
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelfe
Vpon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If the ill-ſpirit haue ſo fayre a houſe,
Good things will ſtriue to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water ſhalt thou drinke: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brooke Muſſels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.
Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too raſh a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.
Prof. What I ſay,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy ſword vp Traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere diſarme thee with this ſticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you Father.
Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his ſurety.
Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Hauing ſeene but him and *Caliban*:) Fooliſh wench,
To th'moſt of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I haue no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Prof. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loſſe, the weakneſſe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am ſubdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elſe o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vſe of: ſpace enough
Haue I in ſuch a priſon.
Prof. It workes: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me,
Harke what thou elſe ſhalt do mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by ſpeech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.
Prof. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariell. To th'ſyllable.
Prof. Come follow: ſpeake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cauſe,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſſe; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, ſome Saylors wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iuſt our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preſeruation) few in millions
Can ſpeake like vs: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow, with our comfort.
Alonſ. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Viſitor will not giue him ore ſo.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. One: Tell.
Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue ſpoken truer then you purpos'd.
Seb. You haue taken it wiſelier then I meant you ſhould.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pre-thee ſpare.
Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
Firſt begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A Laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Iſland ſeeme to be deſert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So: you'r paid.
Adr. Vninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.
Seb. Yet
Adr. Yet
Ant. He could not miſſe't.
Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliuer'd.
Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here moſt ſweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.
Ant. True, ſaue meanes to liue.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſſe lookes?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't.
Ant. He miſſes not much.
Seb. No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.
Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſſe and gloſſes, being rather new dy'de then ſtain'd with ſalte water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeake, would it not ſay he lyes?
Seb. I, or very falſely pocket vp his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke , at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis.*

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido!*

Seb. What if had said Widdower *Æneas* too?
Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis.*

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage.*

Adri. Carthage? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage.*

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widdow *Dido?* I, Widdow *Dido.*

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against
the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer
Married my daughter there: For comming thence
My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,
Who is so farre from *Italy* remoued,
I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish
Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,
I saw him beate the surges vnder him,
And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept. and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releeue him: I not doubt
He came aliue to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an Affrican,
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe
Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame should bow: we haue lost your
I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue (son,
Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st oth'losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd sow't vvith Nettle-seed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what vvould I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he vvould be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, fellony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I vvould vvith such perfection gouerne Sir:
T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo.*

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to (me.

Gon. I do vvell beleeue your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow vvas there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it fiue weekes vvithout changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We vvould so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I vvill not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes
Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,
Do not omit the heauy offer of it:
It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perſon,
While you take your reſt, and watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſines poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſinke? I finde
Not my ſelfe diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian?* O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th'occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſee's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me ſpeake?
Seb. I do, and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleepe: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleepe
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, mouing:
And yet ſo faſt aſleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian,*
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleepe: die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'ſt ſnore diſtinctly,
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious then my cuſtome: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in ſtripping it
You more inueſt it: ebbing men, indeed
(Moſt often) do ſo neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or ſloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſwaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perſwaſion, onely
Profeſſes to perſwade) the King his ſonne's aliue,
'Tis as impoſsible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that ſleepes heere, ſwims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way ſo high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt diſcouery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples?*
Seb. *Claribell.*
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis:* ſhe that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: ſhe that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnleſſe the Sun were poſt:
The Man i'th Moone's too ſlow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt againe,
(And by that deſtiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's paſt is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuffe is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis,*
So is ſhe heyre of *Naples,* 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribell*
Meaſure vs backe to *Naples?* keepe in *Tunis,*
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneceſſarily
As this *Gonzallo:* I my ſelfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a ſleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderſtand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your Brother *Proſpero.*
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments ſit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers ſeruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my boſome: 'Twentie conſciences
That ſtand 'twixt me, and *Millaine,* candied be they,
And melt ere they molleſt: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient ſteele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morſell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our courſe: for all the reſt
They'l take ſuggeſtion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any buſineſſe that
We ſay befits the houre.
Seb. Thy caſe, deere Friend
Shall be my preſident: As thou got'ſt *Millaine,*
I'le come by *Naples:* Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieſt,
And I the King ſhall loue thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*
Seb. O, but one word.
Enter Ariell with Muſicke and Song.
Ariel. My Maſter through his Art foreſees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and ſends me forth
(For elſe his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.
Sings in Gonzaloes eare.
While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracie
His time doth take:

If

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be ſodaine.
Gon. Now, good Angels preſerue the King.
Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It ſtrooke mine eare moſt terribly.
Alo. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſters eare;
To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.
Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?
Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I ſaw their weapons drawne: there was a noyſe,
That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further ſearch
For my poore ſonne.
Gon. Heauens keepe him from theſe Beaſts:
For he is ſure i'th Iſland.
Alo. Lead away. (done.
Ariell. *Proſpero* my Lord, ſhall know what I haue
So (King) goe ſafely on to ſeeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of Wood (a noyſe of Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne ſuckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By ynch-meale a diſeaſe: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-ſhewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnleſſe he bid 'em; but
For euery trifle, are they ſet vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hiſſe me into madneſſe: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to beare off any weather at all: and another ſtorme brewing, I heare it ſing ith' winde: yond ſame blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would ſhed his licquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fiſh? dead or aliue? a fiſh, hee ſmels like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kinde of, not of the neweſt poore-Iohn: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of ſiluer: there, would this Monſter, make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the ſtorme is come againe: my beſt way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellowes: I will here ſhrowd till the dregges of the ſtorme be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging.

Ste. I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.
This is a very ſcuruy tune to ſing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*
Sings. The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boute-ſwaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the ſauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a ſcuruy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.
Ste. What's the matter? Haue we diuels here? Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I haue not ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin ſaid; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' noſtrils.
Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.
Ste. This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell ſhould he learne our language? I will giue him ſome reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.
Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.
Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wiſeſt; hee ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.
Cal. Thou do'ſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* workes vpon thee.
Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.
Tri. I ſhould know that voyce:
It ſhould be,

But

But hee is dround; and theſe are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voyce now is to ſpeake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule ſpeeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monſter: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo.*

Ste. If thou bee'ſt *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the leſſer legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-ſtrok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my ſtomacke is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celeſtiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o're-boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, ſince I was caſt a'-ſhore.

Cal. I'le ſweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true ſubiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: ſweare then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom aſhore (man) like a Ducke: I can ſwim like a Ducke i'le be ſworne.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the Booke.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'ſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'ſea-ſide, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ſt thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue ſeene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Miſtris ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come, ſweare to that: kiſſe the Booke: I will furniſh it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afeard of him? a very weake Monſter;
The Man ith' Moone?
A moſt poore creadulous Monſter:
Well drawne Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. Ile ſhew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Iſland: and I will kiſſe thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's a ſleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiſſe thy foot. Ile ſweare my ſelfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and ſweare.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelfe to death at this puppi-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcuruie Monſter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poore Monſter's in drinke:
An abhominable Monſter.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ſerue;
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt rediculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Iayes neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Maſter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.
Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monſter; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be ſome Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them ſet off: Some kindes of baſeneſſe
Are nobly vndergon; and moſt poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taſke
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Miſtris which I ſerue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleaſures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſſe. I muſt remoue
Some thouſands of theſe Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a ſore iniunction; my ſweet Miſtris
Weepes when ſhe ſees me worke, & ſaies, ſuch baſenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts, doe euen refreſh my labours,
Moſt buſie leſt, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Proſpero.*

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not ſo hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp thoſe Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray ſet it downe, and reſt you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now reſt your ſelfe,

He's

Most busy — blest (not one word)
Collier's Copy

Hee's ſafe for theſe three houres.

Fer. O moſt deere Miſtris,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtriue to do.

Mir. If you'l ſit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my ſinewes, breake my backe,
Then you ſhould ſuch diſhonor vndergoe,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This viſitation ſhewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Miſtris, 'tis freſh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beſeech you
Cheefely, that I might ſet it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I haue broke your heſt to ſay ſo.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereſt to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for ſeuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd ſeuerall women, neuer any
VVith ſo full ſoule, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrell with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peetleſſe, are created
Of euerie Creatures beſt.

Mir. I do not know
One of my ſexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glaſſe, mine owne: Nor haue I ſeene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſſe of; but by my modeſtie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a ſhape
Beſides your ſelfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not ſo) and would no more endure
This wodden ſlauerie, then to ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth: heare my ſoule ſpeake.
The verie inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart flie to your ſeruice, there reſides
To make me ſlaue to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this ſound,
And crowne what I profeſſe with kinde euent
If I ſpeake true: if hollowly, inuert
VVhat beſt is boaded me, to miſchiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter
Of two moſt rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?

Mir: At mine vnworthineſſe, that dare not offer
VVhat I deſire to giue; and much leſſe take
VVhat I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeekes to hide it ſelfe,
The bigger bulke it ſhewes. Hence baſhfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your ſeruant
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Miſtris (deereſt)
And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. *Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are ſurpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere ſupper time, muſt I performe
Much buſineſſe appertaining. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monſter, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monſter? the folly of this Iland, they ſay there's but fiue vpon this Iſle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke ſeruant Monſter when I bid thee, thy eies are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. VVhere ſhould they bee ſet elſe? hee were a braue Monſter indeede if they were ſet in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I ſwam ere I could recouer the ſhore, fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou ſhalt bee my Lieutenant Monſter, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you liſt, hee's no ſtandard.

Ste. VVeel not run Monſieur Monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy ſhooe: Ile not ſerue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to iuſtle a Conſtable: why, thou deboſh'd Fiſh thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but halfe a Fiſh, and halfe a Monſter?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Cal.

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Naturall?

Cal, Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monſter's my ſubiect, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the ſuite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,
I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariell inuiſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubiect to a Tirant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Iſland.

Ariell. Thou lyeſt.

Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou ieſting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee.
I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatneſſe will
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ſt)
But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certaine.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and Ile ſerue thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?
Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee aſleepe,
Where thou maiſt knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcuruy patch:
I do beſeech thy Greatneſſe giue him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He ſhall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not ſhew him
Where the quicke Freſhes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed?

Ariell. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? Take thou that,
As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monſter, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtome with him
I'th afternoone to ſleepe: there thou maiſt braine him,
Hauing firſt ſeiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſſe his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtenſils (for ſo he calles them)
Which when he ha's a houſe, hee'l decke withall.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himſelfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer ſaw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as farre ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*,
As great'ſt do's leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo braue a Laſſe?

Cal. I Lord, ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, ſaue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelfe ſhall be Vice-royes:
Doſt thou like the plot *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am ſorry I beate thee:
But while thou liu'ſt keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be aſleepe,
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure,
Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch
You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy requeſt Monſter, I will do reaſon,
Any reaſon: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs ſing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and ſlout 'em,
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelfe in thy likenes:
If thou beeſt a diuell, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgiue me my ſinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;
Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Iſle is full of noyſes,
Sounds, and ſweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments
Will hum about mine eares; and ſometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleepe,
Will make me ſleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I ſhall haue my Muſicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by:
I remember the ſtorie.

Trin. The ſound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monſter,
Wee'l follow: I would I could ſee this Taborer,
He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano.* *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes muſt reſt me.
Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my ſelfe attach'd with wearineſſe
To th'dulling of my ſpirits: Sit downe, and reſt:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
Whom thus we ſtray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well, let him goe.
Ant. I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope:
Doe not for one repulſe forgoe the purpoſe
That you reſolu'd t'effect.
Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppreſs'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vſe ſuch vigilance
As when they are freſh.
Solemne and ſtrange Muſicke: and Proſper on the top (inuiſible:) Enter ſeuerall ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.
Seb. I ſay to night: no more.
Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.
Gon. Maruellous ſweet Muſicke.
Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heaues: what were theſe?
Seb. A liuing *Drolerie*: now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.
Ant. Ile beleeue both:
And what do's elſe want credit, come to me
And Ile beſworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlands;
(For certes, theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you ſhall finde
Many, nay almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well: for ſome of you there preſent;
Are worſe then diuels.
Al. I cannot too much muſe
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the vſe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe in departing.
Fr. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue ſtomacks.
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alo. Not I.
Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Boyes
Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whoſe throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breſts? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.
Al. I will ſtand to, and feede,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feele
The beſt is paſt: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.
Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quient deuice the Banquet vaniſhes.
Ar. You are three men of ſinne, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer ſurfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you'mongſt men,
Being moſt vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with ſuch like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper ſelues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are miniſters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow miniſters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſſe to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonſo*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worſe then any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep, by ſtep attend
You, and your wayes, whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-ſorrow,
And a cleere life enſuing.
He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (to ſoft Muſicke.) Enter the ſhapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.
Pro. Brauely the figure of this *Harpie*, haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Inſtruction, haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſeruation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And theſe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diſtractions: they now are in my powre;
And in theſe fits, I leaue them, while I viſit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.
Gon. I'th name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?
Al. O, It is monſtrous: monſtrous:
Me thought the billowes ſpoke, and told me of it,
The windes did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my Treſpaſſe,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeeke him deeper then ere plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*
Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are deſperate: their great guilt
(Like poyſon giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the ſpirits: I doe beſeech you
(That are of ſuppler ioynts) follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this extaſie
May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.
Pro. If I haue too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand,*
Doe not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her of,
For thou ſhalt finde ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe
And make it halt, behinde her.
Fer. I doe beleeue it
Againſt an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gueſt, and thine owne acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'ſt breake her Virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be miniſtred,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diſdaine, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes ſo loathly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch loue, as 'tis now the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongſt ſuggeſtion,
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall neuer melt
Mine honor into luſt, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I ſhall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairely ſpoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, ſhe is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my induſtrious ſeruāt *Ariell.* *Enter Ariell.*
Ar. What would my potent maſter? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your laſt ſeruice
Did worthily performe: and I muſt vſe you
In ſuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I muſt
Beſtow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ar. Preſently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ar. Before you can ſay come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Maſter? no?
Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'ſt heare me call.
Ar. Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*
Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the ſtrongeſt oathes, are ſtraw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abſtenious,
Or elſe good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.
Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft muſick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be ſilent. *Enter Iris.*
Ir. *Ceres*, moſt bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peaſe;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which ſpungie *Aprill*, at thy heſt betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chaſt crownes; & thy broome-
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loues, (groues;
Being laſſe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge ſtirrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whoſe watry Arch, and meſſenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue theſe, & with her ſoueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this graſſe-plot, in this very place *deſcends.*
To come, and ſport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
Cer. Haile, many-coloured Meſſenger, that nere
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffuſeſt hony drops, refreſhing ſhowres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ſt crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnſhrubd downe,
Rich ſcarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this ſhort gras'd Greene?
Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bles'd Louers.
Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'ſt know,
Doe now attend the Queene? ſince they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes ſcandald company,
I haue forſworne.
Ir. Of her ſocietie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whoſe vowes are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marſes hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waſpiſh headed ſonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will ſhoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.
Cer. Higheſt Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Iu. How do's my bounteous ſiſter? goe with me
To bleſſe this twaine, that they may proſperous be,
And honourd in their Iſſue. *They Sing.*
Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance, and encreaſing,
Hourely ioyes, be ſtill vpon you,

Iuno sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Haruest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres *blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most maiesticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on employment.*

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of ye windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,
Leaue your crispe channels, and on this greene-Land
Answere your summons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nimphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero *starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Calliban*, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd sort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, *loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, wh you say is a harmles Fairy, Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano.*

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it.

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you meane To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine*, hey.

Ari. *Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Conuultions, shorten vp their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Prospero (*in his Magicke robes*) *and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should ceafe.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,
Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your releafe: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharpely,
Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,
And they shall be themselues.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, stãding lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* stowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musicke.*

Heere enters Ariel *before: Then* Alonso *with a franticke gesture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebastian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco *: They all enter the circle which* Prospero *had made, and there stand charm'd: which* Prospero *obseruing, speakes.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
For you are Spell-stopt.
Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,
And as the morning steales vpon the night
(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reason. O good *Gonzallo*
My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Didst

Did thou *Alonſo*, vſe me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebaſtian.* Fleſh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expelld remorſe, and nature, whom, with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent
As I was ſometime *Millaine:* quickly Spirit,
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariell ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips bell, I lie,
There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I liue now,
Vnder the bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell:* I ſhall miſſe
Thee, but yet thou ſhalt haue freedome: ſo, ſo, ſo.
To the Kings ſhip, inuiſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou finde the Marriners aſleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Maſter and the Boat-ſwaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulſe twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: ſome heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine, Proſpero:*
For more aſſurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now ſpeake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee'ſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulſe
Beats as of fleſh, and blood: and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneſſe held me: this muſt craue
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy Dukedome I reſigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how ſhold *Proſpero*
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. Firſt, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not ſweare.

Pro. You doe yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o'th'Iſle, that will nor let you
Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded
I heere could plucke his Highneſſe frowne vpon you
And iuſtifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell ſpeakes in him:

Pro. No:
For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*
Giue vs particulars of thy preſeruation,
How thou haſt met vs heere, whom three howres ſince
Were wrackt vpon this ſhore? where I haue loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere ſonne *Ferdinand.*

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Saies, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not ſought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I haue her ſoueraigne aid,
And reſt my ſelfe content.

Alo. You the like loſſe?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loſt my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceiue theſe Lords
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they deuoure their reaſon, and ſcarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howſoeu'r you haue
Beene iuſtled from your ſences, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millaine*, who moſt ſtrangely
Vpon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-faſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome ſince you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Proſpero diſcouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Cheſſe.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No my deareſt loue,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdomes, you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
A viſion of the Iſland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice looſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cauſe.

Alo. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father, compaſſe thee about:
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt heere.

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has ſuch people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at (play?

Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:

Is ſhe the goddeſſe that hath ſeuer'd vs,

And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortall;

But by immortall prouidence, ſhe's mine;

I choſe her when I could not aske my Father

For his aduiſe: nor thought I had one: She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,

Of whom, ſo often I haue heard renowne,

But neuer ſaw before: of whom I haue

Receiu'd a ſecond life; and ſecond Father

This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it ſound, that I

Muſt aske my childe forgiueneſſe?

Pro. There Sir ſtop,

Let vs not b urthen our remembrances, with

A heauineſſe that's gon.

Gon. I haue inly wept,

Or ſhould haue ſpoke ere this: looke downe you gods

And on this couple drop a bleſſed crowne;

For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way

Which brought vs hither.

Alo. I ſay Amen, *Gonzallo.*

Gon. Was *Millaine* thruſt from *Millaine*, that his Iſſue

Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce

Beyond a common ioy, and ſet it downe

With gold on laſting Pillers: In one voyage

Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,

And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,

Where he himſelfe was loſt: *Proſpero*, his Dukedome

In a poore Iſle: and all of vs, our ſelues,

When no man was his owne.

Alo. Giue me your hands:

Let griefe and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,

That doth not wiſh you ioy.

Gon. Be it ſo, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwaine amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:

I propheſi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land

This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,

That ſwear'ſt Grace ore-boord, not an oath on ſhore,

Haſt thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

Bot. The beſt newes is, that we haue ſafely found

Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,

Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit,

Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when

We firſt put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this ſeruice

Haue I done ſince I went.

Pro. My trickſey Spirit.

Alo. Theſe are not naturall euents, they ſtrengthen

From ſtrange, to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,

I'ld ſtriue to tell you: we were dead of ſleepe,

And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,

Where, but euen now, with ſtrange, and ſeuerall noyſes

Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,

And mo diuerſitie of ſounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd: ſtraight way, at liberty;

Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter

Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,

Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,

And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.

Alo. This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod,

And there is in this buſineſſe, more then nature

Was euer conduct of: ſome Oracle

Muſt rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infeſt your minde, with beating on

The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt leiſure

(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolue you,

(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of euery

Theſe happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull

And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,

Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:

Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet miſſing of your Companie

Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their ſtolne Apparell.

Ste. Euery man ſhift for all the reſt, and let

No man take care for himſelfe; for all is

But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter *Coraſio.*

Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I weare in my head,

here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be braue Spirits indeede:

How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid

He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are theſe, my Lord *Anthonio*?

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them

Is a plaine fiſh, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,

Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knaue;

His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong

That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,

And deale in her command, without her power:

Theſe three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;

(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of theſe Fellowes, you

Muſt know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneſſe, I

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they

Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,

That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:

I ſhall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'ld be King o'the Iſle, Sirha?

Ste. I ſhould haue bin a ſore one then.

Alo. This is a ſtrange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his Manners

As in his ſhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you looke

To haue my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wiſe hereafter,

And

And ſeeke for grace: what a thrice double Aſſe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull foole?
Pro. Goe to, away.
Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you (found it.
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highneſſe, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt, ſhall make it
Goe quicke away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Iſle: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to *Naples*,
Where I haue hope to ſee the nuptiall
Of theſe our deere-belou'd, ſolemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Euery third thought ſhall be my graue.
Alo. I long
To heare the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the eare ſtarngely.
Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promiſe you calme Seas, auſpicious gales,
And ſaile, ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaſe you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,

ſpoken by *Proſpero.*

Now my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what ſtrength I haue's mine owne.
Which is moſt faint: now 'tis true
I muſt be heere confinde by you,
Or ſent to Naples, *Let me not*
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Iſland, by your Spell,
But releaſe me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Muſt fill, or elſe my proiect failes,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is deſpaire,
Vnleſſe I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence ſet me free. Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Iſland

Names of the Actors.

Alonſo, K. of Naples:
Sebaſtian his Brother.
Proſpero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother, the vſurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honeſt old Councellor.
Adrian, & Franciſco, Lords.
Caliban, a ſaluage and deformed ſlaue.
Trinculo, a Iester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Maſter of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Proſpero.
Ariell, an ayrie Spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Iuno
Nymphes
Reapers } *Spirits.*

FINIS.

THE

THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and *Speed.*

Valentine.

CEaſe to perſwade, my louing *Protheus*;
Home-keeping-youth, haue euer homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the ſweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with ſhapeleſſe idleneſſe.
But ſince thou lou'ſt; loue ſtill, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy trauaile.
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſſe,
When thou do'ſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadeſ-man, *Valentine.*

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my ſucceſſe?

Pro. Vpon ſome booke I loue, I'le pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow Storie of deepe loue,
How yong *Leander* croſt the *Helleſpont.*

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-ſhooes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer ſwom the *Helleſpont.*

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where ſcorne is bought with grones:
Coy-looks, with hart-ſore ſighes: one fading moments mirth,
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights;
If hap'ly won, perhaps a hapleſſe gaine;
If loſt, why then a grieuous labour won;
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit, by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you cauill at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet Writers ſay; as in the ſweeteſt Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; ſo eating Loue
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And Writers ſay; as the moſt forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen ſo by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the Bud,
Looſing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſaile thee
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to ſee me ſhip'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine.*

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy ſucceſſe in loue; and what newes elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy Friend:
And I likewiſe will viſite thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſſe bechance to thee in *Millaine.*

Val. As much to you at home: and ſo farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my ſelfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou *Iulia* thou haſt metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, looſe my time;
Warre with good counſaile; ſet the world at nought;
Make Wit with muſing, weake; hart ſick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'ſaue you: ſaw you my Maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain.*

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ſhip'd already,
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in looſing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often ſtray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Maſter is a Shepheard then, and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or ſleepe.

Pro. A ſilly anſwere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me ſtill a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Maſter a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard ſeekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I ſeeke my Maſter, and my Maſter ſeekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followeſt thy Maſter, thy Maſter for wages followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'ſt thou heare: gau'ſt thou my Letter to *Iulia*?

Sp. I

Sp. I Sir: I (a loſt-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and ſhe (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a loſt-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were beſt ſticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray: 'twere beſt pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, leſſe then a pound ſhall ſerue me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You miſtooke Sir: I ſay ſhe did nod;
And you aske me if ſhe did nod, and I ſay I.

Pro. And that ſet together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to ſet it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I muſt be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how do you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what ſaid ſhe.

Sp. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceiue ſo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:
And being ſo hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare ſhe'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.
Giue her no token but ſtones, for ſhe's as hard as ſteele.

Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing?

Sp. No, not ſo much as take this for thy pains: (me;
To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue ceſtern'd
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your
ſelfe; And ſo Sir, I'le commend you to my Maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſaue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot periſh hauing thee aboarde,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:
I muſt goe ſend ſome better Meſſenger,
I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiuing them from ſuch a worthleſſe poſt. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But ſay *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'ſt thou then counſaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, ſo you ſtumble not vnheedfully.

Iul. Of all the faire reſort of Gentlemen,
That euery day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt loue?

Lu. Pleaſe you repeat their names, ile ſhew my minde,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Iu. What thinkſt thou of the faire ſir *Eglamoure*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-ſpoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he neuer ſhould be mine.

Iu. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himſelfe, ſo, ſo.

Iu. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to ſee what folly raignes in vs.

Iu. How now? what meanes this paſſion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should cenſure thus on louely Gentlemen.

Iu. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him beſt.

Iul. Your reaſon?

Lu. I haue no other but a womans reaſon:
I thinke him ſo, becauſe I thinke him ſo.

Iul. And would'ſt thou haue me caſt my loue on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your loue not caſt away.

Iul. Why he, of all the reſt, hath neuer mou'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the reſt, I thinke beſt loues ye.

Iul. His little ſpeaking, ſhewes his loue but ſmall.

Lu. Fire that's cloſeſt kept, burnes moſt of all.

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not ſhew their loue.

Lu. Oh, they loue leaſt, that let men know their loue.

Iul. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruſe this paper Madam.

Iul. To *Iulia*: ſay, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will ſhew.

Iul. Say, ſay: who gaue it thee?

Lu. Sir *Valentines* page: & ſent I think from *Protheus*;
He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

Iul. Now (by my modeſty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper, and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe returne no more into my ſight.

Lu. To plead for loue, deſerues more fee, then hate.

Iul. Will ye be gon?

Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Iul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;
It were a ſhame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is ſhe, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modeſty, ſay no, to that,
Which they would haue the profferer conſtrue, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this fooliſh loue;
That (like a teſtie Babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled kiſſe the Rod?
How churliſhly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly, I would haue had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to ſmile?
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
And aske remiſſion, for my folly paſt.
What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would your Ladiſhip?

Iul. Is't neere dinner time?

Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomacke on your meat,

And not vpon your Maid.
Iu. What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingerly ?
Lu. Nothing.
Iu. Why didst thou stoope then ?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
Iul. And is that paper nothing ?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Iul. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.
Iul. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set
Iul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue.*
Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.
Iu. Heauy ? belike it hath some burden then ?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,
Iu. And why not you ?
Lu. I cannot reach so high.
Iu. Let's see your Song:
How now Minion ?
Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
Iu. You doe not ?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
Iu. You (Minion) are too saucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Iu. The meane is dround with you vnruly base.
Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus.*
Iu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
*Lu.*She makes it strãge, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter.
Iu. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;
Iniurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;
Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: vnkinde *Iulia,*
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruzing-stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus.*
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.
Iu. Well, let vs goe.
Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here ?
Iu. If you respect them; best to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.
Iu. I see you haue a months minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you iudge I winke.
Iu. Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster ?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.
Ant. Why ? what of him ?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discouer Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Vniuersities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry atchieu'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him ?
Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him (thither.
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of euery Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:
And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Euen with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are iournying, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their seruice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.
Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To feale our happineffe with their confents.
Pro. Oh heauenly *Iulia.*
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleafe your Lordfhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations fent from *Valentine*;
Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me fee what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wifhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ftand you affected to his wifh?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordfhips will,
And not depending on his friendly wifh.
Ant. My will is fomething forted with his wifh:
Mufe not that I thus fodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am refolu'd, that thou fhalt fpend fome time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou fhalt haue from me,
To morrow be in readineffe, to goe,
Excufe it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be fo foone prouided,
Pleafe you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'ft fhalbe fent after thee:
No more of ftay: to morrow thou muft goe;
Come on *Panthmo*; you fhall be imployd,
To haften on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus haue I fhund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the fea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to fhew my Father *Iulias* Letter,
Leaft he fhould take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excufe
Hath he excepted moft againft my loue.
Oh, how this fpring of loue refembleth
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now fhewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away.
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in haft, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thoufand times it anfwer's no.
Exeunt. Finis.

Actus fecundus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.
Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha? Let me fee: I, giue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah *Siluia, Siluia.*
Speed. Madam *Siluia*: Madam *Siluia.*
Val. How now Sirha?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worfhip fir, or elfe I miftooke.
Val. Well: you'll ftill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laft chidden for being too flow.
Val. Goe to, fir, tell me: do you know Madam *Siluia*?
Speed. Shee that your worfhip loues?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?
Speed. Marry by thefe fpeciall markes: firft, you haue learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to rellifh a Loue-fong, like a *Robin*-red-breaft: to walke alone like one that had the peftilence: to figh, like a Schoole-boy that had loft his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to faft, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to fpeake puling, like a beggar at Hal-low-Maffe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fafted, it was prefently after dinner: when you look'd fadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miftris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Mafter.
Val. Are all thefe things perceiu'd in me?
Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were fo fimple, none elfe would: but you are fo without thefe follies, that thefe follies are within you, and fhine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that fees you, but is a Phyfician to comment on your Malady.
Val. But tell me: do'ft thou know my Lady *Siluia*?
Speed. Shee that you gaze on fo, as fhe fits at fupper?
Val. Haft thou obferu'd that? euen fhe I meane.
Speed. Why fir, I know her not.
Val. Do'ft thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ft her not?
Speed. Is fhe not hard-fauour'd, fir?
Val. Not fo faire (boy) as well fauour'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What doft thou know?
Speed. That fhee is not fo faire, as (of you) well-fauourd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquifite,
But her fauour infinite.
Speed. That's becaufe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry fir, fo painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How efteem'ft thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You neuer faw her fince fhe was deform'd.
Val. How long hath fhe beene deform'd?
Speed. Euer fince you lou'd her.
Val. I haue lou'd her euer fince I faw her,
And ftill I fee her beautifull.
Speed. If you loue her, you cannot fee her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Becaufe Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vngarter'd.
Val. What fhould I fee then?
Speed. Your owne prefent folly, and her paffing deformitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not fee to garter his hofe; and you, beeing in loue, cannot fee to put on your hofe.
Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for laft morning You could not fee to wipe my fhooes.
Speed. True fir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke you, you fwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would ceafe.

Val. Last night she enioyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loues.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Speed. O excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n: heer's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should giue her interest: & she giues it him.

Val. As you inioyn'd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship. (done.

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly-

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet ———

Sil. A pretty period: well: I guesse the sequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What meanes your Ladiship?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,
But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Silu. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,
And if it please you, so: if not: why so:

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*

Speed. Oh Iest vnseene: inscrutible: inuisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?
That my master being scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?
What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y^t^ haue the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Siluia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,
When shee hath made you write to your selfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?

Val. No, beleeue me.

Speed. No beleeuing you indeed sir:
But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And y^t^ letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messẽger, y^t^ might her mind discouer
Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

Scœna secunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:

Iul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* sake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.

Iul. And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (*Iulia*) for thy sake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnesse:
My father staies my comming: answere not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?
I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panth. Sir *Protheus*: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious sonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the fowreſt natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Siſter crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre ſhedde one teare: he is a ſtone, a very pibble ſtone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue ſeene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her ſelfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile ſhew you the manner of it. This ſhooe is my father: no, this left ſhooe is my father; no, no, this left ſhooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee ſo neyther: yes; it is ſo, it is ſo: it hath the worſer ſole: this ſhooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now ſir, this ſtaffe is my ſiſter: for, looke you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himſelfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my ſelfe: I; ſo, ſo: now come I to my Father; Father, your bleſſing: now ſhould not the ſhooe ſpeake a word for weeping: now ſhould I kiſſe my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that ſhe could ſpeake now, like a would-woman: well, I kiſſe her, why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my ſiſter; marke the moane ſhe makes: now the dogge all this while ſheds not a teare: nor ſpeakes a word: but ſee how I lay the duſt with my teares.

Panth. Launce, away, away: a Boord: thy Maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oares; what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou man? away aſſe, you'l looſe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loſt, for it is the vnkindeſt Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindeſt tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt looſe the flood, and in looſing the flood, looſe thy voyage, and in looſing thy voyage, looſe thy Maſter, and in looſing thy Maſter, looſe thy ſeruice, and in looſing thy ſeruice:——why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou ſhouldſt looſe thy tongue.

Panth. Where ſhould I looſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pauth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Looſe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Maſter, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my ſighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was ſent to call thee.

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Miſtris.

Spee. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spee. Not of you.

Val. Of my Miſtreſſe then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeeme ſo.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What ſeeme I that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoat you my folly?

Val. I quoat it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion.*

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue ſaid Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it wel ſir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemẽ, & quickly ſhot off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

Sil. Who is that Seruant?

Val. Your ſelfe (ſweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,
Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiſhips lookes,
And ſpends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well ſir: you haue an Exchequer of (words,
And I thinke, no other treaſure to giue your followers:
For it appeares by their bare Liueries
That they liue by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,
What ſay you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deſerues
The honor, and regard of ſuch a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my ſelfe: for from our Infancie
We haue conuerſt, and ſpent our howres together,
And though my ſelfe haue beene an idle Trewant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made vſe, and faire aduantage of his daies:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;
And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praiſes that I now beſtow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Siluia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.
Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?
Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.
Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes ỹ gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.
Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship.
Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.
Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.
Val. Leaue off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.
Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.
Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthlesse. (you.
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with
Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.
Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.
Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?
Pro. Your frends are wel, & haue thē much cōmended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?
Val. Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?
Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her diuine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pils,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Mistresse.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Loue.
Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a fauor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlastingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riuall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st is full of iealousie.)
Pro. But she loues you? (howre,
Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.
Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,
And then Ile presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste? *Exit.*
Pro. I will.
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire: and so is *Iulia* that I loue,

(That

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire
Beares no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reaſon I loue him ſo little.
How ſhall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reaſons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compaſſe her Ile vſe my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honeſty welcome to *Padua.*

Laun. Forſweare not thy ſelfe, ſweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till ſome certaine ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſſe ſay welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of fiue pence, thou ſhalt haue fiue thouſand welcomes: But ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia?*

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earneſt, they parted very fairely in ieſt.

Spee. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Lau. No.

Spee. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Lau. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken?

Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Spee. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus, when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Spee. What an aſſe art thou, I vnderſtand thee not.

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaffe vnderſtands me?

Spee. What thou ſaiſt?

Lau. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my ſtaffe vnderſtands me.

Spee. It ſtands vnder thee indeed.

Lau. Why, ſtand-vnder: and vnder-ſtand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he ſay I, it will: if hee ſay no, it will: if hee ſhake his taile, and ſay nothing, it will.

Spee. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou ſhalt neuer get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but *Launce*, how ſaiſt thou that that my maſter is become a notable Louer?

Lau. I neuer knew him otherwiſe.

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reporteſt him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorſon Aſſe, thou miſtak'ſt me,

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Maſter.

Spee. I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Louer:

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himſelfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-houſe: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Spee. Why?

Lau. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy ſeruice.

Exeunt.

Scœna Sexta.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leaue my *Iulia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To loue faire *Siluia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me firſt my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.
Loue bad mee ſweare, and Loue bids me for-ſweare;
O ſweet-ſuggeſting Loue, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubiect) to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worſhip a celeſtiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants reſolued will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſoueraignty ſo oft thou haſt preferd,
With twenty thouſand ſoule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I ſhould loue.
Iulia I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe,
If I keepe them, I needs muſt looſe my ſelfe:
If I looſe them, thus finde I by their loſſe,
For *Valentine*, my ſelfe: for *Iulia*, *Siluia*.
I to my ſelfe am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelfe,
And *Siluia* (witneſſe heauen that made her faire)
Shewes *Iulia* but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Iulia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Siluia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now proue conſtant to my ſelfe,
Without ſome treachery vs'd to *Valentine.*
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celeſtiall *Siluia's* chamber window,
My ſelfe in counſaile his competitor.
Now preſently Ile giue her father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine:*
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickely croſſe
By ſome ſlie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift
As thou haſt lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scœna ſeptima.

Enter Iulia *and* Lucetta.

Iul. Counſaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle aſſiſt me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is weariſome and long.

Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To meaſure Kingdomes with his feeble ſteps,
Much leſſe ſhall ſhe that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one ſo deere,
Of ſuch diuine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.

Iul: Oh, know'ſt ỹ not, his looks are my ſoules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldſt as ſoone goe kindle fire with ſnow
As ſeeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Luc. I doe not ſeeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Leſt it ſhould burne aboue the bounds of reaſon.

Iul. The more thou dam'ſt it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'ſt) being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſicke with th'enameld ſtones,
Giuing a gentle kiſſe to euery ſedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And ſo by many winding nookes he ſtraies
With willing ſport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courſe:
Ile be as patient as a gentle ſtreame,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile reſt, as after much turmoile
A bleſſed ſoule doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The looſe encounters of laſciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weedes
As may beſeeme ſome well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiſhip muſt cut your haire.

Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in ſilken ſtrings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantaſtique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I ſhall ſhew to be. (ches?

Luc. What faſhion (Madam) ſhall I make your bree-

Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compaſſe will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what faſhion thou beſt likes (*Lucetta*.)

Luc. You muſt needs haue thẽ with a cod-peece (Ma-

Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauourd. (dam)

Luc. A round hoſe (Madam)now's not worth a pin
Vnleſſe you haue a cod-peece to ſtick pins on.

Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'ſt me let me haue
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking ſo vnſtaid a iourney?
I feare me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.

Iul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will ſcarce be pleas'd with all.

Iul. That is the leaſt (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thouſand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And inſtances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All theſe are ſeruants to deceitfull men.

Iul. Baſe men, that vſe them to ſo baſe effect;
But truer ſtarres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure meſſengers, ſent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

Luc. Pray heau'n he proue ſo when you come to him.

Iul. Now, as thou lou'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deſerue my loue, by louing him,
And preſently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me vpon my longing iourney:
All that is mine I leaue at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come; anſwere not: but to it preſently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue ſome ſecrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold diſcouer,
The Law of friendſhip bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde yonr gracious fauours
Done to me (vndeſeruing as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteale away your daughter:
My ſelfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties ſake) I rather choſe
To croſſe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of ſorrowes, which would preſſe you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timeleſſe graue.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honeſt care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my ſelfe haue often ſeene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me faſt aſleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing left my iealous ayme might erre,
And fo (vnworthily) difgrace the man
(A rafhneffe that I euer yet haue fhun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy felfe haft now difclos'd to me.
And that thou maift perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is foone fuggefted,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my felfe haue euer kept:
And thence fhe cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will afcend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it prefently.
Where (if it pleafe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it fo cunningly
That my difcouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publifher of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he fhall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away fo faft?

Val. Pleafe it your Grace, there is a Meffenger
That ftayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but fignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duk. Nay then no matter: ftay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of fome affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou muft be fecret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue fought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and fure the Match
Were rich and honourable: befides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Befeeming fuch a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duk. No, truft me, She is peeuifh, fullen, froward,
Prowd, difobedient, ftubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that fhe is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I fay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cherifh'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full refolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poffeffions fhe efteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but fhe is nice, and coy,
And naught efteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court,
Befides the fafhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beftow my felfe
To be regarded in her fun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if fhe refpect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their filent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duk. But fhe did fcorne a prefent that I fent her,

Val. A woman fomtime fcorns what beft cōtents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For fcorne at firft, makes after-loue the more.
If fhe doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If fhe doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulfe, what euer fhe doth fay,
For, get you gon, fhe doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praife, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere fo blacke, fay they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I fay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But fhe I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept feuerely from refort of men,
That no man hath acceffe by day to her.

Val. Why then I would refort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept fafe,
That no man hath recourfe to her by night.

Val. What letts but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built fo fheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To caft vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would ferue to fcale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduife me, where I may haue fuch a Ladder.

Val. When would you vfe it? pray fir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By feauen a clock, ile get you fuch a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How fhall I beft conuey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will ferue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me fee thy cloake,
Ile get me one of fuch another length.

Val. Why any cloake will ferue the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How fhall I fafhion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this fame? what's here? to *Siluia*?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be fo bold to breake the feale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia *nightly,*
And flaues they are to me, that fend them flying.
Oh, could their Mafter come, and goe as lightly,
Himfelfe would lodge, where (fenceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bofome reft-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curfe the grace, that with fuch grace hath bleft them,
Becaufe my felfe doe want my feruants fortune.
I curfe my felfe, for they are fent by me,
That they fhould harbour where their Lord fhould be.

What's here? *Siluia, this night I will enfranchife thee.*
'Tis fo: and heere's the Ladder for the purpofe.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* fonne)
Wilt thou afpire to guide the heauenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach ftars, becaufe they fhine on thee?

Goe bafe Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
Beftow thy fawning fmiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy defert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too-much) I haue beftowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then fwifteft expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath fhall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy felfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excufe,
But as thou lou'ft thy life, make fpeed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be banifht from my felfe,
And *Siluia* is my felfe: banifh'd from her
Is felfe from felfe. A deadly banifhment:
What light, is light, if *Siluia* be not feene?
What ioy is ioy, if *Siluia* be not by?
Vnleffe it be to thinke that fhe is by
And feed vpon the fhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Siluia* in the night,
There is no muficke in the Nightingale.
Vnleffe I looke on *Siluia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my effence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Fofter'd, illumin'd, cherifh'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and feeke him out.

Lau. So-hough, Soa hough———

Pro. What feeft thou?

Lau. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine.*

Pro. *Valentine?*

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing fpeake? Mafter, fhall I ftrike?

Pro. Who wouldft thou ftrike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro.. Villaine, forbeare.

Lau. Why Sir, Ile ftrike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I fay forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My eares are ftopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath poffeft them.

Pro. Then in dumbe filence will I bury mine,
For they are harfh, vn-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Siluia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for facred *Siluia*,
Hath fhe forfworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Siluia* haue forfworne me.
What is your newes?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, yt you are vanifhed.

Pro. That thou art banifh'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Siluia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now exceffe of it will make me furfet.
Doth *Siluia* know that I am banifh'd?

Pro. I, I: and fhe hath offered to the doome
(Which vn-reuerft ftands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which fome call teares;
Thofe at her fathers churlifh feete fhe tenderd,
With them vpon her knees, her humble felfe,
Wringing her hands, whofe whitenes fo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad fighes, deepe grones, nor filuer-fhedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompaffionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, muft die.
Befides, her interceffion chaf'd him fo,
When fhe for thy repeale was fuppliant,
That to clofe prifon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou fpeak'ft
Haue fome malignant power vpon my life:
If fo: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endleffe dolor.

Pro. Ceafe to lament for that thou canft not helpe,
And ftudy helpe for that which thou lament'ft,
Time is the Nurfe, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou ftay, thou canft not fee thy loue:
Befides, thy ftaying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers ftaffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, againft defpairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, fhall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bofome of thy Loue.
The time now ferues not to expoftulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'ft *Siluia* (though not for thy felfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou feeft my Boy
Bid him make hafte, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe firha, finde him out: Come *Valentine.*

Val. Oh my deere *Siluia*; hapleffe *Valentine.*

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to thinke my Mafter is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teeme of horfe fhall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my felfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for fhee hath had Goffips: yet 'tis a maid, for fhe is her Mafters maid, and ferues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Chriftian: Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Inprimis.* Shee can fetch and carry: why a horfe can doe no more; nay, a horfe cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is fhee better then a Iade. *Item.* She can milke, looke you, a fweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with your Mafterfhip?

La. With my Mafterfhip? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice ftill: miftake the word: what newes then in your paper?

La. The black'ft newes that euer thou heard'ft.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canft not read.

Sp. Thou lyeft: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the ſonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canſt not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed.

Sp. Inprimis ſhe can milke.

La. I that ſhe can.

Sp. Item, ſhe brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

La. That's as much as to ſay (*Can ſhe ſo?*)

Sp. Item ſhe can knit.

La. What neede a man care for a ſtock with a wench, When ſhe can knit him a ſtocke?

Sp. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcoure.

La. A ſpeciall vertue: for then ſhee neede not be waſh'd, and ſcowr'd.

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

La. Then may I ſet the world on wheeles, when ſhe can ſpin for her liuing.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſſe vertues.

La. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Cloſe at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, ſhee is not to be faſting in reſpect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-faſt: read on.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her ſoure breath.

Sp. Item, ſhe doth talke in her ſleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; ſo ſhee ſleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that ſet this downe among her vices; To be ſlow in words, is a womans onely vertue: I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, ſhe is proud.

La. Out with that too: It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: becauſe I loue cruſts.

Sp. Item, ſhe is curſt.

La. Well: the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Sp. Item, ſhe is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ downe ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe, ſhee ſhall not, for that ile keepe ſhut: Now, of another thing ſhee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, ſhee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt Article: rehearſe that once more.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the ſalt, hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more then the ſalt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the leſſe: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.

La. That's monſtrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtaies for thee at the *North gate.*

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And muſt I goe to him?

La. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerue the turne.

Sp. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your loue Letters.

La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmannerly ſlaue, that will thruſt himſelfe into ſecrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctiõ. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that ſhe will loue you
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Th. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impreſſe of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Diſſolues to water, and doth looſe his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſſe *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.
How now ſir *Protheus*, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grieuouſly?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleeue: but *Thurio* thinkes not ſo:
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhowne ſome ſigne of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene ſir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And alſo, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and peruerſly, ſhe perſeuers ſo:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue ſir *Thurio*?

Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*,
With falſehood, cowardize, and poore diſcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but ſhe'll thinke, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you muſt vndertake to ſlander him.

Pro.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I ſhall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your ſlander neuer can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can ſpeake in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue loue to him:
But ſay this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that ſhe will loue ſir *Thurio.*
Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Leaſt it ſhould rauell, and be good to none,
You muſt prouide to bottome it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you, in worth diſpraiſe, ſir *Valentine.*
Du. And *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kinde,
Becauſe we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot ſoone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, ſhall you haue acceſſe,
Where you, with *Siluia*, may conferre at large.
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heauy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends ſake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharpe enough:
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires
By walefull Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rimes
Should be full fraught with ſeruiceable vowes.
Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poeſie.
Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your teares, your ſighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moiſt it againe: and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcouer ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was ſtrung with Poets ſinewes,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteele and ſtones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forſake vnſounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With ſome ſweet Conſort; To their Inſtruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grieuance:
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This diſcipline, ſhowes thou haſt bin in loue.
Th. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practiſe:
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City preſently
To ſort ſome Gentlemen, well skil'd in Muſicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will ſerue the turne
To giue the on-ſet to thy good aduiſe.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

1.Out-l. Fellowes, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.
2.Out. If there be ten, ſhrinke not, but down with 'em.
3.Out. Stand ſir, and throw vs that you haue about'ye.
If not: we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir we are vndone; theſe are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare ſo much.
Val. My friends.
1.Out. That's not ſo, ſir: we are your enemies.
2.Out. Peace: we'll heare him.
3.Out. I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to looſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with aduerſitie:
My riches, are theſe poore habiliments,
Of which, if you ſhould here disfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I haue.
2.Out. Whether trauell you?
Val. To *Verona.*
1.Out. Whence came you?
Val. From *Millaine.*
3.Out. Haue you long ſoiourn'd there?
Val. Some ſixteene moneths, and longer might haue (ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1.Out. What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2.Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe;
I kil'd a man, whoſe death I much repent,
But yet I ſlew him manfully, in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1.Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done ſo;
But were you baniſht for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doome.
2.Out. Haue you the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had beene often miſerable.
3.Out. By the bare ſcalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1.Out. We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.
Sp. Maſter, be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.
Val. Peace villaine.
2.Out. Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3.Out. Know then, that ſome of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awfull men.
My ſelfe was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.
2.Out. And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I ſtab'd vnto the heart.
1.Out. And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſſe liues;
And partly ſeeing you are beautifide
With goodly ſhape; and by your owne report,
A Linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2.Out. Indeede becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, aboue the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of neceſſity,
And liue as we doe in this wilderneſſe?
3.Out. What ſaiſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1.*Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.
2.*Out.* Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of-
Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer'd.
Prouided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poore passengers.
3.*Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And show thee all the Treasure we haue got;
Which, with our selues, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Host, Musitian, Siluia.

Pro. Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as vniust to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue accesse my owne loue to prefer.
But *Siluia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;
And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
The least whereof would quell a louers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
And giue some euening Musique to her eare.
Th. How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue
Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.
Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.
Th. Who, *Siluia*?
Pro. I, *Siluia*, for your sake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and to o it lustily a while.
Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it?
Iu. Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that you ask'd for.
Iu. But shall I heare him speake.
Ho. I that you shall.
Iu. That will be Musique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Iu. Is he among these?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm

Song. Who is Siluia? what is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wise is she,
The heauen such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.
Is she kinde as she is faire?
For beauty liues with kindnesse:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Siluia, let vs sing,
That Siluia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.
Iu. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Iu. He plaies false (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.
Iu. Not so: but yet
So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.
Ho. You haue a quicke eare.
Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow (heart.
Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Musique.
Iu. Not a whit, when it iars so.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.
Iu. I: that change is the spight.
Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.
Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
But Host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke.
Iu. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his Lady.
Iu. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.
Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compasse yours.
Sil. You haue your wish: my will is euen this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, periur'd, false, disloyall man:
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But she is dead.
Iu. 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewiſe heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I ; for in her graue
Aſſure thy ſelfe, my loue is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
Or at the leaſt, in hers, ſepulcher thine.
Iul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam : if your heart be ſo obdurate :
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber :
To that ile ſpeake, to that ile ſigh and weepe :
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelfe
Is elſe deuoted, I am but a ſhadow ;
And to your ſhadow, will I make true loue.
Iul. If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceiue it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir ;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadowes, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile ſend it :
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches haue ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.
Iul. *Hoſt*, will you goe ?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was faſt aſleepe.
Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus* ?
Ho. Marry, at my houſe :
Truſt me, I thinke 'tis almoſt day.
Iul. Not ſo : but it hath bin the longeſt night
That ere I watch'd, and the moſt heauieſt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Siluia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde :
Ther's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who cals ?
Eg. Your ſeruant, and your friend ;
One that attends your Ladiſhips command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelfe :
According to your Ladiſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſeruice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman :
Thinke not I flatter (for I ſweare I doe not)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare vnto the baniſh'd *Valentine* :
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very ſoule abhor'd.)
Thy ſelfe haſt lou'd, and I haue heard thee ſay
No griefe did euer come ſo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
Vpon whoſe Graue thou vow'dſt pure chaſtitie :
Sir *Eglamoure* : I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad ;
And for the waies are dangerous to paſſe,
I doe deſire thy worthy company,
Vpon whoſe faith and honor, I repoſe.
Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the iuſtice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moſt vnholy match,
Which heauen and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues.
I doe deſire thee, euen from a heart
As full of ſorrowes, as the Sea of ſands,
To beare me company, and goe with me :
If not, to hide what I haue ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pitty much your grieuances,*
Which, ſince I know they vertuouſly are plac'd,
I giue conſent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you goe ?
Sil. This euening comming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meete you ?
Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confeſſion.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiſhip :
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans ſeruant ſhall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard : one that I brought vp of a puppy : one that I ſau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and ſiſters went to it : I haue taught him (euen as one would ſay preciſely , thus I would teach a dog) I was ſent to deliuer him, as a preſent to Miſtris *Siluia*, from my Maſter ; and I came no ſooner into the dyning-chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteales her Capons-leg : O, tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himſelfe in all companies : I would haue (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't : ſure as I liue he had ſuffer'd for't : you ſhall iudge : Hee thruſts me himſelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table : hee had not bin there (bleſſe the marke) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him : out with the dog (ſaies one) what cur is that (ſaies another) whip him out (ſaies the third) hang him vp (ſaies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab ; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges : friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog : I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of : he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber : how many Maſters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be ſworne I haue ſat in the ſtockes, for puddings he hath ſtolne, otherwiſe he had bin executed : I haue ſtood on the Pillorie for Geeſe he hath kil'd, otherwiſe he had ſufferd for't : thou think'ſt not of this now : nay, I remember the tricke you ſeru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Siluia* : did

not

*Collier's Copy after grievances inserts
And the most true affections that you bear
Johnson defends grievances = sorrowful affections

not I bid thee ſtill marke me, and doe as I do ; when did'ſt thou ſee me heaue vp my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewomans farthingale ? did'ſt thou euer ſee me doe ſuch a tricke ?

Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name : I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in ſome ſeruice preſently.

Iu. In what you pleaſe, ile doe what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-ſon pezant,
Where haue you bin theſe two dayes loytering ?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Miſtris *Siluia* the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what ſaies ſhe to my little Iewell ?

La. Marry ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur, and tels you curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiu'd my dog ?

La. No indeede did ſhe not :
Here haue I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me ?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or n re returne againe into my ſight.
Away, I ſay : ſtayeſt thou to vexe me here ;
A Slaue, that ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame :
Sebaſtian, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue neede of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion doe my buſineſſe :
For 'tis no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt ;
But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
Witneſſe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth :
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliuer it to Madam *Siluia* ;
She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.

Iul. It ſeemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token :
She is dead belike ?

Pro. Not ſo : I thinke ſhe liues.

Iul. Alas.

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas ?

Iul. I cannot chooſe but pitty her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pitty her ?

Iul. Becauſe, methinkes that ſhe lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady *Siluia* :
She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,
You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pitty Loue, ſhould be ſo contrary :
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well : giue her that Ring, and therewithal
This Letter : that's her chamber : Tell my Lady ,
I claime the promiſe for her heauenly Picture :
Your meſſage done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt finde me ſad, and ſolitarie.

Iul. How many women would doe ſuch a meſſage ?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs ;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me ?
Becauſe he loues her, he deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe I loue him, I muſt pitty him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will :
And now am I (vnhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obta ne ;
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd ;
To praiſe his faith, which I would haue diſprais'd.
I am my Maſters true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true ſeruant to my Maſter,
Vnleſſe I proue falſe traitor to my ſelfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him ſpeed.
Gentlewoman, good day : I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Siluia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe ?

Iul. If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Iul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh : he ſends you for a Picture ?

Iul. I, Madam.

Sil. *Vrſula*, bring my Picture there ,
Goe, giue your Maſter this : tell him from me,
One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Iul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter ;
Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd
Deliuer'd you a paper that I ſhould not ;
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Iul. It may not be : good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold :
I will not looke vpon your Maſters lines :
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As eaſily as I doe teare his paper.

Iul. Madam, he ſends your Ladiſhip this Ring.

Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me ;
For I haue heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure :
Though his falſe finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not doe his *Iulia* ſo much wrong.

Iul. She thankes you.

Sil. What ſai'ſt thou ?

Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her :
Poore Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'ſt thou know her ?

Iul. Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe.
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe proteſt
That I haue wept a hundred ſeuerall times.

Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her ?

Iul. I thinke ſhe doth : and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing faire ?

Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is ,
When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lou'd her well ;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſſe ,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The ayre had ſtaru'd the roſes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face ,
That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe ?

Iul. About my ſtature : for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,
Which ſerued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me :
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſus* periury, and vniuſt flight;
Which I ſo liuely acted with my teares:
That my poore Miſtris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) deſolate, and left;
I weepe my ſelfe to thinke vpon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purſe; I giue thee this
For thy ſweet Miſtris ſake, becauſe thou lou'ſt her. Fare-(well.

Iul. And ſhe ſhall thanke you for't, if ere you know (her.
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
I hope my Maſters ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtris loue ſo much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it ſelfe:
Here is her Picture: let me ſee, I thinke
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleſſe I flatter with my ſelfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me ſuch a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glaſſe, and ſo are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpectiue in my ſelfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuall: O thou ſenceleſſe forme,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there ſence in his Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
Ile vſe thee kindly, for thy Miſtris ſake
That vs'd me ſo: or elſe by *Ioue*, I vow,
I ſhould haue ſcratch'd out your vnſeeing eyes,
To make my Maſter out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the weſterne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Siluia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell ſhould meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnleſſe it be to come before their time,
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes: Lady a happy euening.

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Poſterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by ſome Spies.

Egl. Feare not: the Forreſt is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are ſure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what ſaies *Siluia* to my ſuit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.

Thu. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it ſomewhat roun-(der.

Pro. But loue will not be ſpurd to what it loathes.

Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my face?

Pro. She ſaies it is a faire one.

Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old ſaying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Thu. 'Tis true, ſuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of loue and peace.

Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.

Thu. What ſayes ſhe to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.

Iul. She needes not, when ſhe knowes it cowardize.

Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriu'd.

Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Thu. Conſiders ſhe my Poſſeſſions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Iul. That ſuch an Aſſe ſhould owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.

Iul. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now ſir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you ſaw *Eglamoure* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then
She's fled vnto that pezant, *Valentine*;
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreſt:
Him he knew well: and gueſd that it was ſhe,
But being mask'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there ſhe was not.
Theſe likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you ſtand, not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meete with me
Vpon the riſing of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Diſpatch (ſweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuiſh Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the loue of reck-leſſe *Siluia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Siluias* loue
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.

Iul. And I will follow, more to croſſe that loue
Then hate for *Siluia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Siluia, Out-lawes.

1.*Out.* Come, come be patient:

We

We m.ft bring you to our Captaine.

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2Out. Come, bring her away.

1Out. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3Out. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vse a woman lawlesly.

Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes.

Val. How vse doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vnseene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, *Siluia*:
Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you
(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)

Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbeare a while.

Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I haue made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

Iul. And me, when he approcheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather then haue false *Protheus* reskue me:
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false periur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy first best Loue)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into periury, to loue me,
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.

Sil. Oh heauen.

Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. *Valentine.*

Val. Thou cōmon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldst disproue me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the bosome? *Protheus*
I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Siluia*, I giue thee.

Iul. Oh me vnhappy.

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: speak.

Iul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam *Siluia*: wͨ (out of my neglect) was neuer done.

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see.
Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.

Iul. Oh, cry your mercy sir, I haue mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to *Siluia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.

Iul. and *Iulia* her selfe did giue it me,
And *Iulia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? *Iulia*?

Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush.

D Be

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in *Siluia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Iulia's*, with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pitty two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.
Iul. And I mine.
Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Siluia*: and *Siluia's* mine.
Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Doe not name *Siluia* thine: if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch.
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leaue her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Siluia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace, yͤ gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that saying?
Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The story of your Loues discouered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia.
Valentine. } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus. }
Anthonio: father to Protheus.
Thurio: a foolish riuall to Valentine.
Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her escape.
Host: where Iulia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: a clownish seruant to Valentine.
Launce: the like to Protheus.
Panthion: seruant to Antonio.
Iulia: beloued of Protheus.
Siluia: beloued of Valentine.
Lucetta: waighting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

THE

THE
Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, *Sir* Hugh Euans, *Master* Page, Falstoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, *Mistresse* Ford, *Mistresse* Page, Simple.

Shallow.

SIr *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falstoffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire. (Coram.

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and

Shal. I (Cosen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowses doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. *Mistris Anne Page?* she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-sire vpon his deaths-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrections) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham*, and Mistris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest M[r] *Page*: is *Falstaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M[r]. *Page*. What hoa? Got-plesse your house heere.

M[r].Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Iustice *Shallow*, and heere yong Master *Slender*: that peraduentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M[r].Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thanke you for my Venison Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill killd: how doth good Mistresse *Page?* and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M.Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M.Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cotsall*.

M.Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M.Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* heere?

M.Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

Euan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page*.)

M.Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confeffed, it is not redreffed; is not that fo (M.*Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Efquire, faith he is wronged.

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Now, Mafter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this fhall be anfwer'd.

Fal. I will anfwere it ftrait, I haue done all this: That is now anfwer'd.

Shal. The Councell fhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againft me?

Slen. Marry fir, I haue matter in my head againft you, and againft your cony-catching Rafcalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piftoll.*

Bar. You Banbery Cheefe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pift. How now, *Mephoftophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I fay; *pauca, pauca:* Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Cofen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderftand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderftand; that is, Mafter *Page* (fidelicet Mafter *Page*,) & there is my felfe, (fidelicet my felfe) and the three party is (laftly, and finally) mine Hoft of the Gater.

Ma.Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the caufe, with as great difcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piftoll.

Pift. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phrafe is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piftoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purfe?

Slen. I, by thefe gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elfe, of feauen groates in mill-fixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coft me two fhilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by thefe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piftoll*?

Euan. No, it is falfe, if it is a picke-purfe.

Pift. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Mafter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth, and fcum thou lieft.

Slen. By thefe gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd fir, and paffe good humours: I will fay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an affe.

Fal. What fay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why fir, (for my part) I fay the Gentleman had drunke himfelfe out of his fiue fentences.

Eu. It is his fiue fences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, fir, was (as they fay) cafheerd: and fo conclufions paft the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you fpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilft I liue againe, but in honeft, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with thofe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuons minde.

Fal. You heare all thefe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mr.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Miftreffe *Anne Page.*

Mr.Page. How now Miftris *Ford*?

Fal. Miftris Ford, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Miftris.

Mr.Page. Wife, bid thefe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venifon pafty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we fhall drinke downe all vnkindneffe.

Slen. I had rather then forty fhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muft wait on my felfe, muft I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas laft, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we ftay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderftand me?

Slen. I Sir, you fhall finde me reafonable; if it be fo, I fhall doe that that is reafon.

Shal. Nay, but vnderftand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (Mr. *Slender*) I will defcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* faies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuftice of Peace in his Countrie, fimple though I ftand here.

Euan. But that is not the queftion: the queftion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. *An Page.*

Slen. Why if it be fo; I will marry her vpon any reafonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philofophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore precifely, cã you carry your good wil to ye maid?

Sh. Cofen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope fir, I will do as it fhall become one that would doe reafon.

Eu. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muft fpeake poffitable, if you can carry-her your defires towards her.

Shal. That you muft:
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requeft (Cofen) in any reafon.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (fweet Coz): what I doe is to pleafure you (Coz:) can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeft; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreafe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occafion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you fay mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely diffolued, and diffolutely.

Eu. It

Eu. It is a fery discetion-answere; saue the fall is in the'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my Cosen meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne.*

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne.*)

Eu. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be absẽce at the grace.

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen *Shallow*: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneys for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why do your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene *Sackerson* loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so cride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truely I will not goe first: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Eu. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintãce with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to solicite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheese to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Host* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truely mine *Host*; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar*, *Keiser* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall tap; said I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine *Host*.

Ho. I haue spoke: let him follow: let me see thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruingman, a fresh Tapster: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thriue.

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt ẙ the spigot wield.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cõceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Conuay: the wise it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Yong Rauens must haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistoll*: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe the action of her familier stile, & the hardest voice of her behauior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir Iohn Falstafs.*

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

Pist. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examind my parts with most iudicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Page*; and thou this to Mistris *Ford*: we will thriue (Lads) we will thriue.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vanish like haile-stones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith'hoofe: seeke shelter, packe:
Falstaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted *Page*.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Base *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will discusse the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke vnfold
How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Ford* to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yallownesse, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I second thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Casement, and see if you can see my Master, Master Docter *Caius* comming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you' no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuish that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qu. Well, heauen send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closset: he will not stay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (*and downe, downe, adowne'a.&c.*

Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closset, vnboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ehando, Ie man voi a le Court la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. *Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly*: Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *John Rugby*, *John*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, aad you are *Iacke Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que aye ie oublie*: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Closset?
Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset.

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson *Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu. I

Qui. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you ſhould haue heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly: but notwithſtanding man, Ile doe yoe your Maſter what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, ye French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcowre, dreſſe meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my ſelfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o'that? you ſhall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in loue with Miſtris *Anne Page*: but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Iack 'Nape: giue-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcuruy Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make:——you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two ſtones: by gar, he ſhall not haue a ſtone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall haue *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iack-Prieſt: and I haue appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon: by gar, I wil my ſelfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all ſhall bee well: We muſt giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Ans* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Windſor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's within there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the houſe I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhee is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkſt thou? ſhall I not looſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) Ile be ſworne on a booke ſhee loues you: haue not your Worſhip a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I ſhall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) ſhee is giuen too much to Allicholy and muſing: but for you——well—goe too——

Fen. Well: I ſhall ſee her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me.——

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip: truely an honeſt Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not: for I know *Ans* minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, *Miſtris* Ford, *Maſter* Page, *Maſter* Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Miſt. Page. What, haue ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee?

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his precisian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo do I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. Iohn Falſtaffe.

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation, that he dares In this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men? how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ Ford. *Miſtris Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ Page. And truſt me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeee that; I haue to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ. Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miſ. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O Miſtris *Page*, giue mee ſome counſaile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mi. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? diſpence with trifles: what is it?

Mi. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or ſo: I could be knighted.

Mi. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knights will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mi. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I ſhall thinke the worſe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not ſweare: praiſe

praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and wel-behaued reproofe to al vncomelinesse, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Green-sleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a' shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you e-uer heare the like?

Mis.Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this my-stery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Let-ter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twen-tie lasciuious Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mis.Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost rea-die to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

Mi.Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile bee sure to keepe him aboue decke.

Mi.Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mi.Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his iealousie.

Mis.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from iealousie, as I am from gi-uing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable di-stance.

Mis.Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis.Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires:
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell:
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo- birds do sing.
Away sir Corporall *Nim*:
Beleeue it (*Page*) he speakes sence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I speak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falstaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the hu-mour of bread and cheese: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaffe*.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th'Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Mist.Page. Whether goe you (*George*?) harke you.

Mis.Ford. How now (sweet *Frank*) why art thou me-lancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe.

Mis.Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,
Now: will you goe, *Mistris Page*?

Mis.Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our Messenger to this paltrie Knight.

Mis.Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: shee'll fit it.

Mis.Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's good Mistresse *Anne*?

Mis.Page. Go in with vs and see: we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: ve-ry rogues, now they be out of seruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voy-age toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confi-dent: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine Host?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caueleiro Iustice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good euen, and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.

Host. Tell him Caueleiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th'Garter: a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Caualeire?

Shal. None, I proteſt: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully:) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut ſir: I could haue told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance: your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere: ſhall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*; if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labor: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you roague, reaſon: thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you ſtand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononor preciſe: I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhufflle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the ſwearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my ſelfe dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*:

Fal. Well, on; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſaies very true: I pray your worſhip come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heauen-bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well: heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray———.

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*: come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muske, and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilke and golde, and in ſuch alligant termes, and in ſuch wine and ſuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſaies ſhee to mee? be briefe my good ſhee-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times; and ſhe giues you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of: Maſter *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman

"on here" Collier's Copy
Mynheers, Sir John Hanmer
Mr Dyce approves Hanmer

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger to your worship: Mistresse *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectiō to the little Page: and truely Master *Page* is an honest man: neuer a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qu. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more sailes, pursue: vp with your fights:
Giue fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Iacke*) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse *Ford* and Mistresse *Page*, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, *via*.

Ford. 'Blesse you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingross'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd euery slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoeuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

" *Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues*,
" *Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely

giue me so much of your time in enchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife: vse your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enioy? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattaild against me: what say you too't, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no *Mistresse Ford* (Master *Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iealious-rascally-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the iealous wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well fauourd: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my haruest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might auoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I wil stare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his stile: thou (Master *Broome*) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident iealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be iealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welshman* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee ruminates, then shee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealousie: eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.

Caius. *Iacke Rugby.*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack*.

Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has saue his soule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare: heer's company.

Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you M^r^. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good M^r^. Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee trauerse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant; Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my *Esculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Priest of de vorld: He is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-Vrinall: *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay, sixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M. Docto) rhe is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*; you haue your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee haue some salt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (M. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, M^r^. *Shallow*.

Shal. It wil be found so, (M. *Page*:) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you haue show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath showne himselfe a wise and patient Church-man: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Host. Par-

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Mounſeur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman: ſcuruy-Iack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoſt. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreouer, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Ghueſt, and M. *Page*, & eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore.*

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a Iack-an-Ape to *Anne Page.*

Hoſt. Let him die: ſheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting: and thou ſhalt wooe her: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Iack Rugby.*

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now, good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruing-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo looke that way.

Sim. I will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I ſhall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule: *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls: melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow:* 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls: — When as I ſat in Pabilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh.*

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe fals:* Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile, this way.

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page.*

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh.*

Euan. 'Pleſſe you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as you would deſires to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons: keepe them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Nay good Mr. Parſon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors: I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. *Diable: Iack Rugby*: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer:* haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Chriſtians-ſoule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter.*

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say: heare mine Host of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page.*

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-sot of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this same scall-scuruy-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceiue me too.

Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pay you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist.Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Euans, Caius.

Mist.Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

*Rob.*I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

*M.Pa.*O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'l be a

*Ford.*Well met mistris *Page*, whether go you.

*M.Pa.*Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

*Ford.*I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M.Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M.Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name

*Rob.*Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.* (sirrah?

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*

*M.Pa.*He,he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at

*Ford.*Indeed she is. (home indeed?

*M.Pa.*By your leaue sir, I am sicke till I see her.

*Ford.*Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & *Falstaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. *Page*, diuulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke giues me, my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde *Falstaffe*: I shall be rather prais'd for this, then mock'd, for it is as positiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page,&c. Well met Mr *Ford.*

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr *Ford.*

Slen. And so must I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Mistris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *An Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall haue our answer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page.*

Pag. You haue Mr *Slender*, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to yong Mr *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr Doctor, you shal go, so shall you Mr *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We shall haue the freer woing at Mr *Pages.*

Cai. Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter M.Ford, M.Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Mist. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert.*

M,Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket——

Mis.Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

Mis.Page. Come, come, come.

Mist.Ford. Heere, set it downe.

*M.Pag.*Giue your men the charge, we must be briefe,

M.Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*Iohn* & *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I sodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: yt done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the Thames side.

M.Page. You will do it? (direction.

M.Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M.Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you ?

Mist.Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes

*Rob.*My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at your backe doore (Mist.*Ford,* and requests your company.

*M.Page.*You litle Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.

Mist.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

Mi.Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mistris *Page,* remember you your *Qu.*

*Mist.Pag.*I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

Mist.Ford. Go-too then: we'l vse this vnwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

Mist.Ford. O sweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Mistris *Ford,* I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mist. *Ford*) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mist.Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Mist.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*:
My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semicircled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mist.Ford.*Beleeue me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it.

*M.Ford.*Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue M.*Page.*

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

*Mis.Ford.*Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it.

Mist.Ford: Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;
Or else I could not be in that minde.

*Rob.*Mistris *Ford,* Mistris *Ford*: heere's Mistris *Page* at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs speake with you presently.

*Fal.*She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras.

*M.Ford.*Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

*Mist.Page.*O mistris *Ford* what haue you done?
You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M.Ford. What's the matter, good mistris *Page?*

M.Page. O weladay, mist.*Ford,* hauing an honest man to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspition.

M.Ford. What cause of suspition?

*M.Page.*What cause of suspition? Out vpon you: How am I mistooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

M.Page. For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conueyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

*M.Ford.*He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*? Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer——

M.Page. Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call your men (Mist.*Ford.*)You dissembling Knight.

M.Ford. What *Iohn, Robert, Iohn*; Go, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Datchet mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause,
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest,
I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of ye Buck:
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the season too; it shall appeare.
Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now vncape.

Page. Good master *Ford,* be contented:
You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You shall see sport anon:

Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and iealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France: It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

*Miſt.Page*Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſt. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn.*

Miſt.Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Miſt.Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſt.Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

*Miſ.Ford.*Shall we ſend that fooliſhion Carion, Miſt. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mist.Page. We will do it: let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ.Page. Heard you that?

Miſ.Ford. You vſe me well, M.*Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do ſo.

*M.Ford.*Heauen make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen.

*Mi.Page.*You do your ſelfe mighty wrong (M.*Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I muſt beare it.

Eu. If there be any pody in the houſe, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heauen forgiue my ſins at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M.*Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I wold not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for ỹ welth of *Windſor caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M.*Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will defires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Mi.*Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

*Eu.*If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Companie

*Ca.*If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page.*

*Eua.*I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Eua. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.

Fen: I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.

No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne*:)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtampes in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton,*
Yet ſeeke my Father's loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly,*
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.

Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

*Qui.*Hark ye, M.*Slender* would ſpeak a word with you

An. I come to him.. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father.

Slen. I had a father (M.*An*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him: pray you Vncle tel Miſt. *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out a Pen, good Vnckle.

*Shal.*Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

*Slen.*I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Gloceſterſhire.

*Shal.*He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

*Slen.*I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

Anne. Good Maiſter *Shallow* let him woo for himſelfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Maſter *Slender.*

*Slen.*Now good Miſtris *Anne.*

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne.*
Why how now? What does Mr *Fenter* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
I told you Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fen. Nay Mr *Page,* be not impatient.

Mist.Page. Good M. *Fenton.*come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. *Fenton.*
Come M. *Shallow*: Come sonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton.*)

Qui. Speake to Mistris *Page.*

Fen. Good Mist. *Page,* for that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I must aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist.Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, M.Doctor.

*An.*Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Mist.Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M.
Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loues you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell *Nan.*

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian: Looke on M. *Fenton,* this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris *Anne,* or I would M.*Slender* had her: or (in sooth) I would M.*Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I haue promisd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but speciously for M. *Fenton.* Well, I must of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe* I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

*Fal.*Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M.*Quickly* Sir to speake with you.

*Fal.*Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snowbals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?
Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

*Qui.*Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M.*Ford.*

Fal.Mist.Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good heart) that was not her fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their erection. (promise.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womans

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickely, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her thinke what a-man is: Let her consider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr *Broome*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

*Fal.*Now M. *Broome,* you come to know
What hath past betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my businesse.

Fal. *M.Brooome* I will not lye to you,
I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

*Ford.*And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome.*

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

*Fal.*No(M.*Broome*)but the peaking Curnuto her husband(M.*Broome*)dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie, comsme in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

For. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Mist. Page,* giues intelligence of *Fords* approch: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master *Broome*) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that euer offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master *Broome*) what I haue sufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the iealous knaue their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue would haue search'd it: But Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master *Broome*) I suffered the pangs of three seuerall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master *Broome*.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you haue sufferd all this.
My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master *Broome*.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enioying her: adiew: you shall haue her (Master *Broome*) Master *Broome*, you shall cuckold *Ford*.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master *Ford*:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But least the Diuell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

Mist.Pag. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris *Ford* desires you to come sodainely.

Mist.Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart.

Mist.Pag. Sir *Hugh*, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

Mist.Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; answere your Master, be not afraid.

Eua. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

Eua. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eua. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo hic hæc, hoc.*

Eua. *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusatiue-case*?

Will. *Accusatiuo hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue case* (*William*?)

Will. *O, Vocatiuo, O.*

Eua. Remember *William, Focatiue*, is *caret*.

Qu. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbeare.

Mist.Pag. Peace.

Eua: What is your *Genitiue case plurall* (*William*?)

Will. *Genitiue case?*

Eua. I.

Will. *Genitiue horum, harum, horum.*

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; neuer name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eua. For shame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Euans. O' man, art thou Lunatics? Haſt thou no vnderſtandings for thy Caſes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M.Pag. He is a better ſcholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis.Page.*

Miſ.Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtoffe, Miſt.Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. Mi. Ford, Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſt. *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accuſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ.Ford. Hee's a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn.*)

Miſ.Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*: what hoa.

Miſ.Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ.Page. How now (ſweete heart) whoſe at home beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ.Page. Indeed?

Miſ.Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Miſt. Pag. Truly, I am ſo glad you haue no body here.

Miſt.Ford. Why?

Miſ.Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo railes againſt all married mankinde; ſo curſes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion ſoeuer; and ſo buffettes himſelfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, ciuility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Miſt.Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſt.Page. Of none but him, and ſweares he was caried out the laſt time hee ſearch'd for him, in a Basket: Proteſts to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he ſhall ſee his owne foolerie.

Miſt.Ford. How neere is he Miſtris *Page?*

Miſt.Pag. Hard by, at ſtreet end; he wil be here anon.

Miſt.Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Miſt.Page. Why then you are vtterly ſham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſt.Ford. Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Miſt.Page. Alas: three of Mr. *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What ſhall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſt.Ford. There they alwaies vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist.Ford. He will ſeeke there on my word: Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſt. Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mist.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuiſe ſomething: any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſt. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue.

Miſt. Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn.*

Miſt.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtriis Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſt.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſt.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſt.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſt.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſt.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is he, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſt.Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſt.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently: let's go dreſſe him like the witch of *Brainford.*

Miſt.Ford. Ile firſt direct direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough:
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doo,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not acte that often, ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſt.Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if hee bid you ſet it downe, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mr. *Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conſpiracie againſt me: Now ſhall the diuel be ſham'd. What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt

neſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes M. *Ford*: you are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. *Ford*, thi is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the iealious foole to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

Miſt. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you doe, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt.Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Eua. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure he is: my Intelligence is true, my iealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Miſt.Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr.*Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Mr*Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſerch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of errands do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I ſay.

Miſt.Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him ſtrike the old woman.

Miſt.Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Miſt.Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſt.Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow: ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen.

Miſt.Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

Miſt.Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not: he beate him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Miſt.Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſt.Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further reuenge?

M.Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waſte, attempt vs againe.

Miſt.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue ſeru'd him?

Miſt.Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will ſtill bee the miniſters.

Miſt.Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the ieſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt.Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake Engliſh?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a week at commaund: I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt.Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y^{u} wilt:
I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor ſtand
(In

her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hoſt. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou are clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a ſlough of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fauſtaſſes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Euan. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not conuenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere*?

Hoſt. Here (Maſter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*: by my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hoſt. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene waſhd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-falne as a dride-peare: I neuer proſper'd, ſince I forſwore my ſelfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed; I haue ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more then the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpeciouſly one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my ſelfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Conſtable had ſet me ith'Stocks, ith'common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. Sir: let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ſerue heauen well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chooſer)
Euen to my wiſh; I haue a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither (ſingly) can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat *Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the ieſt
Ile ſhow you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*:)
To night at *Hernes Oke*, iuſt 'twixt twelue and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Faerie-Queene*:
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
VVhile other Ieſts are ſomething ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry: She hath conſented: Now Sir,
Her Mother (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it reſts,
Her Father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She ſhall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor*;
For they muſt all be mask'd, and vizarded)
That

Fallstaff You may not conceal them, Sir
Host Conceal them, and thou diest
Collyer's Copy

That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.

Host. Which meanes she to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Falstoffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fall. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. *Broome?* Master *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master *Broome*) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (*Ford* hir husband) hath the finest mad diuell of iealousie in him (Master *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master *Broome*) I feare not Goliah with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master *Broome*:) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, straunge things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exennt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slender*, my

Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heartbreake.

Mist. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me: Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O omnipotent

omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goofe: a fault done firft in the forme of a beaft, (O Ioue, a beaftly fault:) and then another fault, in the femblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what fhall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windfor Stagge, and the fatteft (I thinke) i'th Forreft. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to piffe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M.Ford. Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-fleeues, haile-kiffing Comfits, and fnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempeft of prouocation, I will fhelter mee heere.

M. Ford. Miftris *Page* is come with me (fweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my fides to my felfe, my fhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of confcience, he makes reftitution. As I am a true fpirit, welcome.

M.Page. Alas, what noife?

M.Ford. Heauen forgiue our finnes.

Fal. What fhould this be?

M.Ford.M.Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd,
Leaft the oyle that's in me fhould fet hell on fire;
He would neuer elfe croffe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-fhine reuellers, and fhades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed deftiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elues, lift your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windfor-chimnies fhalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'ft vnrak'd, and hearths vnfwept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that fpeaks to them fhall die,
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes muft eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere fhe fleepe has thrice her prayers faid,
Raife vp the Organs of her fantafie,
Sleepe fhe as found as careleffe infancie,
But thofe as fleepe, and thinke not on their fins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, fhoulders, fides, & fhins.

Qu. About, about:
Search Windfor Caftle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery facred roome,
That it may ftand till the perpetuall doome,
In ftate as wholfome, as in ftate 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The feuerall Chaires of Order, looke you fcowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Inftalment, Coate, and feu'rall Creft,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleft.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you fing
Like to the *Garters*-Compaffe, in a ring,
Th'expreffure that it beares: Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-frefh then all the Field to fee:
And *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vfe Flowres for their characterie.
Away, difperfe: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Cuftome, round about the Oke
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget. (fet:

Euan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your felues in order
And twenty glow-wormes fhall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meafure round about the Tree.
But ftay, I fmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welfh Fairy,
Leaft he transforme me to a peece of Cheefe.

Pist. Vilde worme, thou waft ore-look'd euen in thy birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chafte, the flame will backe defcend
And turne him to no paine: but if he ftart,
It is the flefh of a corrupted hart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in defire.
About him (Fairies) fing a fcornfull rime,
And as you trip, ftill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on finnefull phantafie: Fie on Luft, and Luxurie:
Luft is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaste defire,
Fed in heart whofe flames afpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-fhine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you now: VVill none but *Herne* the Hunter ferue your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the ieft no higher.
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windfor* wiues?
See you thefe husband? Do not thefe faire yoakes
Become the Forreft better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whofe a Cuckold now?
M[r] *Broome*, *Falstaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,
Heere are his hornes Mafter *Broome*:
And Mafter *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muft be paid to M[r] *Broome*, his horfes are arrefted for it, M[r] *Broome*.

M.Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Affe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And thefe are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineffe of my minde, the fodaine furprize of my powers, droue the groffeneffe of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in defpight of the teeth of all rime and reafon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.

Euant. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, ferue Got, and leaue your defires, and Fairies will not pinfe you.

Ford. VVell faid Fairy *Hugh*.

Euans. And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford.

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheese.

Eu. Seese is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist.Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist.Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am deiected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one Mr *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Haue you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist.Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M.Page. VVhy? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes Mr *Fenton*.
How now Mr *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Mistris:
How chance you went not with Mr *Slender*?

M.Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would haue married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs:
Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein she doth euitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.

Mist Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr *Fenton*,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *Iohn*:)
To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*: *Exeunt*

FINIS.

MEASVRE,

For Meaſure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, Lords.

Duke.

E*Scalus.*

Eſc. My Lord. (fold,

Duk. Of Gouernment, the properties to vn-
Would ſeeme in me t'affect ſpeech & diſcourſe,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the liſts of all aduice
My ſtrength can giue you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Inſtitutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iuſtice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practiſe, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commiſſion,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I ſay, bid come before vs *Angelo*:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you muſt know, we haue with ſpeciall ſoule
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Eſc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe ſuch ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'obſeruer, doth thy hiſtory
Fully vnfold: Thy ſelfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themſelues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely tonch'd
But to fine iſſues: nor nature neuer lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſſe, ſhe determines
Her ſelfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vſe; but I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him aduertiſe;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our ſelfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Eſcalus*
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be ſome more teſt, made of my mettle,
Before ſo noble, and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp't vpon it.

Duk. No more euaſion:
We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quicke condition,
That it prefers it ſelfe, and leaues vnqueſtion'd
Matters of needfull value: We ſhall write to you
As time, and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th'hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commiſſions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duk. My haſte may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your ſoule ſeemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relliſh well
Their lowd applauſe, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of ſafe diſcretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue ſafety to your purpoſes.

Eſc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happi-
neſſe. *Exit.*

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

Eſc. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free ſpeech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what ſtrength and nature,
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may ſoone our ſatisfaction haue
Touching that point.

Eſc. Ile wait vpon your honor. *Exeunt.*

^ But add to your sufficiency your worth
Collier's Copy

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke,* with the other Dukes, come not to compofition with the King of *Hungary,* why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1.*Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries.*

2.*Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'ft like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to fea with the ten Commandements, but fcrap'd one out of the Table.

2.*Gent.* Thou fhalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1.*Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the reft from their functions: they put forth to fteale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thankf-giuing before meate, do rallifh the petition well, that praies for peace.

2.*Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier diflike it.

Luc. I beleeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was faid.

2.*Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaft.

1.*Gent.* What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

1.*Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, defpight of all controuerfie: as for example; Thou thy felfe art a wicked villaine, defpight of all Grace.

1.*Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of fheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1.*Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as liefe be a Lyft of an Englifh Kerfey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I fpeake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'ft: and indeed with moft painfull feeling of thy fpeech: I will, out of thine owne confeffion, learne to begin thy health; but, whilft I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1.*Gen.*I think I haue done my felfe wrong, haue I not?

2.*Gent.* Yes, that thou haft; whether thou art tainted, or free. *Enter Bawde.*

*Luc.*Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.
I haue purchaf'd as many difeafes vnder her Roofe,
As come to

2.*Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2.*Gent.* To three thoufand Dollours a yeare.

1.*Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1.*Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring difeafes in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would fay) healthy: but fo found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feaft of thee.

1.*Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moft profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrefted, and carried to prifon, was worth fiue thoufand of you all.

2.*Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio,* Signior *Claudio.*

1.*Gent.* *Claudio* to prifon? 'tis not fo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis fo: I faw him arrefted: faw him carried away: and which is more, within thefe three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it fo: Art thou fure of this?

Bawd. I am too fure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with childe.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres fince, and he was euer precife in promife keeping.

2.*Gent.* Befides you know, it drawes fomthing neere to the fpeech we had to fuch a purpofe.

1.*Gent.* But moft of all agreeing with the proclamatiō.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exit.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the fweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Cuftom-fhrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne.*

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prifon.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howfes in the Suburbs of *Vienna* muft bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what fhall become of thofe in the Citie?

Clow. They fhall ftand for feed: they had gon down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But fhall all our houfes of refort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Miftris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what fhall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counfellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapfter ftill; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almoft out in the feruice, you will bee confidered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapfter? let's withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio,* led by the Prouoft to prifon: and there's Madam *Iuliet.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouoft, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2.Gent.

*Cla.*Fellow, why do'ft thou fhow me thus to th'world?
Beare me to prifon, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill difpofition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by fpeciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (foe) yet ftill 'tis iuft.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this re- (ftraint.

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As furfet is the father of much faft,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vfe
Turnes to reftraint: Our Natures doe purfue

Like

Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirſty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could ſpeake ſo wiſely vnder an arreſt, I would ſend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Cla. What (but to ſpeake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it ſo.

Pro. Away, Sir, you muſt goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:
Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* ſo look'd after?

Cla. Thus ſtands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Iulietas* bed,
You know the Lady, ſhe is faſt my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The ſtealth of our moſt mutuall entertainment
With Character too groſſe, is writ on *Iuliet.*

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappely, euen ſo.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horſe whereon the Gouernor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it ſtrait feele the ſpur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I ſtagger in: But this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-ſcowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that ninteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milke-maid, if ſhe be in loue, may ſigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I haue done ſo, but hee's not to be found.
I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde ſeruice:
This day, my ſiſter ſhould the Cloyſter enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputie: bid her ſelfe aſſay him,
I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſſe dialect,
Such as moue men: beſide, ſhe hath proſperous Art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſwade.

Luc. I pray ſhee may; aſwell for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand vnder greeuous impoſition: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould bee thus fooliſhly loſt, at a game of ticke-tacke: Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio.*

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat boſome: why, I deſire thee
To giue me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth, and coſt, witleſſe brauery keepes.
I haue deliuerd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firme abſtinence)
My abſolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſuppoſes me trauaild to *Poland*,
(For ſo I haue ſtrewd it in the common eare)
And ſo it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue ſtrict Statutes, and moſt biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headſtrong weedes,)
Which for this foureteene yeares, we haue let ſlip,
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to ſticke it in their childrens ſight,
For terror, not to vſe: in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelues are dead,
And libertie, plucks Iuſtice by the noſe;
The Baby beates the Nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
To vnlooſe this tyde-vp Iuſtice, when you pleaſ'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue ſeem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo.*

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people ſcope,
'T would be my tirrany to ſtrike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes haue their permiſſiue paſſe,
And not the puniſhment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reaſons for this action
At our more leyſure, ſhall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with Enuie: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee
If power change purpoſe: what our Seemers be. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Iſabell and Franciſca a Nun.

Iſa. And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſa. Yes truely; I ſpeake not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Vpon the Siſterſtood, the Votariſts of St. *Clare.*
Lucio within.
Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Iſa: Who's that which cals?
Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Iſabella*
Turne you the key, and know his buſineſſe of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnſworne:
When you haue vowd, you muſt not ſpeake with men,
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe*;
Then if you ſpeake, you muſt not ſhow your face;
Or if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeake:
He cals againe: I pray you anſwere him.
Iſa. Peace and proſperitie: who is't that cals?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheeke-Roſes
Proclaime you are no leſſe: can you ſo ſteed me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Siſter
To her vnhappie brother *Claudio*?
Iſa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his Siſter.
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.
Iſa. Woe me; for what?
Luc. For that, which if my ſelfe might be his Iudge,
He ſhould receiue his puniſhment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with childe.
Iſa. Sir, make me not your ſtorie.
Luc.'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar ſin,
With Maids to ſeeme the Lapwing, and to ieſt
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and ſainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall ſpirit
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.
Iſa. You doe blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Doe not beleeue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;
As thoſe that feed, grow full: as bloſſoming Time
That from the ſeednes, the bare fallow brings
To teemiug foyſon: euen ſo her plenteous wombe
Expreſſeth his full Tilth, and husbandry.
Iſa. Some one with childe by him? my coſen *Iuliet*?
Luc. Is ſhe your coſen?
Iſa. Adoptedly, as ſchoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Iſa. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my ſelfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By thoſe that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſigne: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton ſtings, and motions of the ſence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and faſt
He (to giue feare to vſe, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whoſe heauy ſence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arreſts him on it,
And followes cloſe the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnleſſe you haue the grace, by your faire praier
To ſoften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of buſineſſe
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
Iſa. Doth he ſo,
Seeke his life?
Luc. Has cenſur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.
Iſa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.
Luc. Aſſay the powre you haue.
Iſa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs looſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens ſue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themſelues would owe them.
Iſa. Ile ſee what I can doe.
Luc. But ſpeedily.
Iſa. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoone at night
Ile ſend him certaine word of my ſucceſſe.
Luc. I take my leaue of you.
Iſa. Good ſir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, and ſeruants, Iuſtice.

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one ſhape, till cuſtome make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.
Eſc. I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this Gentleman
Whom I would ſaue, had a moſt noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeue to be moſt ſtrait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of our blood
Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And puld the Law vpon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Eſcalus*)

Another thing to fall : I not deny
The Iury paſſing on the Priſoners life
May in the ſworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try ; what's open made to Iuſtice,
That Iuſtice ceizes ; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do paſſe on theeues ? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde, we ſtoope, and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it ; but what we doe not ſee,
We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I haue had ſuch faults ; but rather tell me
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death ,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he muſt dye.

Enter Prouoſt.

Eſc. Be it as your wiſedome will.

Ang. Where is the *Prouoſt* ?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vtmoſt of his pilgrimage.

Eſc. Well : heauen forgiue him ; and forgiue vs all :
Some riſe by ſinne, and ſome by vertue fall :
Some run from brakes of Ice, and anſwere none ,
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if theſe be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vſe their abuſes in common houſes , I know no law : bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name ? And what's the matter ?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour , I am the poore Dukes Conſtable, and my name is *Elbow* ; I doe leane vpon Iuſtice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors ? Well : What Benefactors are they ? Are they not Malefactors ?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour , I know not well what they are : But preciſe villaines they are, that I am ſure of, and void of all prophanation in the world , that good Chriſtians ought to haue.

Eſc. This comes off well : here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Goe to : What quality are they of ? *Elbow* is your name ?
Why do'ſt thou not ſpeake *Elbow* ?

Clo. He cannot Sir : he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir ?

Elb. He Sir : a Tapſter Sir : parcell Baud : one that ſerues a bad woman : whoſe houſe Sir was (as they ſay) pluckt downe in the Suborbs : and now ſhee profeſſes a hot-houſe ; which, I thinke is a very ill houſe too.

Eſc. How know you that ?

Elb. My wife Sir ? whom I deteſt before heauen, and your honour.

Eſc. How ? thy wife ?

Elb. I Sir : whom I thanke heauen is an honeſt woman.

Eſc. Do'ſt thou deteſt her therefore ?

Elb. I ſay ſir, I will deteſt my ſelfe alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a Bauds houſe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſc. How do'ſt thou know that, Conſtable ?

Elb. Marry ſir, by my wife, who, if ſhe had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all vncleanlineſſe there.

Eſc. By the womans meanes ?

Elb. I ſir, by Miſtris *Ouer-dons* meanes : but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honor, this is not ſo.

Elb. Proue it before theſe varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

Eſc. Doe you heare how he miſplaces ?

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with childe : and longing (ſauing your honors reuerence) for ſtewd prewyns ; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were in a fruit diſh (a diſh of ſome three pence ; your honours haue ſeene ſuch diſhes) they are not China-diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſc. Go too : go too : no matter for the diſh ſir.

Clo. No indeede ſir not of a pin ; you are therein in the right : but, to the point : As I ſay, this Miſtris *Elbow*, being (as I ſay) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I ſaid) for prewyns : and hauing but two in the diſh (as I ſaid) Maſter *Froth* here, this very man, hauing eaten the reſt (as I ſaid) & (as I ſay) paying for them very honeſtly : for, as you know Maſter *Froth*, I could not giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well : you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewyns.

Fro. I, ſo I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well : I telling you then (if you be remembred) that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, vnleſſe they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Eſc. Come : you are a tedious foole : to the purpoſe : what was done to *Elbowes* wife , that hee hath cauſe to complaine of ? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Eſc. No ſir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honours leaue : And I beſeech you , looke into Maſter *Froth* here ſir , a man of foure-ſcore pound a yeare ; whoſe father died at *Hallowmas* : Was't not at *Hallowmas* Maſter *Froth* ?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well : I hope here be truthes : he Sir, ſitting (as I ſay) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to ſit, haue you not ?

Fro. I haue ſo, becauſe it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then : I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſsia*
When nights are longeſt there : Ile take my leaue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the cauſe ;
Hoping youle finde good cauſe to whip them all. *Exit.*

Eſc. I thinke no leſſe : good morrow to your Lordſhip. Now Sir, come on : What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more ?

Clo. Once Sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beſeech your honor, aske me.

Eſc. Well ſir, what did this Gentleman to her ?

Clo. I beſeech you ſir, looke in this Gentlemans face : good Maſter *Froth* looke vpon his honor ; 'tis for a good purpoſe : doth your honor marke his face ?

Eſc. I ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you marke it well.

Eſc. Well, I doe ſo.

Clo. Doth your honor ſee any harme in his face?

Eſc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be ſuppoſ'd vpon a booke, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then: if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could Maſter *Froth* doe the Conſtables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Eſc. He's in the right (Conſtable) what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, and it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his Miſtris is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon then any of vs all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyeſt; thou lyeſt wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that ſhee was euer reſpected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him, before he married with her.

Eſc. Which is the wiſer here; *Iuſtice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

Eſc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might haue your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worſhip for it: what is't your Worſhips pleaſure I ſhall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Eſc. Truly Officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcouer, if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou knowſt what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worſhip for it: Thou ſeeſt thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Eſc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you ſir.

Eſc. So: what trade are you of, ſir?

Clo. A Tapſter, a poore widdowes Tapſter.

Eſc. Your Miſtris name?

Clo. Miſtris *Ouer-don.*

Eſc. Hath ſhe had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, ſir: *Ouer-don* by the laſt.

Eſc. Nine? come hether to me, Maſter *Froth*; Maſter *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapſters; they will draw you Maſter *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worſhip: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-houſe, but I am drawne in.

Eſc. Well: no more of it Maſter *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapſter: what's your name Mr. Tapſter?

Clo. *Pompey.*

Eſc. What elſe?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Eſc. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that in the beaſtlieſt ſence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoeuer you colour it in being a Tapſter, are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly ſir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

Eſc. How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, ſir.

Eſc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna.*

Clo. Do's your Worſhip meane to geld and ſplay all the youth of the City?

Eſc. No, *Pompey.*

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Eſc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the faireſt houſe in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to ſee this come to paſſe, ſay *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your propheſie, harke you: I aduiſe you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatſoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your Tent, and proue a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I ſhall haue you whipt; ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worſhip for your good counſell; but I ſhall follow it as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Eſc. Come hether to me, Maſter *Elbow*: come hither Maſter Conſtable: how long haue you bin in this place of Conſtable?

Elb. Seuen yeere, and a halfe ſir.

Eſc. I thought by the readineſſe in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay ſeauen yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe ſir.

Eſc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you ſo oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward ſufficient to ſerue it?

Elb. 'Faith ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them; I do it for ſome peece of money, and goe through with all.

Eſc. Looke you bring mee in the names of ſome ſixe or ſeuen, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your Worſhips houſe ſir?

Eſc. To my houſe: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iust. Eleuen, Sir.

Eſc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iuſt. I humbly thanke you.

Eſc. It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie:

Iuſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſeuere.

Eſc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it ſelfe, that oft lookes ſo,
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Caufe; he will come ftraight, I'le tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleafure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages fmack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Prouoft*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* fhall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadft thou not order?
Why do'ft thou aske againe?

Pro. Left I might be too rafh:
Vnder your good correction, I haue feene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you fhall well be fpar'd.

Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:
What fhall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Difpofe of her
To fome more fitter place; and that with fpeed.

Ser. Here is the fifter of the man condemn'd,
Defires acceffe to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sifter?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be fhortlie of a Sifter-hood,
If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatreffe be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauifh meanes,
There fhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Ifabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your (will?

Ifab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Pleafe but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your fuite.

Ifab. There is a vice that moft I doe abhorre,
And moft defire fhould meet the blow of Iuftice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muft,
For which I muft not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Ifab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe befeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whofe fine ftands in record,
And let goe by the Actor:

Ifab. Oh iuft, but feuere Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc. Giue't not ore fo: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you fhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue defire it:
To him, I fay.

Ifab. Muft he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Ifab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Ifab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Ifab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If fo your heart were touch'd with that remorfe,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's fentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Ifab. Too late? why no: I that doe fpeak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed fword,
The Marfhalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe fo good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would haue flipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue beene fo fterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Ifab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were *Ifabell*: fhould it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a prifoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but wafte your words.

Ifab. Alas, alas:
Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beft haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, fhould
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinfman, brother, or my fonne,
It fhould be thus with him: he muft die to morrow.

Ifab. To morrow? oh, that's fodaine,
Spare him, fpare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of feafon: fhall we ferue heauen
With leffe refpect then we doe minifter
To our groffe-felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well faid.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath flept
Thofe many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the firft, that did th'Edict infringe
Had anfwer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glaffe that fhewes what future euils
Either now, or by remiffeneffe, new conceiu'd,
And fo in progreffe to be hatc'hd, and borne,
Are now to haue no fucceffiue degrees,
But here they liue to end.

Ifab. Yet fhew fome pittie.

Ang. I fhew it moft of all, when I fhow Iuftice;
For then I pittie thofe I doe not know,
Which a difmis'd offence, would after gaule

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be ẏ first that giues this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vse his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulpherous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselues laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

Pro. Pray heauen she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?

Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Is. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserued soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.

Isab. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselues: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Prouost: whats your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Iuliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Iul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Du. Ile teach you how you shal araign your consciẽce
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Iul. Ile gladly learne.

Duk. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Iul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.

Iul. Mutually.

Duk. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

Iul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Du. 'Tis

Duk. 'Tis meet ſo (daughter) but leaſt you do repent
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,
Which ſorrow is alwaies toward our ſelues, not heauen,
Showing we would not ſpare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we ſtand in feare.

Iul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the ſhame with ioy.

Duke. There reſt:
Your partner (as I heare) muſt die to morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*

Iul. Muſt die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue
That reſpits me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To ſeuerall ſubiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilſt my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling euill
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiſer ſoules
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne
'Tis not the Deuills Creſt: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Iſabell*, a Siſter, deſires acceſſe to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why doe's my bloud thus muſter to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it ſelfe,
And diſpoſſeſsing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſſe?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwounds,
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the ayre
By which hee ſhould reuiue: and euen ſo
The generall ſubiect to a wel-wiſht King
Quit their owne part, and in obſequious fondneſſe
Crowd to his preſence, where their vn-taught loue
Muſt needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure. (me,

An. That you might know it, wold much better pleaſe
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

Iſab. Euen ſo: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or ſhorter) he may be ſo fitted
That his ſoule ſicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcie ſweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained meanes
To make a falſe one.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet downe ſo in heauen, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you ſo: then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt iuſt Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to ſuch ſweet vncleanneſſe
As ſhe that he hath ſtaind?

Iſab. Sir, beleeue this.
I had rather giue my body, then my ſoule.

Ang. I talke not of your ſoule: our compel'd ſins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Iſab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can ſpeake
Againſt the thing I ſay: Anſwere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a ſentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in ſinne,
To ſaue this Brothers life?

Iſab. Pleaſe you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my ſoule,
It is no ſinne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleaſ'd you to doo't, at perill of your ſoule
Were equall poize of ſinne, and charitie.

Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your ſence purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeeme ſo crafty; and that's not good.

Iſab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdome wiſhes to appeare moſt bright,
When it doth taxe it ſelfe: As theſe blacke Maſques
Proclaime an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could diſplaied: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile ſpeake more groſſe:
Your Brother is to dye.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſaue his life
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſſe of queſtion) that you, his Siſter,
Finding your ſelfe deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe creadit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to ſaue him, but that either
You muſt lay downe the treaſures of your body,
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe to let him ſuffer:
What would you doe?

Iſab. As much for my poore Brother, as my ſelfe;
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th'impreſſion of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing haue bin ſicke for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body vp to ſhame.

Ang. That

* serve heaven Collier's Copy

* loss of question = looseness of conversation says Mr Singer

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.
Iſa. And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a ſiſter, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.
Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue ſlander'd ſo?
Iſa. Ignomie in ranſome, and free pardon
Are of two houſes: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
Iſa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We ſpeake not what wee meane;
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.
Ang. We are all fraile.
Iſa. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and ſucceed thy weakneſſe.
Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.
Iſa. I, as the glaſſes where they view themſelues,
Which are as eaſie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are ſoft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this teſtimonie of your owne ſex
(Since I ſuppoſe we are made to be no ſtronger
Then faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arreſt your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expreſt
By all externall warrants) ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd Liuerie.
Iſa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you ſpeake the former language.
Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.
Iſa. My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he ſhall die for't.
Ang. He ſhall not *Iſabell* if you giue me loue.
Iſa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.
Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expreſſe my purpoſe.
Iſa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And moſt pernitious purpoſe: Seeming, ſeeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-ſtretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Iſabell*?
My vnſoild name, th'auſteereneſſe of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i'th State,
Will ſo your accuſation ouer-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your owne reporr,
And ſmell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my ſenſuall race, the reine,
Fit thy conſent to my ſharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious bluſhes
That baniſh what they ſue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or elſe he muſt not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindneſſe ſhall his death draw out
To lingring ſufferance: Anſwer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me moſt,
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*
Iſa. To whom ſhould I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeue me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the ſelfeſame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtſie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her bodie ſtoope
To ſuch abhord pollution.
Then *Iſabell* liue chaſte, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chaſtitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt,
And fit his minde to death, for his ſoules reſt. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouoſt.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Cla. The miſerable haue no other medicine
But onely hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be abſolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life:
If I do looſe thee, I do looſe a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences,
That doſt this habitation where thou keepſt
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runſt toward him ſtill. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearſt,
Are nurſt by baſeneſſe: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou doſt feare the ſoft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy beſt of reſt is ſleepe,
And that thou oft prouoakſt, yet groſſelie fearſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy ſelfe,
For thou exiſts on manie a thouſand graines
That iſſue out of duſt. Happie thou art not,
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriu'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt forgetſt. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Aſſe, whoſe backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearſt thy heauie riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend haſt thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effuſion of thy proper loines
Do curſe the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners ſleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palſied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

boasted youth
Collier's copy

Thou haſt neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleaſant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thouſand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes theſe oddes, all euen.
Cla. I humblie thanke you.
To ſue to liue, I finde I ſeeke to die,
And ſeeking death, finde life: Let it come on.
Enter Iſabella.
Iſab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.
Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wiſh deſerues a welcome.
Duke. Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe.
Cla. Moſt holie Sir, I thanke you.
Iſa. My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Claudio.*
Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your ſiſter.
Duke. Prouoſt, a word with you.
Pro. As manie as you pleaſe.
Duke. Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.
Cla. Now ſiſter, what's the comfort?
Iſa. Why,
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an euerlaſting Leiger;
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To Morrow you ſet on.
Clau. Is there no remedie?
Iſa. None, but ſuch remedie, as to ſaue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:
Clau. But is there anie?
Iſa. Yes brother, you may liue;
There is a diuelliſh mercie in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance?
Iſa. I iuſt, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint
Through all the worlds vaſtiditie you had
To a determin'd ſcope.
Clau. But in what nature?
Iſa. In ſuch a one, as you conſenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leaue you naked.
Clau. Let me know the point.
Iſa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leaſt thou a feauorous life ſhouldſt entertaine,
And ſix or ſeuen winters more reſpect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſence of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall ſufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Cla. Why giue you me this ſhame?
Thinke you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneſſe? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſſe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Iſa. There ſpake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble, to conſerue a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputie,
Whoſe ſetled viſage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being caſt, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
Cla. The prenzie, *Angelo*?
Iſa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damneſt bodie to inueſt, and couer
In prenzie gardes; doſt thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be.
Iſa. Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhorre to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to morrow.
Clau. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere *Iſabell.*
Iſa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.
Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſinne,
Or of the deadly ſeuen it is the leaſt.
Iſa. Which is the leaſt?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurablie fin'de? Oh *Iſabell.*
Iſa. What ſaies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Iſa. And ſhamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This ſenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we feare of death.
Iſa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Siſter, let me liue.
What ſinne you do, to ſaue a brothers life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deede ſo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Iſa. Oh you beaſt,
Oh faithleſſe Coward, oh diſhoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceſt, to take life
From thine owne ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I thinke,
Heauen ſhield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſſe
Nere iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh: Might but my bending downe
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceede.
Ile pray a thouſand praiers for thy death,
No word to ſaue thee.
Cla. Nay heare me *Iſabell.*
Iſa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy ſinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercy to thee would proue it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella.*

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and by haue some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receiue: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therfore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of loue with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: *Prouost*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to saue your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his gouernment.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my aduisings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeue that you may most vprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euer returne to haue hearing of this businesse.

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo.*

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can shee auaile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not only saues your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vniust vnkindenesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to conuenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: wee shall aduise this wronged maid to steed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it giues me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this deiected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare youwell good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what stuffe is heere.

Clow. Twas neuer merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: 'blesse you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law ; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir : for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a ftrange Pick-lock, which we haue fent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou caufeft to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From fuch a filthie vice : fay to thy felfe,
From their abhominable and beaftly touches
I drinke, I eate away my felfe, and liue :
Canft thou beleeue thy liuing is a life,
So ftinkingly depending ? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's ftinke in fome fort, Sir :
But yet Sir I would proue.

*Duke.*Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for fin
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to prifon Officer :
Correction, and Inftruction muft both worke
Ere this rude beaft will profit.

Elb. He muft before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning : the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-mafter : if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as fome would feeme to bee
from our faults, as faults from feeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waft, a Cord fir.

Clo. I fpy comfort, I cry baile : Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey* ? What, at the wheels of *Cæfar* ? Art thou led in triumph ? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd ? What reply ? Ha ? What faift thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method ? Is't not drown'd i'th laft raine ? Ha ? What faift thou Trot ? Is the world as it was Man ? Which is the vvay ? Is it fad, and few words ? Or how ? The tricke of it ?

Duke. Still thus, and thus : ftill vvorfe ?

Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, thy Miftris ? Procures fhe ftill ? Ha.?

Clo. Troth fir, fhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and fhe is her felfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good : It is the right of it : it muft be fo. Euer your frefh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an vnfhun'd confequence, it muft be fo. Art going to prifon *Pompey* ?

Clo. Yes faith fir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiffe *Pompey* : farewell : goe fay I fent thee thether : for debt *Pompey* ? Or how ?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprifon him : If imprifonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtleffe, and of antiquity too : Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey* : Commend me to the prifon *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you vvill keepe the houfe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worfhip will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed vvil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear : I will pray (*Pompey*) to encreafe your bondage if you take it not patiently : Why, your mettle is the more : Adieu truftie *Pompey*.
Bleffe you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint ftill, *Pompey* ? Ha ?

Elb. Come your waies fir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir ?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now : what newes abroad *Frier* ? What newes ?

Elb. Come your waies fir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe :
What newes *Frier* of the Duke ?

Duke. I know none : can you tell me of any ?

Luc. Some fay he is with the Emperor of *Ruffia* : other fome, he is in *Rome* : but where is he thinke you ?

Duke. I know not where : but wherefoeuer, I wifh him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantafticall tricke of him to fteale from the State, and vfurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to : Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abfence : he puts tranfgreffion too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him : Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

*Duk.*It is too general a vice, and feueritie muft cure it.

Luc. Yes in good footh, the vice is of a great kindred; it is vvell allied, but it is impoffible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They fay this *Angelo* vvas not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vvay of Creation : is it true, thinke you ?

Duke. How fhould he be made then ?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid fpawn'd him. Some, that he vvas begot betweene two Stock-fifhes . But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true : and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleafant fir, and fpeake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthleffe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man ? Would the Duke that is abfent haue done this ? Ere he vvould haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baftards, he vvould haue paide for the Nurfing a thoufand. He had fome feeling of the fport, hee knew the feruice, and that inftructed him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the abfent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that vvay.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poffible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke ? Yes, your beggar of fifty : and his vfe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-difh ; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, furely.

Luc. Sir, I vvas an inward of his : a fhie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleeue I know the caufe of his vvithdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the caufe ?

Luc. No, pardon : 'Tis a fecret muft bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes : but this I can let you vnderftand, the greater file of the fubiect held the Duke to be vvife.

Duke. Wife ? Why no queftion but he was.

Luc. A very fuperficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or miftaking : The very ftreame of his life, and the bufineffe he hath helmed, muft vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but teftimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee fhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier : therefore you fpeake vnskilfully : or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleeue that, ſince you know not what you ſpeake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it bee honeſt you haue ſpoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an oppoſite:but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-ſweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd firſt: Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canſt thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-diſh: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngenitur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes muſt not build in his houſe-eeues, becauſe they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie anſwered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntruſſing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I ſay to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now paſt it, yet (and I ſay to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though ſhe ſmelt browne-bread and Garlicke: ſay that I ſaid ſo: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatneſſe in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: Back-wounding calumnie
The whiteſt vertue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall vp in the ſlanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Eſcalus, Prouoſt, and Bawd.

Eſc. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Eſc. Double, and trebble admonition, and ſtill forfeite in the ſame kinde? This would make mercy ſweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it pleaſe your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me, Miſtris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Iacob*: I haue kept it my ſelfe; and ſee how hee goes about to abuſe me.

Eſc. That fellow is a fellow of much Licenſe: Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to priſon: Goe too, no more words. Prouoſt, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* muſt die to morrow: Let him be furniſh'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So pleaſe you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Eſc. Good'euen, good Father.

Duke. Bliſſe, and goodneſſe on you.

Eſc. Of whence are you?

*Duke.*Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now
To vſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In ſpeciall buſineſſe from his Holineſſe.

Eſc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a Feauor on goodneſſe, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Noueltie is onely in requeſt, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of courſe, as it is vertuous to be conſtant in any vndertaking. There is ſcarſe truth enough aliue to make Societies ſecure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowſhips accurſt: Much vpon this riddle runs the wiſedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſc. One, that aboue all other ſtrifes,
Contended eſpecially to know himſelfe.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giuen to?

Eſc. Rather reioycing to ſee another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profeſt to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a praier they may proue proſperous, & let me deſire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderſtand, that you haue lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to haue receiued no ſiniſter meaſure from his Iudge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelfe to the determination of Iuſtice: yet had he framed to himſelfe (by the inſtruction of his frailty) manie deceyuing promiſes of life, which I (by my good leiſure) haue diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolu'd to die.

Eſc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the priſoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſtie, but my brother-Iuſtice haue I found ſo ſeuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iuſtice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Anſwere the ſtraitneſſe of his proceeding,
It ſhall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile
he hath ſentenc'd himſelfe.

Eſc. I am going to viſit the priſoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the ſword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as ſeueare:
Patterne in himſelfe to know,
Grace to ſtand, and Vertue go:
More, nor leſſe to others paying,
Then by ſelfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruell ſtriking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To vveede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward ſide?
How may likeneſſe made in crimes,
Making practiſe on the Times,
To draw with ydle Spiders ſtrings
Moſt ponderous and ſubſtantiall things?
Craft againſt vice, I muſt applie.
With *Angelo* to night ſhall lye
His old betroathed (but deſpiſed:)
So diſguiſe ſhall by th'diſguiſed
Pay with falſhood, falſe exacting,
And performe an olde contracting. *Exit*

Actus

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleeue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleeue you: the time is come euen now. I shall craue your forbearance alittle, may be I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue t'ane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I haue possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit.*

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Iustice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment, and your deliuerance with an vnpittied whipping; for you haue beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue beene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good fauor: for surely sir, a good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

Abh. I Sir, a Mifterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard fay, is a Mifterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, vfing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but what Mifterie there fhould be in hanging, if I fhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Mifterie.

Clo. Proofe.

Abh. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouoft.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ferue him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftener aske forgiueneffe.

Pro. You firrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will inftruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do defire to learne fir: and I hope, if you haue occafion to vfe me for your owne turne, you fhall finde me y'are. For truly fir, for your kindneffe, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muft be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cla. As faft lock'd vp in fleepe, as guiltleffe labour,
When it lies ftarkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your felfe. But harke, what noife?
Heauen giue your fpirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is fome pardon, or repreeue
For the moft gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beft, and wholfomft fpirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouoft: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None fince the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Ifabell*?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's fome in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not fo, not fo: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the ftroke and line of his great Iuftice:
He doth with holie abftinence fubdue
That in himfelfe, which he fpurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,
But this being fo, he's iuft. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouoft, fildome when
The fteeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noife? That fpirit's poffeft with haft,
That wounds th'vnfifting Pofterne with thefe ftrokes.

Pro. There he muft ftay vntil the Officer
Arife to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he muft die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouoft, as it is,
You fhall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You fomething know: yet I beleeue there comes
No countermand: no fuch example haue we:
Befides, vpon the verie fiege of Iuftice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profeft the contrarie.

Enter a Meffenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meff. My Lord hath fent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you fwerue not from the fmalleft Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumftance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoft day.

Pro. I fhall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by fuch fin,
For which the Pardoner himfelfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's fo extended,
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remiffe
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks ftrangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatfoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernardine: For my better fatisfaction, let mee haue Claudios head fent me by fiue. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we muft yet deliuer. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will anfwere it at your perill.

What fay you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurft vp & bred, One that is a prifoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the abfent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do fo.

Pro. His friends ftill wrought Repreeues for him: And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Moft manifeft, and not denied by himfelfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himfelfe penitently in prifon? How feemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken fleepe, careleffe, wreakleffe, and feareleffe of what's paft, prefent, or to come: infenfible of mortality, and defperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prifon: giue him leaue to efcape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and fhew'd him a feeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio,* whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I craue but foure daies respit: for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my instructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo.*

Pro. *Angelo* hath seene them both,
And will discouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'de before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie vvhen they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolue you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it vvere Mistris *Ouer-dons* owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, heere's yong Mr *Rash*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and seuenteene pounds, of which hee made fiue Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women vvere all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr *Deepe-vow*, and Mr *Copperspurre*, and Mr *Starue-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild lustie *Pudding*, and Mr *Forthlight* the Tilter, and braue M. *Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine.*

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine.*

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyse there? what are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepie.

Abh. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo: Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw russle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorson?*
What's the newes vvith you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father: do we iest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.
Exit

Enter Prouost.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To saue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit*

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releasd him *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,
Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By euery sillable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confessor
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wisdome,
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good 'euen;
Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el haue very little of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other.

Ang.

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisedome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and reliuer ou rauthorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He showes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereafter, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Well; I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him.

Esc. I shall sir: fareyouwell. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.
This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sence
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By so receiuing a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued.
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me,
The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you euer to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauia*'s house,
And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flauius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture
He speake against me on the aduerse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may haue such vantage on the *Duke*
He shall not passe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.
The generous, and grauest Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Esculus, Lucio, Citizens at seuerall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang.Esc. Happy returne be to yonr royall grace.

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both:
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

*Duk.*Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert bosome
When it deserues with characters of brasse
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand
And let the Subiect see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,
You must walke by vs, on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Heere is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice,
Reueale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me seeke redemption of the diuell,
Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake
Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redresse from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by course of Iustice.

Isab. By course of Iustice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most

Ifab. Moft ftrange: but yet moft truely wil I fpeake,
That *Angelo's* forfworne, is it not ftrange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not ftrange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not ftrange? and ftrange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times ftrange?

Ifa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is ftrange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her: poore foule
She fpeakes this, in th'infirmity of fence.

Ifa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'ft
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneffe: make not impoffible
That which but feemes vnlike, 'tis not impoffible
But one, the wickedft caitiffe on the ground
May feeme as fhie, as graue, as iuft, as abfolute:
As *Angelo*, euen fo may *Angelo*
In all his dreffings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be leffe, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badneffe.

Duke. By mine honefty
If fhe be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madneffe hath the oddeft frame of fenfe,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madneffe.

Ifab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banifh reafon
For inequality, but let your reafon ferue
To make the truth appeare, where it feemes hid,
And hide the falfe feemes true.

Duk. Many that are not mad
Haue fure more lacke of reafon:
What would you fay?

Ifab. I am the Sifter of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To loofe his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I,(in probation of a Sifterhood)
Was fent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Meffenger.

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and defir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Ifab. That's he indeede.

Duk. You were not bid to fpeake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wifh'd to hold my peace.

Duk. I wifh you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A bufineffe for your felfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duk. The warrant's for your felfe: take heede to't.

Ifab. This Gentleman told fomewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To fpeake before your time: proceed,

Ifab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

Duk. That's fomewhat madly fpoken.

Ifab: Pardon it,
The phrafe is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

Ifab. In briefe, to fet the needleffe proceffe by:
How I perfwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclufion
I now begin with griefe, and fhame to vtter.
He would not, but by gift of my chafte body
To his concupifcible intemperate luft
Releafe my brother; and after much debatement,
My fifterly remorfe, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpofe furfetting, he fends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is moft likely.

Ifab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.

Duk. By heauen (fond wretch) y^u^ knowft not what thou (fpeak'ft,
Or elfe thou art fuborn'd againft his honor
In hatefull practife: firft his Integritie
Stands without blemifh: next it imports no reafon,
That with fuch vehemency he fhould purfue
Faults proper to himfelfe: if he had fo offended
He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himfelfe,
And not haue cut him off: fome one hath fet you on:
Confeffe the truth, and fay by whofe aduice
Thou cam'ft heere to complaine.

Ifab. And is this all?
Then oh you bleffed Minifters aboue
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp
In countenance: heauen fhield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleeued goe.

Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To prifon with her: Shall we thus permit
A blafting and a fcandalous breath to fall,
On him fo neere vs? This needs muft be a practife;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Ifa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

Duk. A ghoftly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he fpake againft your Grace
In your retirment, I had fwing'd him foundly.

Duke. Words againft mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to fet on this wretched woman here
Againft our Subftitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yefternight my Lord, fhe and that Fryer
I faw them at the prifon: a fawcy Fryar,
A very fcuruy fellow.

Peter. Bleffed be your Royall Grace:
I haue ftood by my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royall eare abus'd: firft hath this woman
Moft wrongfully accus'd your Subftitute,
Who is as free from touch, or foyle with her
As fhe from one vngot.

Duke. We did beleeue no leffe.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that fhe fpeakes of?

Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not fcuruy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truft, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) mif-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, moft villanoufly, beleeue it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himfelfe;
But at this inftant he is ficke, my Lord:

Of

Of a strange Feauor: vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whensoeuer he's conuented: First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs some seates, Come cosen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge
Of your owne Cause: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I haue known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges she moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes *Isabels*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Isabell*,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she saies.

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enoug my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And fiue yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of fiue yeres
I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen, and words frō breath,
As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for euer be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the scope of Iustice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
These poore informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes,
Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that set them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this Complaint;
Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as seemes you best
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leaue you; but stir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers. *Exit.*

Esc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Esc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Esc. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Esc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately shee

She would fooner confeffe, perchance publikely fhe'll be afham'd.

Enter Duke, Prouoft, Ifabella.

Efc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Efc. Come on Miftris, here's a Gentlewoman,
Denies all that you haue faid.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rafcall I fpoke of,
Here, with the *Prouoft.*

Efc. In very good time: fpeake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Efc. Come Sir, did you fet thefe women on to flander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confef'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis falfe.

Efc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Refpect to your great place; and let the diuell
Be fometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he fhould heare me fpeake.

Efc. The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you fpeake,
Looke you fpeake iuftly.

Duk. Boldly, at leaft. But oh poore foules,
Come you to feeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redreffe: is the *Duke* gone?
Then is your caufe gone too: The *Duke's* vniuft,
Thus to retort your manifeft Appeale,
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accufe.

Luc. This is the rafcall: this is he I fpoke of.

Efc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhallowed Fryer:
Is't not enough thou haft fuborn'd thefe women,
To accufe this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witneffe of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th'*Duke* himfelfe, to taxe him with Iniuftice?
Take him hence; to th'racke with him: we'll towze you
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpofe:
What? vniuft?

Duk. Be not fo hot: the *Duke* dare
No more ftretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,
Nor here Prouinciall: My bufineffe in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I haue feene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But faults fo countenanc'd, that the ftrong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers fhop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

Efc. Slander to th'State:
Away with him to prifon.

Ang. What can you vouch againft him Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the found of your voice, I met you at the Prifon, in the abfence of the *Duke.*

Luc. Oh, did you fo? and do you remember what you faid of the *Duke.*

Duk. Moft notedly Sir.

Luc. Do you fo Sir: And was the *Duke* a flefh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You muft (Sir) change perfons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede fpoke fo of him, and much more, much worfe.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nofe, for thy fpeeches?

Duk. I proteft, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my felfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would clofe now, after his treafonable abufes.

Efc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prifon: Where is the *Prouoft*? away with him to prifon: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him fpeak no more: away with thofe Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, ftay a while.

Ang. What, refifts he? helpe him *Lucio.*

Luc. Come fir, come fir, come fir: foh fir, why you bald-pated lying rafcall: you muft be hooded muft you? fhow your knaues vifage with a poxe to you: fhow your fheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the firft knaue, that ere mad'ft a *Duke.*
Firft *Prouoft*, let me bayle thefe gentle three:
Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,
Muft haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worfe then hanging.

Duk. What you haue fpoke, I pardon: fit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:
Ha'ft thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'ft
Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,
I fhould be guiltier then my guiltineffe,
To thinke I can be vndifcerneable,
When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince,
No longer Seffion hold vpon my fhame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confeffion:
Immediate fentence then, and fequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her inftantly.
Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which confummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouoft.* *Exit.*

Efc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his difhonor,
Then at the ftrangeneffe of it.

Duk. Come hither *Ifabell*,
Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then
Aduertyfing, and holy to your bufineffe,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am ftill,
Atturnied at your feruice.

Ifab. Oh giue me pardon
That I, your vaffaile, haue imploid, and pain'd
Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Ifabell*:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
Your Brothers death I know fits at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obfcur'd my felfe,
Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather
Make rafh remonftrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him fo be loft: oh moft kinde Maid,
It was the fwift celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpofe: but peace be with him,
That life is better life paft fearing death,
Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouoſt.

Iſab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you muſt pardon
For *Mariana's* ſake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of ſacred Chaſtitie, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Moſt audible, euen from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:
Haſte ſtill paies haſte, and leaſure, anſwers leaſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Conſenting to the ſafe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: elſe Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come: For his Poſſeſſions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-ſtate, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but looſe your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, ſweet *Iſabell*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you ſeruice.

Duke. Againſt all ſence you doe importune her,
Should ſhe kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghoſt, his paued bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Iſabell:
Sweet *Iſabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, ſay nothing: I'll ſpeake all.
They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults,
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Iſabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir.
Looke if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due ſinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is ſo,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iuſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your ſuite's vnprofitable: ſtand vp I ſay:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Prouoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnuſuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpeciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate meſſage.

Duk. For which I doe diſcharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon
That ſhould by priuate order elſe haue dide,
I haue reſeru'd aliue.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke. I would thou hadſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Eſc. I am ſorry, one ſo learned, and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue ſtil appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſſelie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am ſorrie, that ſuch ſorrow I procure,
And ſo deepe ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deſeruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouoſt, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art ſaid to haue a ſtubborne ſoule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide
For better times to come: Frier aduiſe him,
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another priſoner that I ſau'd,
Who ſhould haue di'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie ſake
Giue me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's ſafe,
Methinkes I ſee a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remiſſion in my ſelfe:
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You ſirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an aſſe, a mad man:
Wherein haue I ſo deſeru'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Prouoſt round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him ſweare himſelfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptiall finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beſeech your Highneſſe doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highneſſe ſaid euen now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy slanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouost* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. *Other like Gentlemen.*
Prouost.
Thomas. } 2. *Friers.*
Peter.
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, with the Merchant of Siracuſa, Iaylor, and other attendants.

Marchant.

PRoceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Siracuſa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and diſcord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes:
For ſince the mortall and inteſtine iarres
Twixt thy ſeditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in ſolemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracuſians* and our ſelues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerſe townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Epheſus*
Be ſeene at any *Siracuſian* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracuſian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Epheſus*, he dies:
His goods confiſcate to the Dukes diſpoſe,
Vnleſſe a thouſand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ranſome him:
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the euening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracuſian*; ſay in briefe the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy natiue home?
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.

Mer. A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to ſpeake my griefes vnſpeakeable:
Yet that the world may witneſſe that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my ſorrow giues me leaue.
In *Syracuſa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increaſt
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſixe moneths olde,
Before her ſelfe (almoſt at fainting vnder
The pleaſing puniſhment that women beare)
Had made prouiſion for her following me,
And ſoone, and ſafe, arriued where I was:
There had ſhe not beene long, but ſhe became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly ſonnes:
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the ſelfe-ſame Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of ſuch a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my ſonnes.
My wife, not meanely prowd of two ſuch boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too ſoone wee came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we ſaild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gaue any Tragicke Inſtance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obſcured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my ſelfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to feare,
Forſt me to ſeeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors ſought for ſafety by our boate,
And left the ſhip then ſinking ripe to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had faſtned him vnto a ſmall ſpare Maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men prouide for ſtormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'ſt I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſtned our ſelues at eyther end the maſt,
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtreame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſonne gazing vpon the earth,
Diſperſt thoſe vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wiſhed light
The ſeas waxt calme, and we diſcouered
Two ſhippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me ſay no more,
Gather the ſequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off ſo,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.
Merch. Oh had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercileſſe to vs:
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice fiue leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt;
So that in this vniuſt diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for,
Her part, poore ſoule, ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer waight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the winde,
And in our ſight they three were taken vp
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ſhip had ſeiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſaue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ſhip-wrackt gueſts,
And would haue reft the Fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very ſlow of ſaile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.
Thus haue you heard me ſeuer'd from my bliſſe,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my owne miſhaps.
Duke. And for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now.
Merch. My yongeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquiſitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, ſo his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whil'ſt I laboured of a loue to ſee,
I hazarded the loſſe of whom I lou'd.
Fiue Sommers haue I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſſe to finde, yet loth to leaue vnſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere muſt end the ſtory of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.
Duke. Hapleſſe *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt
To beare the extremitie of dire miſhap:
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Lawes,
Againſt my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not diſanull,
My ſoule ſhould ſue as aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great diſparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To ſeeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the ſumme,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy cuſtodie.
Iaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopeleſſe and helpeleſſe doth *Egean* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liueleſſe end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoone be confiſcate:
This very day a *Syracuſian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie ſunne ſet in the Weſt:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruſe the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and ſleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am ſtiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing ſo good a meane. *Exit Dromio.*
Ant. A truſtie villaine ſir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry ieſts:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
E.Mar. I am inuited ſir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, ſoone at fiue a clocke,
Pleaſe you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward conſort you till bed time:
My preſent buſineſſe cals me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe looſe my ſelfe,
And wander vp and down to view the Citie.
E.Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content. *Exeunt.*
Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean ſeekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnſeene, inquiſitiue) confounds himſelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queſt of them (vnhappie a) looſe my ſelfe.

Enter Dromio of Epheſus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoone.
E.Dro. Return'd ſo ſoone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the ſpit;
The clocke hath ſtrucken twelue vpon the bell:
My Miſtris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is ſo hot becauſe the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, becauſe you come not home:
You come not home, becauſe you haue no ſtomacke:
You haue no ſtomacke, hauing broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde ſir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.
E.Dro. Oh ſixe pence that I had a wenſday laſt,
To pay the Sadler for my Miſtris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine owne cuſtodie.
E.Dro. I pray you ieſt ſir as you ſit at dinner:
I from my Miſtris come to you in poſt:
If I returne I ſhall be poſt indeede.

For

For ſhe will ſcoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, ſhould be your cooke,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.
Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, theſe ieſts are out of ſeaſon,
Reſerue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?
E.Dro. To me ſir? why you gaue no gold to me?
Ant. Come on ſir knaue, haue done your fooliſhnes,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.
E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you frō the Mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix* ſir, to dinner;
My Miſtris and her ſiſter ſtaies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you haue beſtow'd my monie;
Or I ſhall breake that merrie ſconce of yours
That ſtands on tricks, when I am vndiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand Markes thou hadſt of me?
E.Dro. I haue ſome markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Miſtris markes vpon my ſhoulders:
But not a thouſand markes betweene you both.
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
Ant. Thy Miſtris markes? what Miſtris ſlaue haſt thou?
E.Dro. Your worſhips wife, my Miſtris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth faſt till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that ſir knaue.
E.Dro. What meane you ſir, for God ſake hold your hands:
Nay, and you will not ſir, Ile take my heeles.

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by ſome deuiſe or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They ſay this towne is full of coſenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Diſguiſed Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie ſuch like liberties of ſinne:
If it proue ſo, I will be gone the ſooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe ſeeke this ſlaue,
I greatly feare my monie is not ſafe. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Siſter.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the ſlaue return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeeke his Maſter?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps ſome Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good Siſter let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Maſter of his libertie:
Time is their Maſter, and when they ſee time,
They'll goe or come; if ſo, be patient Siſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſſe ſtill lies out adore.
Adr. Looke when I ſerue him ſo, he takes it thus.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſht with woe:
There's nothing ſituate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in ſea, in skie.
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowles
Are their males ſubiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectuall ſence and ſoules,
Of more preheminence then fiſh and fowles,
Are maſters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. This ſeruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.
Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear ſome ſway
Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practiſe to obey.
Adr. How if your husband ſtart ſome other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.
Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though ſhe pauſe,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoule bruis'd with aduerſitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we ſhould our ſelues complaine:
So thou that haſt no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpeleſſe patience would releeue me;
But if thou liue to ſee like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie maſter now at hand?
E.Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witneſſe.
Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeake with him? knowſt thou his minde?
E.Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could vnderſtand it.
Luc. Spake hee ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feele his meaning.
E.Dro. Nay, hee ſtrooke ſo plainly, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce vnderſtand them.
Adri. But ſay, I prethee, is he comming home?
It ſeemes he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.
E.Dro. Why Miſtreſſe, ſure my Maſter is horne mad.
Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?
E.Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But ſure he is ſtarke mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thouſand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My miſtreſſe, ſir, quoth I: hang vp thy Miſtreſſe:
I know not thy miſtreſſe, out on thy miſtreſſe.
Luci. Quoth who?
E.Dr. Quoth my Maſter, I know quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſſe: ſo that my arrant due vnto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my ſhoulders: for in concluſion, he did beat me there.
Adri. Go back againe, thou ſlaue, & fetch him home.
Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods ſake ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adri. Backe slaue, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.
Dro. And he will blesse y^t crosse with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.
*Adri.*Hence prating pesant, fetch thy Master home.
Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
Adri. His company must doe his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starue for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, too vnruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.
Luci. Selfe-harming Iealousie; fie beat it hence.
Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the Iewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
Luci. How manie fond fooles serue mad Ielousie?
Exit.

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slaue
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phœnix*? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?
S.Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?
E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since.
S.Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receit,
And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.
S.Dro: I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?
Ant. Yea, dost thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst y^u I iest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
*S.Dr.*Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,
Vpon what bargaine doe you giue it me?
Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my serious howres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will iest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leaue battering, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Insconce it to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?
Ant. Dost thou not know?
S.Dro, Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S.Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, euery why hath a wherefore.
Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the second time to me.
S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.
Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?
S.Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gaue me for nothing.
Ant. Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?
S.Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.
Ant. In good time sir: what's that?
S.Dro. Basting.
Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.
S.Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.
Ant. Your reason?
S.Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting.
Ant. Well sir, learne to iest in good time, there's a time for all things.
S.Dro. I durst haue denied that before you vvere so chollericke.
Anti. By what rule sir?
*S.Dro.*Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himselfe.
Ant. Let's heare it.
S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire that growes bald by nature.
Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the lost haire of another man.
Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?
S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath giuen them in wit.
Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.
S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.
Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.
S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he looseth it in a kinde of iollitie.
An. For what reason.
S.Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

An. Nay

An. Nay not found I pray you.
S.Dro. Sure ones then.
An. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.
S.Dro. Certaine ones then.
An. Name them.
S.Dro. The one to ſaue the money that he ſpends in trying: the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porrage.
An. You would all this time haue prou'd, here is no time for all things.
S.Dro. Marry and did ſir: namely, in no time to recouer haire loſt by Nature.
An. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantiall, why there is no time to recouer.
S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.
An. I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion: but ſoft, who wafts vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke ſtrange and frowne,
Some other Miſtreſſe hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldſt vow,
That neuer words were muſicke to thine eare,
That neuer obiect pleaſing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meat ſweet-ſauour'd in thy taſte,
Vnleſſe I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thy ſelfe?
Thy ſelfe I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That vndiuidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere ſelfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy ſelfe from me;
For know my loue: as eaſie maiſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldſt thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the ſtain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
I know thou canſt, and therefore ſee thou doe it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I doe digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue diſtain'd, thou vndiſhonoured.
Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two houres old,
As ſtrange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being ſcan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderſtand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and this thou didſt returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you conuerſe ſir with this gentlewoman:
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?
S.Dro. I ſir? I neuer ſaw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou lieſt, for euen her verie words,
Didſt thou deliuer to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I neuer ſpake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can ſhe thus then call vs by our names?
Vnleſſe it be by inſpiration.
Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus groſely with your ſlaue,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will faſten on this ſleeue of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whoſe weakneſſe married to thy ſtranger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſſe thee from me, it is droſſe,
Vſurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Moſſe,
Who all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy ſap, and liue on thy confuſion.
Ant. To mee ſhee ſpeakes, ſhee moues mee for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or ſleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error driues our eies and eares amiſſe?
Vntill I know this ſure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.
Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the ſeruants ſpred for dinner.
S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I croſſe me for a ſinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh ſpight of ſpights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will inſue:
They'll ſucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelfe, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou ſnaile, thou ſlug, thou ſot.
S.Dro. I am transformed Maſter, am I not?
Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and ſo am I.
S.Dro. Nay Maſter, both in minde, and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine owne forme.
S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Aſſe.
S.Dro. 'Tis true ſhe rides me, and I long for graſſe.
'Tis ſo, I am an Aſſe, elſe it could neuer be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knowes me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'ſt man and Maſter laughes my woes to ſcorne:
Come ſir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
And ſhriue you of a thouſand idle prankes:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come ſiſter, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduiſde:
Knowne vnto theſe, and to my ſelfe diſguiſde:
Ile ſay as they ſay, and perſeuer ſo:
And in this miſt at all aduentures go.
S.Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, leaſt I breake your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

meane one Collier's Copy

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant.

E.Anti. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse vs all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E.Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show;
If yͤ skin were parchment, & yͤ blows you gaue were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E.Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.

E.Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E.An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E.An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is cōmon that euery churle affords.

Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E.Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.

S.Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou coniure for wenches, that yͧ calst for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E.Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street.

S.Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E.Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.

S.Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

S.Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S.Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

E.Dro. Let my Master in *Luce.*

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E.Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Prouerbe,
Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S.Dro. If thy name be called *Luce, Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you.

S.Dro. And you said no.

E.Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E.Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore yͭ keeps all this noise?

S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

Adri. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.

E.Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold goe sore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.

Baltz. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E.Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E.Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S.Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.

E.Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:
I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S.Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

E.Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S.Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E.Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;

For

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a fether,
If a crow help vs in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.
Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th'vnuiolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisedome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie ,
Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne ;
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint :
If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it ;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet vngalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead ;
For slander liues vpon succession ;
For euer hows'd, where it gets possession.
Anti. You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie :
I know a wench of excellent discourse ,
Prettie and wittie ; wilde, and yet too gentle ;
There will we dine : this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall :
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine* ,
For there's the house : That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me ,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.
Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia.

Iulia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office ? shall *Antipholus*
Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot ?
Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate ?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake vse her with more kindnesse :
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth ,
Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse :
Let not my sister read it in your eye :
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator :
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger :
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint ,
Be secret false : what need she be acquainted ?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed ,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word :
Alas poore women, make vs not beleeue
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,
Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue :
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe ;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife ;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.
S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not ;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine :
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake :
Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit :
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit :
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an vnknowne field ?
Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe :
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline :
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy sister flood of teares :
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote :
Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haires ;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie :
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die :
Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke.
Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so ?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.
Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight.
Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me loue ? Call my sister so.
Ant. Thy sisters sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. No : it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart ;
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime ;
My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee :
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life ;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife :
Giue me thy hand.
Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still :
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio* , where run'st thou so fast ?
S.Dro. Doe you know me sir ? Am I *Dromio* ? Am I your man ? Am I my selfe ?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio* , thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.
Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.
Ant. What womans man ? and how besides thy selfe ?
Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman : One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.

Ant. What

Anti. What claime laies ſhe to thee?

Dro. Marry ſir, ſuch claime as you would lay to your horſe, and ſhe would haue me as a beaſt, not that I beeing a beaſt ſhe would haue me, but that ſhe being a verie beaſtly creature layes claime to me.

Anti. What is ſhe?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I ſuch a one, as a man may not ſpeake of, without he ſay ſir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How doſt thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry ſir, ſhe's the Kitchin wench, & al greaſe, and I know not what vſe to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If ſhe liues till doomeſday, ſhe'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Anti. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. Swart like my ſhoo, but her face nothing like ſo cleane kept: for why? ſhe ſweats a man may goe o-uer-ſhooes in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No ſir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then ſhe beares ſome bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: ſhe is ſphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry ſir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant, Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrenneſſe, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre againſt her heire.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkle Cliffes, but I could find no whiteneſſe in them. But I gueſſe, it ſtood in her chin by the ſalt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I ſaw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh ſir, vpon her noſe, all ore embelliſhed with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aſpect to the hot breath of Spaine, who ſent whole Armadoes of Carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

Anti. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh ſir, I did not looke ſo low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my ſhoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breſt had not beene made of faith, and my heart of ſteele, ſhe had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Anti. Go hie thee preſently, poſt to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my ſoule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire ſiſter
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſoueraigne grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me Traitor to my ſelfe:
But leaſt my ſelfe be guilty to ſelfe wrong,
Ile ſtop mine eares againſt the Mermaids ſong.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr *Antipholus.*

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well ſir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine vnfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I ſhal do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe your ſelfe ſir: I haue made it for you.

Anti. Made it for me ſir, I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your Wife withall,
And ſoone at ſupper time Ile viſit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you ſir receiue the money now,
For feare you ne're ſee chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man ſir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ant. What I ſhould thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is ſo vaine,
That would refuſe ſo faire an offer'd Chaine.
I ſee a man heere needs not liue by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meetes ſuch Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay,
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldſmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know ſince Pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Euen iuſt the ſum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke
I ſhall receiue the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walke with me downe to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Epheſ. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you ſaue: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldſmiths houſe, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I beſtow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But ſoft I ſee the Goldſmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
Exit Dromio

Eph.Ant. A man is well holpe vp that truſts to you,
I promiſed your preſence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldſmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmoſt charect,
The fineneſſe of the Gold, and chargefull faſhion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I ſtand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and ſtayes but for it.

Anti. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent monie:
Beſides I haue ſome buſineſſe in the towne,
Good Signior take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſumme, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as ſoone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your ſelfe.

Anti. No beare it with you, leaſt I come not time enough.

Gold. Well ſir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?

Ant. And if I haue not ſir, I hope you haue:
Or elſe you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you ſir, giue me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide ſtayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

Anti. Good Lord, you vſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porpentine*,
I ſhould haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a ſhrew you firſt begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre ſteales on, I pray you ſir diſpatch.

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

Ant. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
Either ſend the Chaine, or ſend me by ſome token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me ſee it.

Mar. My buſineſſe cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good ſir ſay, whe'r you'l anſwer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.

Ant. I anſwer you? What ſhould I anſwer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre ſince.

Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to ſay ſo.

Gold. You wrong me more ſir in denying it.
Conſider how it ſtands vpon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arreſt him at my ſuite.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Conſent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arreſt me fooliſh fellow if thou dar'ſt.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arreſt him Officer.
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorne me ſo apparantly.

Offic. I do arreſt you ſir, you heare the ſuite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.
But ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as deere,
As all the mettall in your ſhop will anſwer.

Gold. Sir, ſir, I ſhall haue Law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira.from the Bay.

Dro. Maſter, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That ſtaies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then ſir ſhe beares away. Our fraughtage ſir,
I haue conuei'd aboord, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the *Balſamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Maſter, and your ſelfe.

An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuiſh ſheep
What ſhip of *Epidamium* ſtaies for me.

S.Dro. A ſhip you ſent me too, to hier waftage.

Ant. Thou drunken ſlaue, I ſent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

S.Dro. You ſent me for a ropes end as ſoone,
You ſent me to the Bay ſir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure
And teach your eares to liſt me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee ſtraight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o're with Turkiſh Tapiſtrie,
There is a purſe of Duckets, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreete,
And that ſhall baile me: hie thee ſlaue, be gone,
On Officer to priſon, till it come. *Exeunt*

S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaſſe,
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will:
For ſeruants muſt their Maſters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceiue auſteerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſeruation mad'ſt thou in this caſe?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. Firſt he deni'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my ſpight

Luc. Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger heere.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworne hee were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſwaſion did he tempt thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might moue.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beautie, then my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeake him faire?

Luc. Haue patience I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me ſtill,
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe bodied, ſhapeleſſe euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, fooliſh, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making worſe in minde.
Luc. Who would be iealous then of ſuch a one?
No euill loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I ſay:
And yet would herein others eies were worſe:
Farre from her neſt the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curſe.

Enter S.Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purſe, ſweet now make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S.Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy Maſter *Dromio*? Is he well?
S.Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe then hell:
A diuell in an euerlaſting garment hath him;
On whoſe hard heart is button'd vp with ſteele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittileſſe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worſe, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermãds
The paſſages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgmẽt carries poore ſoules to hel.
Adr. Why man, what is the matter?
S.Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is reſted on the caſe.
Adr. What is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuite?
S.Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuite he is areſted well; but is in a ſuite of buffe which reſted him, that can I tell, will you ſend him Miſtris redemption, the monie in his deske.
Adr. Go fetch it Siſter: this I wonder at.
Exit Luciana.
Thus he vnknowne to me ſhould be in debt:
Tell me, was he areſted on a band?
S.Dro. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
Adria. What, the chaine?
S.Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke ſtrikes one.
Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.
S.Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes backe for verie feare.
Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'ſt thou reaſon?
S.Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it ſtraight,
And bring thy Maſter home imediately.
Come ſiſter, I am preſt downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Siracuſia.

There's not a man I meete but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, ſome inuite me;
Some other giue me thankes for kindneſſes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio.Sir.

S.Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: what haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?
Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou meane?
S.Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradiſe: but that *Adam* that keepes the priſon; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you ſir, like an euill angel, and bid you forſake your libertie.
Ant. I vnderſtand thee not.
S.Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine caſe: he that went like a Baſe-Viole in a caſe of leather; the man ſir, that when gentlemen are tired giues them a ſob, and reſts them: he ſir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them ſuites of durance: he that ſets vp his reſt to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.
Ant. What thou mean'ſt an officer?
S.Dro. I ſir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings any man to anſwer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and ſaies, God giue you good reſt.
Ant. Well ſir, there reſt in your foolerie:
Is there any ſhips puts forth to night? may we be gone?
S.Dro. Why ſir, I brought you word an houre ſince, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you ſent for to deliuer you.
Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholus*:
I ſee ſir you haue found the Gold-ſmith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.
Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.
S.Dro. Maſter, is this Miſtris *Sathan*?
Ant. It is the diuell.
S.Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the diuels dam: And here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay God dam me, That's as much to ſay, God make me a light wench: It is written they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.
Cur. Your man and you are maruailous merrie ſir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?
S.Dro. Maſter, if do expect ſpoon-meate, or beſpeake a long ſpoone.
Ant. Why *Dromio*?
S.Dro. Marrie he muſt haue a long ſpoone that muſt eate with the diuell.
Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tel'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all a ſorcereſſe:
I coniure thee to leaue mee, and be gon.
Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone ſir, and not trouble you.
S.Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,
a

hath him, fell Collier's Copy
a fury Collier's Copy

* Collier's Copy inserts the line
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel;

a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone: but she more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Master be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.

S. Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know. *Exit.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
Else would he neuer so demeane himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way:
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduersitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse.

E. Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaster, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciuility confirmes no lesse:
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,
Establish him in his true sence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,
And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers?
Did this Companion with the saffron face
Reuell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Anti. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

Dro. *Sans* Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there.

Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. *Certis* she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these crontraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They

They muſt be bound and laide in ſome darke roome.

*Ant.*Say wherefore didſt thou locke me forth to day, And why doſt thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold: But I confeſſe ſir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Diſſembling Villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both

Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all, And art confederate with a damned packe, To make a loathſome abiect ſcorne of me: But with theſe nailes, Ile plucke out theſe falſe eyes, That would behold in me this ſhamefull ſport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee ſtriues.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.

*Pinch.*More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him

Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murther me, thou Iailor thou? I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them to make a reſcue?

Offi. Maſters let him go: he is my priſoner, and you ſhall not haue him.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuiſh Officer? Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelfe?

Offi. He is my priſoner, if I let him go, The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will diſcharge thee ere I go from thee, Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor, And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it. Good Maſter Doctor ſee him ſafe conuey'd Home to my houſe, oh moſt vnhappy day.

Ant. Oh moſt vnhappie ſtrumpet.

Dro. Maſter, I am heere entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore doſt thou mad mee?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Maſter, cry the diuell.

Luc. God helpe poore ſoules, how idlely doe they talke.

Adr. Go beare him hence, ſiſter go you with me: Say now, whoſe ſuite is he arreſted at?

Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan

Off. One *Angelo* a Goldſmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the ſumme he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Adr. Say, how growes it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did beſpeake a Chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day Came to my houſe, and tooke away my Ring, The Ring I ſaw vpon his finger now, Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be ſo, but I did neuer ſee it. Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldſmith is, I long to know the truth heereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Syracuſia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are looſe againe.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords, Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill vs.

Exeunt omnes, as faſt as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I ſee theſe Witches are affraid of ſwords.

S.Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our ſtuffe from thence: I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboord.

Dro. Faith ſtay heere this night, they will ſurely do vs no harme: you ſaw they ſpeake vs faire, giue vs gold: me thinkes they are ſuch a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad fleſh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to ſtay heere ſtill, and turne Witch.

Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the Towne, Therefore away, to get our ſtuffe aboord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldſmith.

Gold. I am ſorry Sir that I haue hindred you, But I proteſt he had the Chaine of me, Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man eſteem'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reuerent reputation ſir, Of credit infinite, highly belou'd, Second to none that liues heere in the Citie: His word might beare my wealth at any time.

Mar. Speake ſoftly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis ſo: and that ſelfe chaine about his necke, Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to haue. Good ſir draw neere to me, Ile ſpeake to him: Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble, And not without ſome ſcandall to your ſelfe, With circumſtance and oaths, ſo to denie This Chaine, which now you weare ſo openly. Beſide the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment, You haue done wrong to this my honeſt friend, Who but for ſtaying on our Controuerſie, Had hoiſted ſaile, and put to ſea to day: This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did ſir, and forſwore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forſweare it?

Mar. Theſe eares of mine thou knowſt did hear thee: Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'ſt To walke where any honeſt men reſort.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus, Ile proue mine honor, and mine honeſtie Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand:

Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God ſake, he is mad, Some get within him, take his ſword away: Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my houſe.

S.Dro. Runne maſter run, for Gods ſake take a houſe, This is ſome Priorie, in, or we are ſpoyl'd.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie.
Gold. I knew he vvas not in his perfect wits.
Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heauie, sower sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eies the libertie of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You should for that haue reprehended him.
Adr. Why so I did.
Ab. I but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.
Ab. Haply in priuate.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he slept not for my vrging it,
At boord he fed not for my vrging it:
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab, And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.
Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Ad. Then let your seruants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will haue no atturney but my selfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.
Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at fiue:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.
Gold. Vpon what cause?
Mar. To see a reuerent *Siracusian* Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bare head, with the Headsman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husbād,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.

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Therefore moſt gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſeru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didſt make him Maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go ſome of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeſſe come to me:
I will determine this before I ſtirre.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Oh Miſtris, Miſtris, ſhift and ſaue your ſelfe,
My Maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whoſe beard they haue ſindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And ſure (vnleſſe you ſend ſome preſent helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.
Adr. Peace foole, thy Maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to vs.
Meſſ. Miſtris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Miſtris: flie, be gone.
Duke. Come ſtand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witneſſe you,
That he is borne about inuiſible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, paſt thought of humane reaſon.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Epheſus.

E. Ant. Iuſtice moſt gracious Duke, oh grant me iuſtice,
Euen for the ſeruice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe ſcarres to ſaue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me iuſtice.
Mar.Fat. Vnleſſe the feare of death doth make me dote, I ſee my ſonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio.*
E.Ant. Iuſtice (ſweet Prince) againſt ỷ Woman there:
She whom thou gau'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonored me,
Euen in the ſtrength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſſe throwne on me.
Duke. Diſcouer how, and thou ſhall finde me iuſt.
E.Ant. This day (great Duke) ſhe ſhut the doores vpon me,
While ſhe with Harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A greeuous fault: ſay woman, didſt thou ſo?
Adr. No my good Lord. My ſelfe, he, and my ſiſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befall my ſoule,
As this is falſe he burthens me withall.
Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor ſleepe on night,
But ſhe tels to your Highneſſe ſimple truth.
Gold. O periur'd woman! They are both forſworne,
In this the Madman iuſtly chargeth them.
E,Ant. My Liege, I am aduiſed what I ſay,
Neither diſturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-raſh prouoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſſe it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthaſar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to ſeeke him. In the ſtreet I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this periur'd Goldſmith ſweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I ſaw not. For the which,
He did arreſt me with an Officer.
I did obey, and ſent my Peſant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I beſpoke the Officer
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-ſharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious ſlaue,
Forſooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To giue me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deepe ſhames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
Theſe people ſaw the Chaine about his necke.
Mar. Beſides, I will be ſworne theſe eares of mine,
Heard you confeſſe you had the Chaine of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
E.Ant. I neuer came within theſe Abbey wals,
Nor euer didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I neuer ſaw the Chaine, ſo helpe me heauen:
And this is falſe you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the Goldſmith heere
Denies that ſaying. Sirra, what ſay you?
E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cur. He did, and from my finger ſnacht that Ring.
E.Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Curt. As ſure (my Liege) as I do ſee your Grace.
Duke. Why this is ſtraunge: Go call the Abbeſſe hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or ſtarke mad.

Exit

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
And pay the sum that may deliuer me.
Duke. Speake freely *Siracusian* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
E.Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.
Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. Our selues we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?
Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
E.Ant. I neuer saw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. Neither.
Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou?
Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.
Fa. I am sure thou dost?
E.Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoeuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleeue him.
Fath. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.
Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life.
Fa. But seuen yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.
Duke. I tell thee *Siracusian*, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.
Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
S.Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
E.Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
S.Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.
S.Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
And speake vnto the same *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.
Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S.Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*.
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
E.Dro. And I with him.
E.Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vnckle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S.Ant. I, gentle Mistris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E.Ant. No, I say nay to that.
S.Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of mee.
S.Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.
E.Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.
E.Dro. No, none by me.
S.Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E.Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.
E.Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error
Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my ſonnes, and till this preſent houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered :
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Goſſips feaſt, and go with mee,
After ſo long greefe ſuch Natiuitie.
Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goſſip at this feaſt.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipbord ?
E.An.Dromio, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbarkt
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt ſir in the Centaur.
S.Ant. He ſpeakes to me, I am your maſter *Dromio.*
Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*
S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſters houſe,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife,
*E. D.*Me thinks you are my glaſſe, & not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to ſee their goſſipping ?
S.Dro. Not I ſir, you are my elder.
E.Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall we trie it.
S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou firſt.
E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

have I been gone
Collier's copy

Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon*, comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don *Peter* hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle heere in *Messina*, wil be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his bils here in *Messina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat, It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuft man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new sworne brother.

Mess. I'st possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with ÿ next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee haue caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and Iohn the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leaue.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may gheſſe by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her ſelfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not haue his head on her ſhoulders for al Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Diſdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it poſſible Diſdaine ſhould die, while ſhee hath ſuch meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curteſie it ſelfe muſt conuert to Diſdaine, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is curteſie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happineſſe to women, they would elſe haue beene troubled with a pernitious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man ſweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiſhip ſtill in that minde, ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, and 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of your.

Ben. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſumme of all: *Leonato,* ſignior *Claudio,* and ſignior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato,* hath inuited you all, I tell him we ſhall ſtay here, at the leaſt a moneth, and he heartily praies ſome occaſion may detaine vs longer: I dare ſweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you ſweare, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato,* we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. Benedicke, didſt thou note the daughter of ſignior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Clau. Is ſhe not a modeſt yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you queſtion me as an honeſt man ſhould doe, for my ſimple true iudgement? or would you haue me ſpeake after my cuſtome, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee ſpeake in ſober iudgement.

Bene: Why yfaith me thinks ſhee's too low for a hie praiſe, too browne for a faire praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were ſhee other then ſhe is, ſhe were vnhandſome, and being no other, but as ſhe is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buie ſuch a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a caſe to put it into, but ſpeake you this with a ſad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key ſhall aman take you to goe in the ſong?

Clau. In mine eie, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her coſin, and ſhe were not poſſeſt with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the firſt of Maie doth the laſt of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Clau. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelfe, though I had ſworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Iſt come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with ſuſpition? ſhall I neuer ſee a batcheller of three ſcore againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thruſt thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and ſigh away ſundaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to ſeeke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the baſtard.

Pedr. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would conſtraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio,* I can be ſecret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke ſo (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how ſhort his anſwere is, with *Hero, Leonatoes* ſhort daughter.

Clau. If this were ſo, ſo were it vttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo: but indeede, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Clau. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You ſpeake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I ſpeake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeake mine.

Clau. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedr. That ſhe is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how ſhee ſhould be loued, nor know how ſhee ſhould be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedr. Thou waſt euer an obſtinate heretique in the deſpight of Beautie.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That

Ben. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that ſhe brought mee vp, I likewiſe giue her moſt humble thankes: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuiſible baldricke, all women ſhall pardon me: becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will doe my ſelfe the right to truſt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſſe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I looſe more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-houſe for the ſigne of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou dooſt fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & ſhoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and cal'd *Adam.*

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall trie: In time the ſauage Bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The ſauage bull may, but if euer the ſenſible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in ſuch great Letters as they write, heere is good horſe to hire: let them ſignifie vnder my ſigne, here you may ſee *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this ſhould euer happen, thou wouldſt bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not ſpent all his Quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at ſupper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my houſe, if I had it.

Pedro. The ſixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but ſlightly baſted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leaue you. *Exit.*

Clau. My Liege, your Highneſſe now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard Leſſon that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any ſonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, ſhe's his onely heire.
Doſt thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou doſt loue faire *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will breake with her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Clau. How ſweetly doe you miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalu'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Ped. What need yͤ bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what will ſerue, is fit: 'tis once, thou loueſt,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſome Ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the concluſion is, ſhee ſhall be thine,
In practiſe let vs put it preſently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my coſen your ſon: hath he prouided this muſicke?

Old. He is very buſie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Lo. Are they good?

Old. As the euents ſtamps them, but they haue a good couer: they ſhew well outward, the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcouered to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good ſharpe fellow, I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it ſelfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peraduenture this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: cooſins, you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vſe your skill, good coſin haue a care this buſie time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Iohn the Baſtard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

Ioh. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds, therefore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon.

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

Ioh. I wonder that thou (being as thou ſaiſt thou art, borne vnder *Saturne*) goeſt about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying miſchiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt bee ſad when I haue cauſe, and ſmile at no mans ieſts, eat when I haue ſtomacke, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleepe when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the ful ſhow of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of late

late

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late ſtood out againſt your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelfe, it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harueſt.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am truſted with a muſſell, and enfranchiſde with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vſe of your diſcontent?

Iohn. I will make all vſe of it, for I vſe it onely. Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Iohn. Will it ſerue for any Modell to build miſchiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to vnquietneſſe?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Iohn. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio*?

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn. A proper ſquier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince ſhould wooe *Hero* for himſelfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio*.

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my diſpleaſure, that young ſtart-vp hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelfe euery way, you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn. Let vs to the great ſupper, their cheere is the greater that I am ſubdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: ſhall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordſhip.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinſman.

Leonato. Was not Count *Iohn* here at ſupper?

Brother. I ſaw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made iuſt in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and ſaies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeſt ſonne, euermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe ſignior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnckle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith ſhee's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more then curſt, I ſhall leſſen Gods ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort hornes, but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no hornes.

Beat. Iuſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Batrice. What ſhould I doe with him? dreſſe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leſſe then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is leſſe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take ſixepence in earneſt of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and ſay, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, ſo deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heauens, hee ſhewes mee where the Batchellers ſit, and there liue wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my coſens dutie to make curtſie, and ſay, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make an other curſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſe me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of ſome other mettall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouermaſtred with a peece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none: *Adams* ſonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a ſinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe ſolicit you in that kinde, you know your anſwere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the muſicke coſin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is meaſure in euery thing, & ſo dance out the anſwere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuite is hot and haſty like a Scotch ijgge (and full as fantaſticall) the wedding manerly modeſt, (as a meaſure) full of ſtate & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, till he ſinkes into his graue.

Leonato.

till he sink apace
Collier's Copy

Leonata. Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I haue a good eye vnckle, I can see a Church by daylight.

Leon. The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute should be like the case.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemons* roofe, within the house is Loue.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I haue manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers alowd.

Ben. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is answered.

Vrsula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrsula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrsu. You could neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Vrsula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeue me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes ieaster, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuising impossible slanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing saued, for the foole will eate no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In euery good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

Musicke for the dance.

Iohn. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

Iohn. Are not you signior *Benedicke?*

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

Iohn. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you disswade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

Iohn. I heard him sweare his affection,

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night.

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet. *Ex. manet Clau.*

Clau. Thus answere I in name of Benedicke,
But heare these ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:
'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for it selfe,
And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio*.

Clau. Yea, the same.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Euen to the next Willow, about your own businesse, Count. What fashion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an Vsurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Clau: I wish him ioy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold haue serued you thus?

Clau. I pray you leaue me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into sedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* should know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe vnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her person, and so giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Ben

Bene. Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forfaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranfgreffion of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds neft, fhewes it his companion, and he fteales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truft, a tranfgreffion? the tranfgreffion is in the ftealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amiffe the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himfelfe, and the rod hee might haue beftowed on you, who (as I take it) haue ftolne his birds neft.

Pedro. I will but teach them to fing, and reftore them to the owner.

Bene. If their finging anfwer your faying, by my faith you fay honeftly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunft with her, told her fhee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O fhe mifufde me paft the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue anfwered her: my very vifor began to affume life, and fcold with her: fhee told mee, not thinking I had beene my felfe, that I was the Princes Iefter, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling ieft vpon ieft, with fuch impoffible conueiance vpon me, that I ftood like a man at a marke, with a whole army fhooting at me: fhee fpeakes poynyards, and euery word ftabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, fhe would infect to the north ftarre: I would not marry her, though fhe were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranfgreft, fhe would haue made *Hercules* haue turnd fpit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you fhall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God fome fcholler would coniure her, for certainely while fhe is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a fanctuary, and people finne vpon purpofe, becaufe they would goe thither, fo indeed all difquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere fhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any feruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the flighteft arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuife to fend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheft inch of Afia: bring you the length of *Prefter Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embaffage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to defire your good company.

Bene. O God fir, heeres a difh I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you haue loft the heart of Signior *Benedicke.*

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vfe for it, a double heart for a fingle one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with falfe dice, therefore your Grace may well fay I haue loft it.

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he fhould do me, my Lord, left I fhould prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you fent me to feeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you fad?

Claud. Not fad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ficke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither fad, nor ficke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and fomething of a iealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be fworne, if hee be fo, his conceit is falfe: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace fay, Amen to it.

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteft Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could fay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my felfe for you, and doat vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cofin, or (if you cannot) ftop his mouth with a kiffe, and let not him fpeake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy fide of Care, my coofin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And fo fhe doth coofin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am fun-burn'd, I may fit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, vnleffe I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too coftly to weare euerie day: but I befeech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to fpeake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your filence moft offends me, and to be merry, beft becomes you, for out of queftion, you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No fure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a ftarre daunft, and vnder that was I borne: cofins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to thofe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

Prince. By my troth a pleafant fpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, fhe is neuer fad, but when fhe fleepes, and not euer fad then: for I haue heard my daughter fay, fhe hath often dreamt of vnhappineffe, and wakt her felfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, fhe mocks all her wooers out of fuite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick.*

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

married, they would talke themſelues madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.

Leonata. Not till monday, my deare ſonne, which is hence a iuſt ſeuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things anſwer minde.

Prince. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time ſhall not goe dully by vs, I will in the *interim*, vndertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall giue you direction.

Leonata. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modeſt office, my Lord, to helpe my coſin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedick* is not the vnhopefulleſt husband that I know: thus farre can I praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtraine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honeſty, I will teach you how to humour your coſin, that ſhee ſhall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will ſo practiſe on *Benedicke*, that in deſpight of his quicke wit, and his queaſie ſtomacke, hee ſhall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Ioh. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhal marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can croſſe it.

Iohn. Any barre, any croſſe, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am ſicke in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canſt thou croſſe this marriage?

Bor. Not honeſtly my Lord, but ſo couertly, that no diſhoneſty ſhall appeare in me.

Iohn. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordſhip a yeere ſince, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

Iohn. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iohn. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyſon of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

Iohn. What proofe ſhall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other iſſue?

Iohn. Onely to deſpight them, I will endeauour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be coſen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you haue diſcouer'd thus: they will ſcarcely beleeue this without triall: offer them inſtances which ſhall beare no leſſe likelihood, than to ſee mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appeare ſuch ſeeming truths of *Heroes* diſloyaltie, that iealouſie ſhall be cal'd aſſurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn. Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn. I will preſentlie goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already ſir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after hee hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, & ſuch a man is *Claudio*, I haue known when there was no muſicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the faſhion of a new dublet: he was wont to ſpeake plaine, & to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man & a ſouldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo conuerted, & ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee ſworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyſter, but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyſter of me, he ſhall neuer make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wiſe, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace: rich ſhee ſhall be, that's certaine: wiſe, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good diſcourſe: an excellent Muſitian, and her haire ſhal be of what colour it pleaſe God, hah! the Prince and Monſieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilſon.

Prin. Come, ſhall we heare this muſicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how ſtill the euening is,
As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himſelfe?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the muſicke ended,
Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthaſar*, wee'll heare that ſong again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not ſo bad a voyce,
To ſlander muſicke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellency,

To

To ſlander Muſicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellencie,
To put a ſtrange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee ſing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talke of wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſweare he loues.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his ſoule rauiſht, is it not ſtrange that ſheepes guts ſhould hale ſoules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant neuer,
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Conuerting all your ſounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no moe,
Of dumps ſo dull and heauy,
The fraud of men were euer ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leauy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou ſingſt well enough for a ſhift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that ſhould haue howld thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no miſchiefe, I had as liefe haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doſt thou heare *Balthaſar*? I pray thee get vs ſome excellent muſick: for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthaſar.*

Prince. Do ſo, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in loue with ſignior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, ſtalke on, ſtalke on, the foule ſits. I did neuer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom ſhee hath in all outward behauiours ſeemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't poſſible? ſits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that ſhe loues him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of paſſion, came ſo neere the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcouers it.

Prince. Why what effects of paſſion ſhewes ſhe?

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fiſh will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? ſhee will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would haue thought her ſpirit had beene inuincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue ſworne it had, my Lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedicke.*

Bene. I ſhould thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeakes it: knauery cannot ſure hide himſelfe in ſuch reuerence.

Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath ſhee made her affection known to *Benedicke*?

Leonato. No, and ſweares ſhe neuer will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſaies: ſhall I, ſaies ſhe, that haue ſo oft encountred him with ſcorne, write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This ſaies ſhee now when ſhee is beginning to write to him, for ſhee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmocke, till ſhe haue writ a ſheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Clau. Now you talke of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty ieſt your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when ſhe had writ it, & was reading it ouer, ſhe found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the ſheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, raild at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write, to one that ſhee knew would flout her: I meaſure him, ſaies ſhe, by my owne ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I ſhould.

Clau. Then downe vpon her knees ſhe falls, weepes, ſobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curſes, O ſweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter ſaies ſo, and the extaſie hath ſo much ouerborne her, that my daughter is ſomtime afeard ſhe will doe a deſperate out-rage to her ſelfe, it is very true.

Princ. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcouer it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poore Lady worſe.

Prin. And he ſhould, it were an almes to hang him, ſhee's an excellent ſweet Lady, and (out of all ſuſpition,) ſhe is vertuous.

Claudio. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Prince. In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke.*

Leon. O my Lord, wiſedome and bloud combating in ſo tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am ſorry for her, as I haue iuſt cauſe, being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would ſhee had beſtowed this dotage on mee, I would haue daft all other reſpects, and made her halfe my ſelfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Clau. *Hero* thinkes ſurely ſhe wil die, for ſhe ſaies ſhe will die, if hee loue her not, and ſhee will die ere ſhee make her loue knowne, and ſhe will die if hee wooe her, rather than ſhee will bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſſeneſſe.

Prin. She doth well, if ſhe ſhould make tender of her loue,

loue, 'tis very poſſible hee'l ſcorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wiſe.

Prin. He doth indeed ſhew ſome ſparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I aſſure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may ſee hee is wiſe, for either hee auoydes them with great diſcretion, or vndertakes them with a Chriſtian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a muſt neceſſarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And ſo will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howſoeuer it ſeemes not in him, by ſome large ieaſts hee will make: well, I am ſorry for your niece, ſhall we goe ſee *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue,

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counſell.

Leon. Nay that's impoſſible, ſhe may weare her heart out firſt.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelfe, to ſee how much he is vnworthy to haue ſo good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer truſt my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the ſame Net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the ſport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no ſuch matter, that's the Scene that I would ſee, which will be meerely a dumbe ſhew: let vs ſend her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was ſadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they ſeeme to pittie the Lady: it ſeemes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it muſt be requited: I heare how I am cenſur'd, they ſay I will beare my ſelfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than giue any ſigne of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I muſt not ſeeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they ſay the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witneſſe: and vertuous, tis ſo, I cannot reprooue it, and wiſe, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance haue ſome odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, becauſe I haue rail'd ſo long againſt marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batcheler, I did not think I ſhould liue till I were maried, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, ſhee's a faire Lady, I doe ſpie ſome markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my wil I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for thoſe thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea iuſt ſo much as you may take vpon a kniues point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no ſtomacke ſignior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for thoſe thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to ſay, any paines that I take for you is as eaſie as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrſula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There ſhalt thou finde my Coſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whiſper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrſula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her, ſay that thou ouer-heardſt vs,
And bid her ſteale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-ſuckles ripened by the ſunne,
Forbid the ſunne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Againſt that power that bred it, there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our purpoſe, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you preſently.

Hero. Now *Vrſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke muſt onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praiſe him more then euer man did merit,
My talke to thee muſt be how *Benedicke*
Is ſicke in loue with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-ſay: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Cloſe by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vrſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden ores the ſiluer ſtreame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare looſe nothing,
Of the falſe ſweete baite that we lay for it:
No truely *Vrſula*, ſhe is too diſdainfull,
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

Vrſula. But are you ſure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* ſo intirely?

Her. So ſaies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Vrſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perſwaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*,

To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Vrſula. Why did you ſo, doth not the Gentleman
Deſerue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* ſhall couch vpon?
Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deſerue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſ-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot loue,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is ſo ſelfe indeared.
Vrſula. Sure I thinke ſo,
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his loue, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why you ſpeake truth, I neuer yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If ſilent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes ſhe euery man the wrong ſide out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which ſimpleneſſe and merit purchaſeth.
Vrſu. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not to be ſo odde, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelfe, preſſe me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Conſume away in ſighes, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Vrſu. Yet tell her of it, heare what ſhee will ſay.
Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counſaile him to fight againſt his paſſion,
And truly Ile deuiſe ſome honeſt ſlanders,
To ſtaine my coſin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Vrſu. O doe not doe your coſin ſuch a wrong,
She cannot be ſo much without true iudgement,
Hauing ſo ſwift and excellent a wit
As ſhe is priſde to haue, as to refuſe
So rare a Gentleman as ſignior *Benedicke.*
Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio.*
Vrſu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke,*
For ſhape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formoſt in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Vrſu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?
Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile ſhew thee ſome attires, and haue thy counſell,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.
Vrſu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?
Hero. If it proue ſo, then louing goes by haps,
Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, ſome with traps. *Exit.*
Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorne ſo much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behinde the backe of ſuch.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou doſt loue, my kindeneſſe ſhall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchſafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a ſoyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to ſhew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-ſtring, and the little hang-man dare not ſhoot at him, he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue ſpeakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So ſay I, methinkes you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope he be in loue.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, euery one cannot maſter a griefe, but hee that has it.

Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in loue.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnleſſe hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.

Clau. If he be not in loue vvith ſome vvoman, there is no beleeuing old ſignes, a bruſhes his hat a mornings, What ſhould that bode?

Prin. Hath any man ſeene him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene ſeen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie ſtuft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the loſſe of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himſelfe vvith Ciuit, can you ſmell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in loue.

Prin. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And vvhen vvas he vvont to vvaſh his face?

Prin. Yea, or to paint himſelfe? for the which I heare vvhat they ſay of him.

Clau. Nay, but his ieſting ſpirit, vvhich is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now gouern'd by ſtops.

Prince.

No glory lives but in the lack of such
Collier's Copy

Prin. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude, he is in loue.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Basta. Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discouer it.

Bast. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in deareneffe of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Euen shee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, euery mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Princ. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O mischiefe strangelie thwarting!

Bastard. O plague right well preuented! so will you say, when you haue seene the sequele. *Exit.*

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pitty but they should suffer saluation body and soule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery*.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?

*Watch.*1. *Hugh Ote-cake* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dogb. You haue: I knew it would be your answere: well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thankes, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well sir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

Ver. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful mā partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fiue shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigitant I beseech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it drissels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-bloods, betweene fouretеene & fiue & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoes* souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shauen *Hercules* in the smircht worm eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-vvindow, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don Iohn*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefely, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, swore hee vvould meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with vvhat he saw o're night, and send her home againe vvithout a husband.

*Watch.*1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

*Watch.*2. Call vp the right master Constable, vve haue here recouered the most dangerouspeece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

*Watch.*1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vveares a locke.

Conr. Masters, masters.

*Watch.*2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Masters, neuer speake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bils.

Conr. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero. Good *Vrsula* wake my cosin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise..

Vrsu. I will Lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Vrs. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Bero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I vvarrant your cosin vvill say so.

Bero. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vvearenone but this.

Mar. I like the new tire vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion ysaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaines* gowne that they praise so.

Bero. O that exceedes they say.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd withsiluer, set with pearles, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Bero. God

Hero. God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marga. 'Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost fiue a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send euery one rheir harts desire.

Hero. These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thissell.

Beat. *Benedictus,* why *benedictus?* you haue some morall in this *benedictus.*

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkesyou looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Vrsula.

Vrsula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrsula.*

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Const.Dog. Mary sir I would haue some confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const.Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con.Do. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Con.Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con.Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const.Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to say.

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Messina.

Con.Dog A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con.Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I must leaue you.

Con.Dog. One word sir, our watch sir haue indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance. (*Exit.*

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you:

K 3 heeres

heere's that ſhall driue ſome of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to ſet downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you ſhal recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conioyned, I charge you on your ſoules to vtter it.

Claud. Know you anie, *Hero?*

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! interiections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconſtrained ſoule
Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely ſonne as God did giue her me.

Cla. And what haue I to giue you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnleſſe you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:
There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes heere!
O what authoritie and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſinne couer it ſelfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modeſt euidence,
To witneſſe ſimple Vertue? would you not ſweare
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide,
By theſe exterior ſhewes? But ſhe is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my ſoule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie. (her,

Clau. I know what you would ſay: if I haue knowne
You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſinne: No *Leonato*,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed
Baſhfull ſinceritie and comely loue.

Hero. And ſeem'd I euer otherwiſe to you?

Clau. Out on thee ſeeming, I will write againſt it,
You ſeeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaſte as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pampred animalls,
That rage in ſauage ſenſualitie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeake ſo wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why ſpeake not you?

Prin. What ſhould I ſpeake?
I ſtand diſhonour'd that haue gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or doe I but dreame?

Baſt. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. *Leonato*, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?

Leon. All this is ſo, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one queſtion to your daugh-
And by that fatherly and kindly power, (ter,
That you haue in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beſet,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any iuſt reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it ſelfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?
Now if you are a maid, anſwer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am ſorry you muſt heare: vpon mine honor,
My ſelfe, my brother, and this grieued Count
Did ſee her, heare her, at that howre laſt night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed moſt like a liberall villaine,
Confeſt the vile encounters they haue had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of,
There is not chaſtitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady
I am ſorry for thy much miſgouernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadſt thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counſailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foule, moſt faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-lids ſhall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And neuer ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now coſin, wherfore ſink you down?

Baſt. Come, let vs go: theſe things come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
Hero, why *Hero*, Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the faireſt couer for her ſhame
That may be wiſht for.

Beat. How

Beatr. How now cosin *Hero*?
Fri. Haue comfort Ladie.
Leon. Dost thou looke vp?
Frier. Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherfore? Why doth not euery earthly thing
Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie
The storie that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My selfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might haue said, no part of it is mine:
This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season giue
To her foule tainted flesh.
Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.
Bea. O on my soule my cosin is belied.
Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?
Bea. No truly: not although vntill last night,
I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.
Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,
Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I haue markt.
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Vnder some biting error.
Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?
Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerst,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,
And if their wisdomes be misled in this:
The practise of it liues in *Iohn* the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.
Leo. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate vp my inuention,
Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pause awhile:
And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leon. What shall become of this? What wil this do?
Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
Of euery hearer: for it so fals out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew vs
Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,
Th'Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe
Into his study of imagination.
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
More mouing delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soule
Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,
If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,
And wish he had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Wil fashion the euent in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not well, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongnes, mindes and iniuries.
Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*.

Yet

Myself would on the rearward of reproaches Folio 1632
on the hazard Collier's copy

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As fecretly and iuftlie, as your foule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The fmalleft twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well confented, prefently away,
For to ftrange fores, ftrangely they ftraine the cure,
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice,* haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not defire that.

Beat. You haue no reafon, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleeue your fair cofin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deferue of mee that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to fhew fuch friendfhip?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no fuch friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world fo well as you, is not that ftrange?

Beat. As ftrange as the thing I know not, it were as poffible for me to fay, I loued nothing fo well as you, but beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confeffe nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am forry for my coufin.

Bene. By my fword *Beatrice* thou lou'ft me.

Beat. Doe not fweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will fweare by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eat it that fayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no fawce that can be deuifed to it, I proteft I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence fweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue ftayed me in a happy howre, I was about to proteft I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with fo much of my heart, that none is left to proteft.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie fweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. *Beatrice.*

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends firft.

Beat. You dare eafier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemie?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath flandered, fcorned, difhonoured my kinfwoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they come to take hands, and then with publike accufation vncouered flander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper faying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero,* fhe is wrong'd, fhee is flandered, fhe is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! furelie a Princely teftimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect, a fweet Gallant furelie, O that I were a man for his fake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my fake! But manhood is melted into curfies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules,* that only tells a lie, and fweares it: I cannot be a man with wifhing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice,* by this hand I loue thee.

Beat. Vfe it for my loue fome other way then fwearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your foule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as fure as I haue a thought, or a foule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kiffe your hand, and fo leaue you: by this hand *Claudio* fhall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, fo thinke of me: goe comfort your coofin, I muft fay fhe is dead, and fo farewell.

Enter the Conftables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole diffembly appeard?

Cowley. O a ftoole and a cufhion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before mafter Conftable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. *Borachio.*

Kem. Pray write downe *Borachio.* Yours firra.

Con. I am a Gentleman fir, and my name is *Conrade.*

Kee. Write downe Mafter gentleman *Conrade*: maifters, doe you ferue God: maifters, it is proued alreadie that you are little better than falfe knaues, and it will goe neere to be thought fo fhortly, how anfwer you for your-felues?

Con. Marry fir, we fay we are none.

Kemp. A maruellous witty fellow I affure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither firra, a word in your eare fir, I fay to you, it is thought you are falfe knaues.

Bor. Sir, I fay to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, ftand afide, 'fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Mafter Conftable, you goe not the way to examine, you muft call forth the watch that are their accufers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the efteft way, let the watch come forth: mafters, I charge you in the Princes name, accufe thefe men.

Watch 1. This man faid fir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora. Mafter Conftable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promife thee.

Sexton. What heard you him fay elfe?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thoufand Dukates of *Don Iohn,* for accufing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kem.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Conſt. Yea by th'maſſe that it is.

Sexton. What elſe fellow ?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine ! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe ?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more maſters then you can deny , Prince *Iohn* is this morning ſecretly ſtolne away : *Hero* was in this manner accus'd , in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the griefe of this ſodainely died : Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to *Leonato* , I will goe before, and ſhew him their examination.

Conſt. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe.*

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton ? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe* : come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Couley. Away, you are an aſſe, you are an aſſe.

Kemp. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place ? doſt thou not ſuſpect my yeeres ? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an aſſe ! but maſters, remember that I am an aſſe: though it be not written down, yet forget not yͭ I am an aſſe: No thou villaine, yͧ art full of piety as ſhall be prou'd vpon thee by good witneſſe , I am a wiſe fellow , and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houſhoulder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of fleſh as any in Meſſina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes , and one that hath two gownes , and euery thing handſome about him : bring him away : O that I had been writ downe an aſſe ! *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your ſelfe,
And 'tis not wiſedome thus to ſecond griefe,
Againſt your ſelfe.

Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitleſſe,
As water in a ſiue: giue not me counſaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs doth ſute with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lou'd his childe,
Whoſe ioy of her is ouer-whelmed like mine,
And bid him ſpeake of patience,
Meaſure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it anſwere euery ſtraine for ſtraine ,
As thus for thus, and ſuch a griefe for ſuch ,
In euery lineament, branch, ſhape, and forme :
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow, wagge, cry hem, when he ſhould grone,
Patch griefe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-waſters : bring him yet to me ,
And I of him will gather patience :
But there is no ſuch man, for brother, men
Can counſaile, and ſpeake comfort to that griefe ,
Which they themſelues not feele, but taſting it,
Their counſaile turnes to paſſion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſſe in a ſilken thred ,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to ſpeake patience
To thoſe that wring vnder the load of ſorrow :
But no mans vertue nor ſufficiencie
To be ſo morall, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelfe : therefore giue me no counſaile,
My griefs cry lowder then aduertiſement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be fleſh and bloud ,
For there was neuer yet Philoſopher ,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a puſh at chance and ſufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your ſelfe,
Make thoſe that doe offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon, nay I will doe ſo,
My ſoule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied ,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* haſtily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords ?

Prin. We haue ſome haſte *Leonato.*

Leo. Some haſte my Lord ! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
Are you ſo haſty now ? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man.

Brot. If he could rite himſelfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

Leon. Marry yͧ doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy ſword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould giue your age ſuch cauſe of feare ,
In faith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leonato. Tuſh, tuſh, man, neuer fleere and ieſt at me,
I ſpeake not like a dotard, nor a foole ,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge ,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head ,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haires and bruiſe of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I ſay thou haſt belied mine innocent childe.
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors :
O in a tombe where neuer ſcandall ſlept,
Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany ?

Leonato. Thine *Claudio,* thine I ſay.

Prin. You ſay not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile proue it on his body if he dare ,
Deſpight his nice fence, and his actiue practiſe,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of luſtihood.

Claud. Away, I will not haue to do with you.

Leo. Canſt thou ſo daffe me ? thou haſt kild my child,
If thou kilſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Bro. He ſhall kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt :

Win

call sorrow joy Collier's copy

Win me and weare me, let him anſwere me,
Come follow me boy, come ſir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

*Brot.*Content your ſelf, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeede,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Iackes, milke-ſops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony.*

Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmoſt ſcruple,
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, depraue, and ſlander,
Goe antiquely, and ſhow outward hidiouſneſſe,
And ſpeake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthonie.*

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

*Pri.*Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is ſorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And ſhall, or ſome of vs will ſmart for it.

Prin. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeeke.

Clau. Now ſignior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome ſignior, you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to haue had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother, what think'ſt thou? had wee fought, I doubt we ſhould haue beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a falſe quarrell there is no true valour, I came to ſeeke you both.

Clau. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vſe thy wit?

Ben. It is in my ſcabberd, ſhall I draw it?

Prin. Doeſt thou weare thy wit by thy ſide?

Clau. Neuer any did ſo, though verie many haue been beſide their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minſtrels, draw to pleaſure vs.

Prin. As I am an honeſt man he lookes pale, art thou ſicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I ſhall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it againſt me, I pray you chuſe another ſubiect.

Clau. Nay then giue him another ſtaffe, this laſt was broke croſſe.

*Prin.*By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I ſpeake a word in your eare?

Clau. God bleſſe me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I ieſt not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe: you haue kill'd a ſweete Ladie, and her death ſhall fall heauie on you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, ſo I may haue good cheare.

Prin. What, a feaſt, a feaſt?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught, ſhall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit: true ſaies ſhe, a fine little one: no ſaid I, a great wit: right ſaies ſhee, a great groſſe one: nay ſaid I, a good wit: iuſt ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body: nay ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe: certain ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman: nay ſaid I, he hath the tongues: that I beleeue ſaid ſhee, for hee ſwore a thing to me on munday night, which he forſwore on tueſday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did ſhee an howre together tranſ-ſhape thy particular vertues, yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propreſt man in Italie.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that ſhe did, but yet for all that, and if ſhee did not hate him deadlie, ſhee would loue him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreouer, God ſaw him vvhen he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when ſhall we ſet the ſauage Bulls hornes on the ſenſible *Benedicks* head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leaue you now to your goſſep-like humor, you breake ieſts as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courteſies I thank you, I muſt diſcontinue your companie, your brother the Baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*: you haue among you, kill'd a ſweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebeard there, he and I ſhall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earneſt.

Clau. In moſt profound earneſt, and Ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Moſt ſincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Conſtable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man.

Prin. But ſoft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and be ſad, did he not ſay my brother was fled?

Conſt. Come you ſir, if iuſtice cannot tame you, ſhee ſhall nere weigh more reaſons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence haue theſe men done?

Con. Marrie

Conſt. Marrie ſir, they haue committed falſe report, moreouer they haue ſpoken vntruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixt and laſtly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they haue verified vniuſt things, and to conclude they are lying knaues.

Prin. Firſt I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee vvhat's their offence, ſixt and laſtlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reaſoned, and in his owne diuiſion, and by my troth there's one meaning vvell ſuted.

Prin. Who haue you offended maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be vnderſtood, vvhat's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I haue deceiued euen your verie eies: vvhat your wiſedomes could not diſcouer, theſe ſhallow fooles haue brought to light, vvho in the night ouerheard me confeſſing to this man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you diſgrac'd her vvhen you ſhould marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, vvhich I had rather ſeale vvith my death, then repeate ouer to my ſhame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my maſters falſe accuſation: and briefelie, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this ſpeech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I haue drunke poiſon whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practiſe of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare ſemblance that I lou'd it firſt.

Conſt. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie when time & place ſhall ferue, that I am an Aſſe.

Con.2. Here, here comes maſter *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me ſee his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: vvhich of theſe is he?

Bor. If you vvould know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the ſlaue that with thy breath
haſt kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, euen I alone.

Leo. No, not ſo villaine, thou belieſt thy ſelfe,
Here ſtand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeake, chooſe your reuenge your ſelfe,
Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne, yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Prin. By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I vvould bend vnder anie heauie vvaight,
That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That vvere impoſſible, but I praie you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my childe that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heire to both of vs,
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giu'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.

Clau. O noble ſir!
Your ouerkindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I beleeue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conſt. Moreouer ſir, which indeede is not vnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment, and alſo the vvatch heard them talke of one Deformed, they ſay he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd ſo long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods ſake: praie you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt paines.

Conſt. Your vvorſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankefull and reuerend youth, and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conſt. God ſaue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thanke thee.

Conſt. I leaue an arrant knaue vvith your vvorſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others: God keepe your vvorſhip, I wiſh your worſhip vvell, God reſtore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wiſht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Brot. Farewell my Lords, vve looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero*:

Leon. Bring you theſe fellowes on, weel talke vvith *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew vvith this lewd fellow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee ſweete Miſtris *Margaret*, deſerue vvell at my hands, by helping mee to the ſpeech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praife of my beautie?

Bene. In fo high a ftile *Margaret*, that no man liuing fhall come ouer it, for in moft comely truth thou deferueft it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, fhall I alwaies keepe below ftaires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moft manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and fo I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the fwords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vfe them *Margaret*, you muft put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of loue that fits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deferue. I meane in finging, but in louing, Leander the good fwimmer, Troilous the firft imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of thefe quondam carpet-mongers, whofe name yet runne fmoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verfe, why they were neuer fo truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore felfe in loue: marrie I cannot fhew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for fcorne, horne, a hard time: for fchoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in feftiuall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

fweete *Beatrice* would'ft thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O ftay but till then.

Beat. Then, is fpoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paft betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kiffe thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noifome, therefore I will depart vnkift.

Bene. Thou haft frighted the word out of his right fence, fo forcible is thy wit, but I muft tell thee plainely, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I muft fhortly heare from him, or I will fubfcribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didft thou firft fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd fo politique a ftate of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firft fuffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do fuffer loue indeede, for I loue thee againft my will.

Beat. In fpight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you fpight it for my fake, I will fpight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wife to wooe peaceablie.

Bea. It appeares not in this confeffion, there's not one wife man among twentie that will praife himfelfe.

Bene. An old, an old inftance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee fhall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Ben. Queftion, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therfore is it moft expedient for the wife, if Don worme (his confcience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my felfe fo much for praifing my felfe, who I my felfe will beare witneffe is praife worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cofin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Vrfula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in hafte.

Vrf. Madam, you muft come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falfelie accufde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abufde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come prefentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by flanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lies:*
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with fhame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the tombe,
Praifing her when I am dombe.

Clau. Now mufick found & fing your folemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddeffe of the night,
Thofe that flew thy virgin knight,
For the which with fongs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight affift our mone, helpe vs to figh and grone.
Heauily, heauily.
Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauenly, heauenly.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do (this right.

Prin. Good morrow mafters, put your Torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowfie Eaft with fpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow mafters, each his feuerall way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier iffue fpeeds,

Then

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrfula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you fhe was innocent?

Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in fome fault for this,
Although againft her will as it appeares,
In the true courfe of all the queftion.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things fort fo well.

Bene. And fo am I, being elfe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your felues,
And when I fend for you, come hither mask'd:
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
To vifit me, you know your office Brother,
You muft be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Frier, I muft intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moft true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The fight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Bened. Your anfwer fir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ftand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,
In the ftate of honourable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I fhall defire your helpe.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire affembly.

Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my minde were fhe an Ethiope.

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedike*, why what's the matter?
That you haue fuch a Februarie face,
So full of froft, of ftorme, and clowdineffe.

Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the fauage bull:
Tufh, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa fhall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lufty *Ioue*,
When he would play the noble beaft in loue.

Ben. Bull *Ioue* fir, had an amiable low,
And fome fuch ftrange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that fome noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iuft his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrfula.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muft feize vpon?

Leo. This fame is fhe, and I doe giue you her.

Cla. Why then fhe's mine, fweet let me fee your face.

Leon. No that you fhal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and fweare to marry her.

Clau. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,
And furely as I liue, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her flander liu'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
Meane time let wonder feeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs prefently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I anfwer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doe not you loue me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reafon.

Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*, have beene deceiued, they fwore you did.

Beat. Doe not you loue mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reafon.

Beat. Why then my Cofin *Margaret* and *Vrfula*
Are much deceiu'd, for they did fweare you did.

Bene. They fwore you were almoft ficke for me.

Beat. They fwore you were wel-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Cofin, I am fure you loue the gentlemã.

Clau. And Ile be fworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting fonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fafhioned to *Beatrice.*

Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my cofins hand, ftolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke.*

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands againft our hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perfwafion, & partly to faue your life, for I was told, you were in a confumption.

Leon. Peace I will ftop your mouth.

Prin. How doft thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, doft thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a fhall weare nothing handfome about him: in briefe, fince I do purpofe to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpofe that the world can fay againft it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue faid againft it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclufion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinfman, liue vnbruis'd, and loue my coufin.

Cla. I had well hop'd y^u^ wouldft haue denied *Beatrice*, y^t^ I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy fingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queftiõ thou wilt be, if my Coufin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues heeles.

Leon. Wee'll haue dancing afterward.

Bene. Firft, of my vvord, therfore play mufick. *Prince*, thou art fad, get thee a vvife, get thee a vvife, there is no ftaff more reuerend then one tipt with horn. *Enter. Mef.*

Meffen. My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight, And brought with armed men backe to *Meffina.*

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuife thee braue punifhments for him: ftrike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

L *FINIS.*

Loues Labour's lost.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.

Let *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th'endeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longauill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane. My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these liuing in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,
That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) frō cōmon sense.

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bero. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geeſſe are a breeding.
Dum. How followes that ?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.
Ferd. *Berowne* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.
Ber. Wel, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds haue any cauſe to ſing ?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth ?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in Mayes new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, ſit you out : go home *Berowne* : adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I haue for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Ber. *Item.* That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed ?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of looſing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie ?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why ?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentilitie.
Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee ſhall indure ſuch publique ſhame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deuiſe.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine* :
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princeſſe hither.
Fer. What ſay you Lords ?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie euermore is ouerſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.
Fer. We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meere neceſſitie.
Ber. Neceſſity will make vs all forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me :
But I beleeue although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted ?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine* ,
A man in all the worlds new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine :
One, who the muſicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauiſh like inchanting harmonie :
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight :
From tawnie *Spaine* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I proteſt I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vſe him for my Minſtrelſie.
Bero. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, faſhions owne Knight.
Lon. *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he, ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter.

Conſt. Which is the Dukes owne perſon.
Ber. This fellow, What would'ſt ?
Con. I my ſelfe reprehend his owne perſon, for I am his graces Tharborough : But I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme, Arme* commends you :
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado.*
Ber. How low ſoeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall giue vs cauſe to clime in the merrineſſe.
Clo. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta.*
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner ?
Clo. In manner and forme following ſir all thoſe three.
I was ſeene with her in the Mannor houſe, ſitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke : which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the manner ; It is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a woman, for the forme in ſome forme.
Ber. For the following ſir.
Clo. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention ?
Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.
Clo. Such is the ſimplicitie of man to harken after the fleſh.

climbe ... stile ... a pun ... Mr Dyce ... chimes in the merriness ... Collier's copy

Ferdinand.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of *Nauar, my ſoules earths God, and bodies foſtring patrone:*

Coſt. Not a vvord of *Coſtard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

Ferd. So it is beſieged with ſable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time When? about the ſixt houre, When beaſts moſt graſe, birds beſt pecke, and men ſit downe to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt upon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous euent that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſuruayeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place Where? It ſtandeth North North-eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy myrth, (*Clown.* Mee?) *that vnletered ſmall knowing ſoule,* (*Clow* Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſall* (*Clow.* Still mee?) *which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, (*Clow.* O me) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaymed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which with, ó with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, *a female; or for thy more ſweet vnderſtanding a woman: him, I (as my euer eſteemed dutie prickes me on) haue ſent to thee to receiue the meed of puniſhment by thy ſweet Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & eſtimation.*

Anth. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (*ſo is the weaker veſſell called*) *which I apprehended with the aforeſaid Swaine, I keeper her as a veſſell of thy Lawes furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.*

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that euer I heard.

Fer. I the beſt, for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clo. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken vvith a Damoſell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clo. This was no Damoſell neyther ſir, ſhee was a Virgin.

Fer. It is ſo varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not ſerue your turne ſir.

Clo. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, ſee him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
Theſe oathes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperitie, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and vntill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What ſigne is it when a man of great ſpirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir, that he will looke ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelfe-ſame thing deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord ſir no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſigneur.

Brag. Why tough ſigneur? Why tough ſigneur?

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough ſigneur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele, with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quicke in anſweres. Thou heat'ſt my bloud.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I loue not to be croſt.

Boy. He ſpeakes the meere contrary, croſſes loue not him.

Br. I haue promis'd to ſtudy iij. yeres with the Duke.

Ber. You may doe it in an houre ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now here's three ſtudied, ere you you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinkes I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid.* Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampſon* Maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong ioynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampſons* loue my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A Woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are mask'd vnder ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, moſt pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If ſhee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For bluſh-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which natiue ſhe doth owe:

A dangerous rime maſter againſt the reaſon of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet ſome three ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit grows heauy in ioue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muſt faſt three daies a weeke: for this Damſell, I muſt keepe her at the Parke, ſhee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I wil viſit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Mai. Lord how wiſe you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heauily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe.

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if euer I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn (which ia a great argument of falſhood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* Butſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue my turne: the *Paſſado* hee reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue Valour, ruſt Rapier, bee ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queen. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wiling to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

1 *Lady.* I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?

*Lad.*1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2.*Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rossa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet.*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar.*

Nau. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Nauar.*

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nau. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolue me in my suite.

Nau. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay.

Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſſe was it then to ask the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Roſa. 'Tis long of you ẙ ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Roſa. The howre that fooles ſhould aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Roſa. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And ſend you many louers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire ſumme,
Disburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that ſumme; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one halfe which is vnſatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendſhip with his Maieſtie:
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitane*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe, were not his requeſts ſo farre
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And goe well ſatisfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receyt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe proteſt I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſumme, from ſpeciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satisfie me ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound,
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſight of them.
Kin. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſſe.
You may not come faire Princeſſe in my gates,
But heere without you ſhall be ſo receiu'd,
As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deni'd farther harbour in my houſe:
Your owne good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell,
To morrow we ſhall viſit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health & faire deſires conſort your grace.
Kin. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*
Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.
La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to ſee it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La.Ro. Is the ſoule ſicke?.
Boy. Sicke at the heart.
La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good?
La.Ro. My Phiſicke ſaies I.
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.
La.Ro. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Boy. Now God ſaue thy life.
La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot ſtay thankſ-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that ſame?
Boy. The heire of *Alanſon*, *Roſalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounſier fare you well.
Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in the white?
Boy. A woman ſomtimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boy. Shee hath but one for her ſelfe,
To deſire that were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you ſir, whoſe daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.
Long. Gods bleſſing a your beard.
Boy. Good ſir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a moſt ſweet Lady. *Exit.Long.*
Boy. Not vnlike ſir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Ber. Is ſhe wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will ſir, or ſo.
Ber. You are welcome ſir, adiew.
Boy. Fare well to me ſir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La.Ma. That laſt is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a ieſt.
Boy. And euery ieſt but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:
And wherefore not Ships? (lips.
Boy. No Sheepe (ſweet Lamb) vnleſſe we feed on your
La. You Sheep & I paſture: ſhall that finiſh the ieſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me.
La. Not ſo gentle beaſt.
My lips are no Common, though ſeuerall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vſed
On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my obſeruation (which very ſeldome lies
By the hearts ſtill rhetoricke, diſcloſed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon.
Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impreſſed,
Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expreſſed.
His tongue all impatient to ſpeake and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eie-ſight to be,
All ſences to that ſence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on faireſt of faire:
Me thought all his ſences were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did coate ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eies inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe.

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

Bro. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eie hath diſ-
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd.
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. 1. No.

Boy. What then, do you ſee?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderneſſe of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinatly hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to ligge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometime through the throate: if you ſwallowed loue with ſinging, loue ſometime through: noſe as if you ſnuft vp loue by ſmelling loue with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eies, with your armes croſt on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obſeruation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.

Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue Hobbi-horſe.

Boy. No, Maſter, the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie: But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the inſtant: by heart you loue her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he muſt carrie mee a letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſimpathis'd, a Horſe to be embaſſadour for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaieſt thou?

Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe for he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as Lead ſir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and ſlow?

Boy. *Minnime* honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brad. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is ſir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete ſmoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no ſalue, in thee male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue ſir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſillie thought my ſpleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous ſmyling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the inconſiderate take *ſalue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a *ſalue*?

Pag. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *ſalue*? (plaine,

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore bin ſaine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenuoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were ſtill at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Goose.
Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenuoy*, some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captiuated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard* adew. *Exit.*

Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings wo rth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clo. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clo. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke slaue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her white h and see thou do commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

Clo. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete gardon. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior *Iunios* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against rhe steepe vprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,
On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes

For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, ſee, my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for praiſe an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſoueraigntie
Onely for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Onely for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that haue no heads.
Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?
Qu. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.
Clo. The thickeſt, & the talleſt: it is ſo, truth is truth.
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe womã? You are the thickeſt here?
Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?
Clo. I haue a Letter from Monſier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.
Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.
Qu. We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it ſelfe: haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videliſet*, He came, See, and ouercame: hee came one; ſee, two; couercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What ſaw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The concluſion is victorie: On whoſe ſide? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whoſe ſide? the Beggers. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the Begger, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſſe. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy ſelfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe, that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore ſoule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?
Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.
Qu. Elſe your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantaſime, a Monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.
Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?
Clow. I told you, my Lord.
Qu. To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it?
Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.
Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?
Clo. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.
Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.
Exeunt.
Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?
Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continent of beautie.
Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarrie.
Finely put on.
Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.
Boy. And who is your Deare?
Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede.
Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhee ſtrikes at the brow.
Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now.
Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.
Boyet. So I may anſwere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.
Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*
Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.
Mar. A marke marueilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.
Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke ſaies my Lady.
Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will ſhee get the vpſhoot by cleauing the is in.
Ma. Come, come, you talke greaſely, your lips grow foule.
Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir challenge her to boule.
Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.
Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweete ieſts, moſt inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armathor ath to the ſide, O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare:
And his Page atother ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall nit.
Sowla, ſowla. *Exeunt.*

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the ſkie; the welken the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.

Curat.Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathereſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dnl. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed dooſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, hee is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dictiſima goodman *Dull, dictiſima* goodman *Dull.*

Dul. What is *dictima*?

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.*

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more. (ſcore.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiue-
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I ſay the polution holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurilitie.

Hol I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. Me hercle, If their Sonnes be ingennous, they ſhall

ſhall want no inſtruction: If their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapis qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M. *Perſon.*

Nath. Maſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry M. Schoolemaſter, hee that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Coſtard*, and ſent mee from *Don Armatho:* I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia ſub vmbra ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice, vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche.* Old *Mantuam*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanze, a verſe, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee cōmend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens praiſe, with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apoſtraphas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ouiddius Naſo* was the man. And why in deed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I ſir from one mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſuperſcript.

To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beautious Lady Roſaline.

I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.

Your Ladiſhips in all deſired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holoſernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me:
Sir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verſes, Did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foreſaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien vonuto*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither fauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beſeech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) is the happineſſe of life.

Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I do inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.*

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kils mee, I a ſheepe: Well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweete a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauile. *The King ſteps aſide.*

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.
Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.
Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.
Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.
Lon. Am I the firſt ỹ haue been periur'd ſo? (know.
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makeſt the triumphery, the corner cap of ſocietie,
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp ſimplicitie.
Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to moue.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Disfigure not his Shop.
Lon. This ſame ſhall goe. *He reades the Sonnet.*

Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deſerue not puniſhment.
A Woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doeſt ſhine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not ſo wiſe,
To looſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?

Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes fleſh a deity.
A greene Gooſe, a Coddeſſe, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.
Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate.*
Bero. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth ſhe is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I ſay, her ſhoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as ſome daies, but then no ſunne muſt ſhine.
Dum. O that I had my wiſh?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde.
That the Louer ſicke to death,
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to plucke a ſweet.
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue *would ſweare,*
Iuno *but an Æthiop were,*
And denie himſelfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plaine.
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues faſting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping ſo.
Kin. Come ſir, you bluſh: as his, your caſe is ſuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſeru'd your faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Aye me, ſayes one! O *Ioue*, the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Chriſtall the others eyes.
You would for Paradiſe breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare
Faith infringed, which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.
Bero. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene.
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And Critticke *Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.

Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu. God bleſſe the King.

Kin. What Preſent haſt thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treaſon.

Kin. What makes treaſon heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together.

Iaqu. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.

Kin. *Berowne*, read it ouer. *He reades the Letter.*

Kin. Where hadſt thou it?

Iaqu. Of *Coſtard*.

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*

Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dum. It is *Berowns'* writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purſes in Loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen.

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will theſe Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence ſirs, away.

Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, & let the traytors ſtay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine? (*Roſaline*,

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde.*)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue(her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne.*
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſoueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoric'.e, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of ſale, a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes prayſe, then prayſe too ſhort doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things ſhine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therfore is ſhe borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.

Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.

*King.*And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion crake.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.

Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face ſee.

Ber. O if the ſtreets were paued with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd ouer head.
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.
Kin. Then leaue this chat, & good *Berown* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill.
Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the diuell.
Dum. Some salue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Hesporides*.
Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were these women to forsweare:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:
And who can seuer loue from Charity.
Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.
Ber. Aduance your standards, & vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these girles of France?
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowres.
Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.
Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iustice alwaies whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrillity, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*

Ped, Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne inteligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudio.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added.

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?

Pag. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem*.

Brag. Arts-man preambulat, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pauilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrecie, that the King would haue mee present the Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. Iosua, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice Worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play

on

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.

Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too.

Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Ros. Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part.

Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros. The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was neuer spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zelous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

Quee. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muscouites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his feuerall Miſtreſſe: which they'll know
By fauours feuerall, which they did beſtow.

Queen. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my ſweet, and giue me thine,
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline.*
And change your Fauours too, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by theſe remoues.

Roſa. Come on then, weare the fauours moſt in ſight.

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their feuerall counſels they vnboſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayd to talke and greete.

Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs too't?

Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while'tis ſpoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.

Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*

Boy. The Trompet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page. *All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.*

Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Pag. *A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.*

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Pag. *That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.* *Out*

Boy. True, out indeed.

Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe Not to beholde.*

Ber. Once to behold, rogue.

Pag. *Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes, With your Sunne beamed eyes.*

Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epythite,
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.

Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princes?

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. What would they, ſay they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.

Boy. She ſaies you haue it, and you may be gon.

Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.

Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.

Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd manie,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you haue meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.

Boy. She heares her ſelfe.

Roſa. How manie wearie ſteps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.

Roſa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.

Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.

Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change.
Thou bidſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.

Roſa. Play muſicke then: nay you muſt doe it ſoone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtranged?

Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhee's changed?

Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.

Roſa. The muſick playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it:
Our eares vouchſafe it.

Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.

Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Roſa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.

Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure, be not nice.

Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.

Kin. Priſe your ſelues: What buyes your companie?

Roſa. Your abſence onelie.

Kin. That can neuer be.

Roſa. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Roſ. In priuate then.

Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that.

Be. White handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.

Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen ſweets.

Qu. Seuenth ſweet adue, ſince you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.

Ber. One word in ſecret.

Qu. Let it not be ſweet.

Ber. Thou greeu'ſt my gall.

Queen.

Qu. Gall, bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie:
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mockes.
Will you giue hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sense of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things
Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exeunt.*
Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was vveeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight vvas mute.
Ka. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you vvhat he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,
But vvil you heare; the King is my loue sworne.
Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blovv? how blovv? Speake to bee vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie: What shall vve do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them vvhat fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue.*
He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet.*
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The

The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenlie oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie giues vndeseruing praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Ber. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? what Vizard?
Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are discried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright.

Du. Let vs confesse, and turn it to a iest.

Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes sadde?

Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke you pale?
Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Rusian habit waite.
O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, sans,* I pray you.

Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs,* on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude transgresion, some faire excuse.

Qu. The fairest is confession.
Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well aduis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect her.

King. Vpon mine Honor no.

Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
your oath once broke, you force not to forsweare.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*
What did the Rusian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he vvould Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gaue me this: But take it sir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.

Qu. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;

Told

Told our intents before: which once difclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we
Following the fignes, woo'd but the figne of fhe.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forfworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Forestall our fport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th fquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And ftand betweene her backe fir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, iefting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a fmocke fhall be your fhrowd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden fword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this carreere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting ftraight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ft a faire fray.

Clo. O Lord fir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies fhall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No fir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one purfents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not fo fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not fo. You cannot beg vs fir, I can affure you fir, we know what we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Vnder correction fir, wee know where-vntill it doth amount.

Ber. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord fir, it were pittie you fhould get your liuing by reckning fir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord fir, the parties themfelues, the actors fir will fhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they fay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great fir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleafed them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ftand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take fome care.

King. Berowne, they will fhame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are fhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis fome policie, to haue one fhew worfe then the Kings and his companie.

Kin. I fay they fhall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That fport beft pleafes, that doth leaft know how.
Where Zeale ftriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it prefents:
Their forme confounded, makes moft forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perifh in their birth.

Ber. A right defcription of our fport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore fo much expence of thy royall fweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man ferue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He fpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire fweet honie Monarch: For I proteft, the Schoolmafter is exceeding fantafticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they fay) to *Fortuna delaguar,* I wifh you the peace of minde moft royall cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good prefence of Worthies; He prefents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* ỳ great, the Parifh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules,* the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if thefe foure Worthies in their firft fhew thriue, thefe foure will change habites, and prefent the other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the firft fhew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not fo.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieft, the Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue fuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The fhip is vnder faile, and here fhe coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well faid old mocker,
I muft needs be friends with thee.

Clo. *I Pompey am, Pompey furnam'd the big.*

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great fir: *Pompey furnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to fweat:
And trauailing along this coaft, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this fweet Laffe of France.
If your Ladifhip would fay thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey.*

Clo. Tis not fo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooues the beft Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Commander:
By Eaft, Weft, North, & South, I fpred my conquering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alifander.

Boiet. Your nofe faies no, you are not:
For it ftands too right.

Ber. Your nofe fmels no, in this moft tender fmelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is difmaid:
Proceede good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Commander.

Boiet. Moft true, 'tis right: you were fo *Alifander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your feruant and *Coftard.*

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alifander*

Clo. O fir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alifander* the conqueror: you will be fcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, & ſoon daſht. He is a maruellous good neighbour inſooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Cu.*

Qu. Stand aſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe,
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy*

Ped. Iudas *I am*.

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. *Not Iſcariot ſir*.
Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus.

Dum. *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kiſsing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

Ped. *Iudas I am*.

Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you ſir?

Boi. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce ſeene.

Boi. The pummell of *Cæſars* Faulchion.

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S.Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do ſo.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Aſſe, let him go:
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monſieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may ſtumble.

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in reſpect of this.

Boi. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. No, he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue* Hector *a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,*
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I muſt rather giue it the reine: for it runnes againſt *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.

Boy. Loues her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. *This Hector farre ſurmounted Hanniball.*
The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meaneſt thou?

Clo. Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt Troyan, the poore Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie: tis yours.

Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Clo. Then ſhall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*. *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees ſtirre them, or ſtirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will ſup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile ſlaſh, Ile do it by the ſword: I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.

Page. Maſter, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not ſee *Pompey* is vncaſing for the combat: what meane

meane you? you will loſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reaſon haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt,
I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monſieur Marcade.

Mar. God ſaue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Marc. I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen ſo: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and entreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuite, ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his verie looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Loue:
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpos'd: ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the ears of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King,
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:
Which partie-coated preſence of looſe loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.
Thoſe heauenlie eies that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yonrs. We to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant ieſt, and curteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then ieſt.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.

Kin. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me.
Your oth I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eie.
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A tweluemonth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,

Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.
Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſweare not, leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
Lon. What ſaies *Maria*?
Mari. At the tweluemonths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.
Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.
Ber. Studies my Ladie? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue.
Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe
With groaning wretches: and your taske ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agonie.
Roſ. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A ieſts proſperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile ieſt a tweluemonth in an Hoſpitall.
Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies courteſie
Might wel haue made our ſport a Comedie.
Kin. Come ſir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſty vouchſafe me.
Qu. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I wil kiſſe thy royal finger, and take leaue. I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.
Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will do ſo.
Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer ſmockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Thefeus, Hippolita, with others.

Thefeus.

NOw faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how flow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my defires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.

*Hip.*Foure daies wil quickly fteep thẽfelues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a filuer bow,
Now bent in heauen, fhal behold the night
Of our folemnities.

The. Go *Philoftrate,*
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble fpirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my fword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Thefeus*, our renowned Duke.

*The.*Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Againft my childe, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my confent to marrie her.
Stand forth Lyfander.
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bofome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lyfander*, thou haft giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou haft by Moone-light at her window fung,
With faining voice, verfes of faining loue,
And ftolne the impreffion of her fantafie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nofe-gaies, fweet meats (meffengers
Of ftrong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning haft thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ftubborne harfhneffe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it fo fhe will not heere before your Grace,
Confent to marrie with *Demetrius,*
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As fhe is mine, I may difpofe of her;
Which fhall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that cafe.

The. What fay you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father fhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lyfander.*

The. In himfelfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other muft be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.*Rather your eies muft with his iudgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modeftie
In fuch a prefence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I befeech your Grace, that I may know
The worft that may befall me in this cafe,
If I refufe to wed *Demetrius.*

The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the fociety of men.
Therefore faire Hermia queftion your defires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in fhady Cloifter mew'd,
To liue a barren fifter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitleffe Moone,
Thrice bleffed they that mafter fo their blood,
To vndergo fuch maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rofe diftil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in fingle bleffedneffe.

Her. So will I grow, ſo liue, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordſhip, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake,
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſoueraignty.
The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new Moon
The ſealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhip:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to proteſt
For aie, auſterity, and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her,
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius.*
Lyſ. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia.*
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue ſpoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of ſomething, neerely that concernes your ſelues.
Ege. With dutie and deſire we follow you. *Exeunt*
Manet Lyſander and Hermia.
Lyſ. How now my loue? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or hiſtorie,
The courſe of true loue neuer did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood.
Her. O croſſe! too high to be enthral'd to loue.
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares.
Her. O ſpight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood vpon the choiſe of merit.
Her. O hell! to chooſe loue by anothers eie.
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſimpathie in choiſe,
Warre, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a ſound:
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The iawes of darkneſſe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomarie croſſe,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,
Wiſhes and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennew, and ſhe hath no childe,
From Athens is her houſe remou'd ſeuen leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me, as her onely ſonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the ſharpe Athenian Law
Cannot purſue vs. If thou lou'ſt me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſeruance for a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by Cupids ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the falſe Troyan vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue: looke here comes *Helena.*

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnſay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to ſhepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickneſſe is catching: O were fauor ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt Ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you ſway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.
Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me ſtill.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my ſmiles ſuch skil.
Her. I giue him curſes, yet he giues me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection mooue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradiſe to mee.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lyſ. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time that Louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuis'd to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld:
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions,
Farwell ſweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander* we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lyſander.*

Hele. How happy ſome, ore otherſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vilde, holding no quantity,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is Loue ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he is often beguil'd,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelues forſweare;
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolu'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purſue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Qui. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread your ſelues.

Quince. Anſwere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himſelfe moſt gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will mooue ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks; and ſhiuering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make and marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pryamus* muſt loue.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Maske, and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voyce; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. Robin Starueling the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelf, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, giue it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Pira-*

mus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day ; a most louely Gentleman-like man, therfore you must needs play *Piramus.*

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But mastershere are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you ?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander euerie where, swifter then ye Moons sphere ;
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the (green.
The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spots you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors,
In those freckles, liue their fauors,
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For *Oberon* is pafsing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had so sweet a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.
Are not you he ?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I iest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
In very likenesse of a roasted crab :
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and losse,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre vvas neuer wasted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon.*

Fair. And heere my Mistris:
Would that he vvere gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Tytania.*

Qu. What, iealous *Oberon* ? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton ; am not I thy Lord ?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou vvast stolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue
To amorous *Phillida.* Why art thou heere
Come from the farthest steepe of *India* ?
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and ycur Warrior loue,
To *Theseus* must be Wedded ; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,
Glance at my credite, vvith *Hippolita* ?
Knowing I knovv thy loue to *Theseus* ?
Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he rauished ?
And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa* ?

Que. These are the forgeries of iealousie,
And neuer since the middle Summers spring
Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,
But vvith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted vvith the murrion flocke,

The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene ,
For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter ; hoared headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose ,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world ,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which ;
And this same progeny of euills ,
Comes from our debate, from our dissention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon* ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me ,
His mother was a Votresse of my Order ,
And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath she gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands ,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde ;
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land ,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe ,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall, of that boy did die ,
And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round ,
And see our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs ;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away :
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way : thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither ; thou remembrest
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath ,
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd ; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone ;
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little westerne flower ;
Before, milke-white ; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
Fetch me that flower ; the hearb I shew'd thee once ,
The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth , in forty minutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce ,
Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe ,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing when she waking lookes vpon ,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight ,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere ? I am inuisible ,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is *Lysander* , and faire *Hermia* ?
The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood ;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I shall haue no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you ? do I speake you faire ?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you ?

Hel. And euen for that doe I loue thee the more ;
I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius* ,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vse me but as your spaniell ; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be vsed as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit ,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leaue the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not ,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge : for that
It is not night when I doe see your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night ,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company ,

For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?
Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The Doue pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.
Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeue,
But I shall doe thee mischiefe in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue so well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannoped with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.
Pu. Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so. *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.
2\. *Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,*
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.
1\. *Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;*
One aloofe, stand Centinell. *Shee sleepes.*

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire.
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lisander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in yͤ woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.
Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.
Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.
Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.
Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.
Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.
Enter Pucke. *They sleepe.*
Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping found,

On

On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty foule, fhe durft not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtefie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ft, let loue forbid
Sleepe his feate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I muft now to *Oberon*. *Exit*.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, fweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not fo.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.
Exit Demetrius.
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefoere fhe lies;
For fhe hath bleffed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes fo bright? Not with falt teares.
If fo, my eyes are oftner wafht then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beafts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monfter, flie my prefence thus.
What wicked and diffembling glaffe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* fphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyfander* on the ground;
Deade or afleepe? I fee no bloud, no wound,
Lyfander, if you liue, good fir awake.
Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy fweet fake.
Tranfparent *Helena*, nature her fhewes art,
That through thy bofome makes me fee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perifh on my fword!
Hel. Do not fay fo *Lyfander*, fay not fo:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ftill loues you; then be content.
Lyf. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue fpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reafon fway'd:
And reafon faies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their feafon;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reafon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reafon becomes the Marfhall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loue ftories, written in Loues richeft booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deferue this fcorne?
Ift not enough, ift not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deferue a fweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muft flout my infufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong(good-footh you do)
In fuch difdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I muft confeffe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneffe.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*
Lyf. She fees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* fleepe thou there,
And neuer maift thou come *Lyfander* neere;
For as a furfeit of the fweeteft things
The deepeft loathing to the ftomacke brings:
Or as the herefies that men do leaue,
Are hated moft of thofe that did deceiue:
So thou, my furfeit, and my herefie,
Of all be hated; but the moft of me;
And all my powers addreffe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe me *Lyfander*, helpe me; do thy beft
To plucke this crawling ferpent from my breft.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lyfander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a ferpent eate my heart away,
And yet fat fmiling at his cruell prey.
Lyfander, what remoou'd? *Lyfander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word?
Alacke where are you? fpeake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I found almoft with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient place for our rehearfall. This greene plot fhall be our ftage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houfe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter quince?

Peter. What faift thou, bully *Bottome*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will neuer pleafe. Firft, *Piramus* muft draw a fword to kill himfelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How anfwere you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue we muft leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue feeme to fay, we will do no harme with our fwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better affurance, tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will haue fuch a Prologue, and it fhall be written in eight and fixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promife you.

Bot. Mafters, you ought to confider with your felues, to bring in (God fhield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moft dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue muft tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you muft name his name, and halfe his face muft be feene through the Lyons necke, and he himfelfe muft fpeake through, faying thus, or to the fame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wifh you, or I would requeft

requeſt you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moonelight.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorne, and ſay he comes to disfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What ſay you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall, and let him haue ſome Plaſter, or ſome Lome, or ſome rough caſt about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, ſhall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and rehearſe your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-ſpuns haue we ſwaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*: *Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious ſauors ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours ſauors ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce: ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.Pir.*

Puck A ſtranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand he goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwere to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt; it is neuer tyre.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are hanted; pray maſters, flye maſters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through (bryer,
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound:
A hogge, a headleſſe beare, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Aſſe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.
The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray;
Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape.
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

Bot. Me-thinkes miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that: and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pittie, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not deſire to goe,
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate:
The Summer ſtill doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airie ſpirit go.

Enter Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1.*Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.
2.*Fai.* Haile.
3.*Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech your worships name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.
Your name honest Gentleman?

Peas. Pease blossome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peascod* your father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shal desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. Mustard-seede.

Peas. Pease-blossome.

Bot. Good master *Mustard seede*, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard-seede.*

Tita. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in loue,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mcehanicals,
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* stals,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Asses nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,
As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughes, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the skye:
So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted feare,
And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lou'd an Asse.

Ob. This fals out better then I could deuise:
But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian.*

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.
For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,
Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th'*Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
So should a mutrherer looke, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I'de rather giue his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driu'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lie downe.*
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh bloud deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.
Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth espie,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!
Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think ẏ I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O diuelish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.
Lys. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Awa.*
Dem. O *Helen*, goddesse, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what my loue, shall I compare thine eyne!
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.
Hell. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.
Lysa. You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers wast more idle breth.
Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wise soiourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lys. It is not so.
De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
Ir paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so?
Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse (to go?
Her. What loue could presse *Lysander* from my side?
Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?
Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Iniurious Hermia, most vngratefull maid,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooledaies friendship, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,

Two louely berries molded on one ftem ,
So with two feeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firft life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creft.
And will you rent our ancient loue afunder,
To ioyne with men in fcorning your poore friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our fexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.

Her. I am amazed at your paffionate words,
I fcorne you not ; It feemes that you fcorne me.

Hel. Haue you not fet *Lyfander*, as in fcorne
To follow me, and praife my eies and face ?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did fpurne me with his foote)
To call me goddeffe, nimph, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celeftiall ? Wherefore fpeakes he this
To her he hates ? And wherefore doth *Lyfander*
Denie your loue (fo rich within his foule)
And tender me (forfooth) affection,
But by your fetting on, by your confent ?
What though I be not fo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, fo fortunate ?
(But miferable moft, to loue vnlou'd)
This you fhould pittie, rather then defpife.

Her. I vnderftand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, doe, perfeuer, counterfeit fad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the fweete ieft vp :
This fport well carried, fhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me fuch an argument :
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abfence foone fhall remedie.

Lyf. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excufe,
My loue, my life, my foule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweete, do not fcorne her fo.

Dem. If fhe cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lyf. Thou canft compell, no more then fhe entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ftrength then her weak praife.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe ;
I fweare by that which I will lofe for thee,
To proue him falfe, that faies I loue thee not.

Dem. I fay, I loue thee more then he can do.

Lyf. If thou fay fo, with-draw and proue it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lyfander*, whereto tends all this ?

Lyf. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, feeme to breake loofe ;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not : you are a tame man, go.

Lyf. Hang off thou cat, thou bur ; vile thing let loofe,
Or I will fhake thee from me like a ferpent.

Her. Why are you growne fo rude ?
What change is this fweete Loue ?

Lyf. Thy loue ? out tawny *Tartar*, out ;
Out loathed medicine ; O hated poifon hence.

Her. Do you not ieft ?

Hel. Yes footh, and fo do you.

Lyf. *Demetrius* : I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond : for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you ; Ile not truft your word.

Lyf. What, fhould I hurt her, ftrike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her fo.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate ?
Hate me, wherefore ? O me, what newes my Loue ?
Am not I *Hermia* ? Are not you *Lyfander* ?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me ; yet fince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earneft, fhall I fay ?

Lyf. I, by my life ;
And neuer did defire to fee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queftion, of doubt ;
Be certaine, nothing truer : 'tis no ieft,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

Her. O me, you iugler, you canker bloffome,
You theefe of loue ; What, haue you come by night,
And ftolne my loues heart from him ?

Hel. Fine yfaith :
Haue you no modefty, no maiden fhame,
No touch of bafhfulneffe ? What, will you teare
Impatient anfwers from my gentle tongue ?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet ? why fo ? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that fhe hath made compare
Betweene our ftatures, fhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perfonage, her tall perfonage,
Her height (forfooth) fhe hath preuail'd with him.
And are you growne fo high in his efteeme,
Becaufe I am fo dwarfifh, and fo low ?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole ? Speake,
How low am I ? I am not yet fo low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me ; I was neuer curft :
I haue no gift at all in fhrewifhneffe ;
I am a right maide for my cowardize ;
Let her not ftrike me : you perhaps may thinke,
Becaufe fhe is fomething lower then my felfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower ? harke againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be fo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counfels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ftealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ftrike me, fpurne me, nay to kill me too ;
And now, fo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You fee how fimple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone : who ift that hinders you ?

Hel. A foolifh heart, that I leaue here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lyfander* ?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lyf. Be not afraid, fhe fhall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No fir, fhe fhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when fhe's angry, fhe is keene and fhrewd,
She was a vixen when fhe went to fchoole,
And though fhe be but little, fhe is fierce.

Her. Little againe ? Nothing but low and little ?
Why will you fuffer her to flout me thus ?
Let me come to her.

Lyf. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graffe made,
You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that fcornes your feruices.

Let

Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhew of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by iowle. *Exit Lyſander and Demetrius.*
Her. You Miſtris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaueries willingly.
Puck. Beleeue me, King of ſhadowes, I miſtooke,
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo farre blameleſſe proues my enterpize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eies,
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Louers ſeeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſtie Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, ſleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;
Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals role with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairie Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night-ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approach Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe-waies and floods haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues dxile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with blacke browd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne. Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flye; *ſhifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here wil reſt me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before me, ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this deere,
If euer I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now goe thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be viſited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore companie deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometime ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo wearie, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eie gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eye,
And

And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be showne.
Iacke shall haue *Iill*, nought shall goe ill,
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clow. Where's *Pease blossome?*

Peas. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's Mounsieuer *Cobweb*.

Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue yon ouerflowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur *Mustardseed?*

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur *Mustardseed*. Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Caualery *Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for me thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet loue.

Clow. I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clown. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Iuy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet sauors for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which somtime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.

Ob. There lies your loue.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies peepe.

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands with (me
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,
And blesse it to all faire posterity.
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be
Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in iollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye still.

With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes.

Enter Thesеus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our obseruation is perform'd;
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top,
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*;
Iudge when you heare. Bnt soft, what nimphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

The. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Thes. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.

Thes. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is is so farre from iealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a sickenesse did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

Thes. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,
Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.
Come *Hippolitæ*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. These things seeme small & vndistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When euery things seemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It seemes to mee,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolitæ*.

Lys. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottome wakes. *Exit Louers.*

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*? *Flute* the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called *Bottomes Dreame*, because it hath no bottome; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling.

Quin. Haue you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come home yet?

Staru. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transported.

Thiſ. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you haue not a man in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

Thiſ. No, hee hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a ſweet voyce.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our ſport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Thiſ. O ſweet bully *Bottome:* thus hath he loſt ſixepence a day, during his life; he could not haue ſcaped ſixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deſerued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottome, ô moſt couragious day! O moſt happie houre!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, ſweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete preſently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his part: for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred: In any caſe let *Thisby* haue clean linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lions clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter ſweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, ÿ theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtrange then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe anticke fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the ſtorie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancie;
But howſoeuer, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter louers, Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh dayes
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes,
your boord, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances ſhall
we haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Between our after ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our vſuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theſeus*.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske? What muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with ſome delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many ſports are rife:
Make choiſe of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

Liſ. The battell with the Centaurs to be ſung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.

Liſ. The riot of the tipſie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger, in their rage?

The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.

Liſ. The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death
of learning, late deceaſt in beggerie.

The. That is ſome Satire keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Liſ. A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*,
And his loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall wee finde the concord of this diſcord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*
Therein doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water:
But more merrie teares, the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſ. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptiall.

The. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their intents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you ſeruice.

Theſ. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchedneſſe orecharged;
And duty in his ſeruice periſhing.

Theſ. Why gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſaies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Theſ. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purpoſed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweete,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.

Egeus. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.

Duke. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through walls chink (poor ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizy beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I vvould haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This loame, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire Lime and Haire to ſpeake better?

Deme. It is the vvittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

Theſ. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, ſilence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô vvall, thou ſweet and louely vvall,
That ſtands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vvall, ô vvall, ô ſweet and louely vvall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vvith mine eine.
Thankes courteous vvall. *Ioue* ſhield thee vvell for this.
But vvhat ſee I? No *Thisbie* doe I ſee.
O vvicked vvall, through vvhom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiuing mee.

Theſ. The vvall me-thinkes being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pir. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the vvall. You ſhall ſee it vvill fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes.

Thiſ. O vvall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones vvith Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.

Pyra. I ſee a voyce; now vvill I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie?*

Thiſ. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke vvhat thou vvilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.
Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me ſtraight way?
Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors.

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without vvarning.

Dut. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It muſt be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here com two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle harts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Ioyner am
A Lion fell, nor elſe no Lions dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. A verie gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The verie beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, ÿ ere I ſaw.

Liſ. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Du. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carrie his valor: for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent.

De. He ſhould haue worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent: My ſelfe, the man i'th Moone doth ſeeme to be.

Du. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.

Dut. I am vvearie of this Moone; vvould he would change.

Du. It appeares by his ſmal light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, vve muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buſh, my thorne buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But ſilence, heere comes *Thisby.*

Enter Thisby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my loue?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby.*

Dut. Well ſhone Moone.
Truly the Moone ſhines with a good grace.

Du. Wel mouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbies* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be!
O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what ſtaind with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Du. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend, Would go neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dut. Beſhrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'ſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the sky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Liſ. Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and proue an Aſſe.

Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before? *Thisby* comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by ſtarre-light.
Heere ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes ſhee ſhould not vſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus*: I hope ſhe will be breefe.

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thisby* is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpyed him already, with thoſe ſweete eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicit.*

This. Aſleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?
O *Piramus* ariſe:
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Muſt couer thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O ſiſters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his thred of ſilke.
Tongue not a word: Come truſty ſword:
Come blade, my breſt imbrue:

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-ſhine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himſelfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable groſſe play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whileſt the heauy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the waſted brands doe glow,
Whil'ſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broome before,
To ſweep the duſt behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, ſing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

The Song.

Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
Neuer mole, harelip, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in Natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this Pallace with ſweet peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but ſlumbred heere,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honeſt *Pucke*,
If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.

The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of mee,
That I haue much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenso, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenso*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, (when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies

By

By being peeuifh? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that fpeakes:
There are a fort of men, whofe vifages
Do creame and mantle like a ftanding pond,
And do a wilfull ftilneffe entertaine,
With purpofe to be dreft in an opinion
Of wifedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who fhould fay, I am fir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thefe
That therefore onely are reputed wife,
For faying nothing; when I am verie fure
If they fhould fpeake, would almoft dam thofe eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fifh not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I muft be one of thefe fame dumbe wife men,
For *Gratiano* neuer let's me fpeake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou fhall not know the found of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for filence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Baf. *Gratiano* fpeakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reafons are two graines of wheate hid in two bufhels of chaffe: you fhall feeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them they are not worth the fearch.

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the fame
To whom you fwore a fecret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Baf. 'Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue difabled mine eftate,
By fomething fhewing a more fwelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From fuch a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time fomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the moft in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purpofes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Baffanio* let me know it,
And if it ftand as you your felfe ftill do,
Within the eye of honour, be affur'd
My purfe, my perfon, my extreameft meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occafions.

Baff. In my fchoole dayes, when I had loft one fhaft
I fhot his fellow of the felfefame flight
The felfefame way, with more aduifed watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode proofe,
Becaufe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is loft: but if you pleafe
To fhoote another arrow that felfe way
Which you did fhoot the firft, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully reft debter for the firft.

An. You know me well, and herein fpend but time
To winde about my loue with circumftance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making queftion of my vttermoft
Then if you had made wafte of all I haue:
Then doe but fay to me what I fhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preft vnto it: therefore fpeake.

Baff. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And fhe is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, fometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire fpeechleffe meffages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windes blow in from euery coaft
Renowned futors, and her funny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her feat of *Belmont Cholchos* ftrond,
And many *Iafons* come in queft of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde prefages me fuch thrift,
That I fhould queftionleffe be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowft that all my fortunes are at fea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raife a prefent fumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That fhall be rackt euen to the vttermoft,
To furnifh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe prefently enquire, and fo will I
Where money is, and I no queftion make
To haue it of my truft, or for my fake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Neriffa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriffa*, my little body is a wearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be fweet Madam, if your miferies were in the fame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I fee, they are as ficke that furfet with too much, as they that ftarue with nothing; it is no fmal happineffe therefore to bee feated in the meane, fuperfluitie comes fooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good fentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as eafie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that followes his owne inftructions; I can eafier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuife lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, fuch a hare is madneffe the youth, to skip ore the mefhes of good counfaile the cripple; but this reafon is not in fafhion to choofe me a husband: O mee, the word choofe, I may neither choofe whom I would, nor refufe whom I diflike, fo is the wil of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Neriffa*, that I cannot choofe one, nor refufe none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good infpirations, therefore the lotterie that hee hath deuifed in thefe three chefts of gold, filuer, and leade, whereof who choofes his meaning, choofes

choofes you, wil no doubt neuer be chofen by any rightly, but one who you fhall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of thefe Princely futers that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameft them, I will defcribe them, and according to my defcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firft there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horfe, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can fhoo him himfelfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid falfe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who fhould fay, and you will not haue me, choofe: he heares merrie tales and fmiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Phylofopher when he growes old, being fo full of vnmannerly fadneffe in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of thefe: God defend me from thefe two.

Ner. How fay you by the French Lord, Mounfier *Le Boune*?

Pro. God made him, and therefore let him paffe for a man, in truth I know it is a finne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horfe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traffell fing, he fals ftraight a capring, he will fence with his own fhadow. If I fhould marry him, I fhould marry twentie husbands: if hee would defpife me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madneffe, I fhould neuer requite him.

Ner. What fay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I fay nothing to him, for hee vnderftands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine, French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & fweare that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the *Englifh*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerfe with a dumbe fhow? how odly he is fuited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hofe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behauiour euery where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englifhman*, and fwore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his furetie, and feald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is fober, and moft vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is beft, he is a little worfe then a man, and when he is worft, he is little better then a beaft: and the worft fall that euer fell, I hope I fhall make fhift to goe without him.

Ner. If he fhould offer to choofe, and choofe the right Casket, you fhould refufe to performe your Fathers will, if you fhould refufe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worft, I pray thee fet a deepe glaffe of Reinifh-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choofe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriffa* ere I will be married to a fpunge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of thefe Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more fuite, vnleffe you may be won by fome other fort then your Fathers impofition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chafte as *Diana*: vnleffe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are fo reafonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie abfence: and I wifh them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a *Venecian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marqueffe of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baffanio*, as I thinke, fo was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolifh eyes look'd vpon, was the beft deferuing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praife.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers feeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maifter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with fo good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I fhould be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee fhould fhriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerriffa*, firra go before; whiles wee fhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baffanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thoufand ducates, well.
Baff. I fir, for three months.
Shy. For three months, well.
Baff. For the which, as I told you,
Anthonio fhall be bound.
Shy. *Anthonio* fhall become bound, well.
Baff. May you fted me? Will you pleafure me?
Shall I know your anfwere.
Shy. Three thoufand ducats for three months,
and *Anthonio* bound.
Baff. Your anfwere to that.
Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.
Baff. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in faying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderftand me that he is fufficent, yet his meanes are in fuppofition: he hath an Argofie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderftand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath fquandered abroad, but fhips are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithftanding fufficient, three thoufand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baf. Be affured you may.

Iew. I

Iew. I will be affured I may: and that I may be affured, I will bethinke mee, may I fpeake with *Anthonio?*

Baff. If it pleafe you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to fmell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, fell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and fo following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baff. This is fignior *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Chriftian:
But more, for that in low fimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vfance here with vs in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our facred Nation, and he railes
Euen there where Merchants moft doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals interreft: Curfed be my Trybe
If I forgiue him.

Baff. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my prefent ftore,
And by the neere geffe of my memorie
I cannot inftantly raife vp the groffe
Of full three thoufand ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnifh me; but foft, how many months
Doe you defire? Reft you faire good fignior,
Your worfhip was the laft man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giuing of exceffe,
Yet to fupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuftome: is he yet poffeft
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thoufand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me fo.
Well then, your bond: and let me fee, but heare you,
Me thoughts you faid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vfe it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* fheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poffeffer; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interreft?

Shy. No, not take intereft, not as you would fay
Directly intereft, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himfelfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were ftreakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene thefe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull fhepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He ftucke them vp before the fulfome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thofe were *Iacobs.*
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleft:
And thrift is bleffing if men fteale it not.

Ant. This was a venture fir that *Iacob* feru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paffe,
But fway'd and fafhion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inferted to make interreft good?
Or is your gold and filuer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faft,
But note me fignior.

Ant. Marke you this *Baffanio,*
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpofe,
An euill foule producing holy witneffe,
Is like a villaine with a fmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outfide falfehood hath.

Shy. Three thoufand ducats, 'tis a good round fum.
Three months from twelue, then let me fee the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, fhall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vfances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient fhrug,
(For fuffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And fpet vpon my Iewifh gaberdine,
And all for vfe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you fay,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you fay fo:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you fpurne a ftranger curre
Ouer your threfhold, moneyes is your fuite.
What fhould I fay to you? Should I not fay,
Hath a dog money? Is it poffible
A curre fhould lend three thoufand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whifpring humbleneffe,
Say this: Faire fir, you fpet on me on Wednefday laft;
You fpurn'd me fuch a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for thefe curtefies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee fo againe,
To fpet on thee againe, to fpurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendfhip take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maift with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you ftorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the fhames that you haue ftaind me with,
Supplie your prefent wants, and take no doite
Of vfance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Baff. This were kindneffe.

Shy. This kindneffe will I fhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there
Your fingle bond, and in a merrie fport
If you repaie me not on fuch a day,
In fuch a place, fuch fum or fums as are
Expreft in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flefh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleafeth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile feale to fuch a bond,
And fay there is much kindneffe in the Iew.

Baff. You

Baff. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram,* what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his daie, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it, ſo: if not adiew,
And for my loue I praie you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite.
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſentlie
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew.* This Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baff. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make inciſion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In tearmes of choiſe I am not ſolie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare
That ſlew the Sophie, and a Perſian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eies that looke:
Out-braue the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blinde fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieuing.
Port. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Neuer to ſpeake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to run from this Iew my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe,* good *Launcelet,* or good *Iobbe,* or good *Launcelet Iobbe,* vſe your legs, take the ſtart, run awaie: my conſcience faies no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet,* take heed honeſt *Iobbe,* or as afore-ſaid honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe,* doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſaies the fiend, away ſaies the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſaies the fiend, and run; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſaies verie wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelet,* being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too; he had a kinde of taſte; wel, my conſcience ſaies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge ſaies the fiend, bouge not ſaies my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile well, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the *Iew* my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the *Iew* I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the diuell himſelfe: certainely the *Iew* is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the *Iew*; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Baſket.

Gob. Maiſter yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*?
Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confuſions with him.
Gob. Maiſter yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes.*
Laun. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indireƈtlie to the *Iewes* houſe.

Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talke you of yong Maſter *Launcelet,* marke me now, now will I raiſe the waters; talke you of yong Maiſter *Launcelet?*

Gob. No Maiſter ſir, but a poore mans ſonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maiſter *Launcelet.*

Gob. Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet.*

Laun. But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of yong Maiſter *Launcelet.*

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant pleaſe your maiſterſhip.

Lan. Ergo Maiſter *Lancelet*, talke not of maiſter *Lancelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odde ſayings, the ſiſters three, & ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie ſtaffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lau. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-poſt, a ſtaffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God reſt his ſoule aliue or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke ſir I am ſand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your ſon, giue me your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans ſonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

Lan. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your bleſſing: I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your childe that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Lan. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelet* the *Iewes* man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede, Ile be ſworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorſe has on his taile.

Lan. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backeward. I am ſure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I loſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dooſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I haue brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſet vp my reſt to run awaie, ſo I will not reſt till I haue run ſome ground; my Maiſter's a verie *Iew*, giue him a preſent, giue him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your preſent to one Maiſter *Baſſanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liuories, if I ſerue not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Iew* if I ſerue the *Iew* anie longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or two.

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be readie at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, would'ſt thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich *Iewes* man that would ſir as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infeƈtion ſir, as one would ſay to ſerue.

Lan. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, I ſerue the *Iew*, and haue a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maiſter and he (ſauing your worſhips reuerence) are ſcarce catercoſins.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Iew* hauing done me wrong, doth cauſe me as my Father being I hope an old man ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue here a diſh of Doues that I would beſtow vpon your worſhip, and my ſuite is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the ſuite is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the verie defeƈt of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuite,
Shylocke thy Maiſter ſpoke with me this daie,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich *Iewes* ſeruice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerb is verie well parted betweene my Maiſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, you haue the grace of God ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leaue of thy old Maiſter, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie
More garded then his fellowes: ſee it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a ſeruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to ſweare vpon a booke, I ſhall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmall trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the *Iew* in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Baſſ. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed
Returne in haſte, for I doe feaſt to night
My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My beſt endeuors ſhall be done herein. *Exit. Le.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maiſter.

Leon. Yonder

Leon. Yonder ſir he walkes.
Gra. Signior *Baſſanio.*
Baſ. *Gratiano.*
Gra. I haue a ſute to you.
Baſſ. You haue obtain'd it.
Gra. You muſt not denie me, I muſt goe with you to Belmont.
Baſſ. Why then you muſt: but heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they ſhow
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wilde behauiour
I be miſconſterd in the place I goe to,
And looſe my hopes.
Gra. Signor *Baſſanio,* heare me,
If I doe not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay Amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuillitie
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.
Baſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.
Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we doe to night.
Baſ. No that were pittie,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuite of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but far you well,
I haue ſome buſineſſe.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenſo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica and the Clowne.

Ieſ. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merrie diuell
Did'ſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſſe;
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet,* ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maiſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me talke with thee.
Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iew, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomewhat drowne my manly ſpirit: adue. *Exit.*
Ieſ. Farewell good *Lancelet.*
Alacke, what hainous ſinne is it in me
To be aſhamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo,*
If thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Slarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.
Sal. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.
Sol. 'Tis vile vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.
Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres
To furniſh vs; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Laucelet with a Lettər.

Lan. And it ſhall pleaſe you to breake vp this, ſhall it ſeeme to ſignifie.
Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
I the faire hand that writ.
Gra. Loue newes in faith.
Lan. By your leaue ſir.
Lor. Whither goeſt thou?
Lan. Marry ſir to bid my old Maſter the *Iew* to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*
I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit.Clowne.*
Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it ſtrait.
Sol. And ſo will I.
Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.
Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. *Exit.*
Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica*?
Lor. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſuite ſhe hath in readineſſe:
If ere the *Iew* her Father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters ſake;
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe *Iew*:
Come goe with me, perVſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou ſhall ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica,* thou ſhalt not gurmandize
As thou haſt done with me: what *Ieſſica*?
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.
Clo. Why *Ieſſica.*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieſſica.

Ieſ. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica,*
There are my Keyes: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatttr me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
Looke to my houſe, I am right loath to goe,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money bags to night.
Clo. I beſeech you ſir goe, my yong Maſter
Doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So doe I his.
Clo. And they haue conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on blacke monday

laſt, at ſix a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſh wenſday was foure yeere in th'afternoone.

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica,*
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile ſquealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber you not vp to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow fopperie enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before ſir.
Miſtris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What ſaies that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.

Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris, nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaile-ſlow in profit, but he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waſte
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, ſhut dores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde,
A prouerbe neuer ſtale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouſe vnder which *Lorenzo*
Deſired vs to make a ſtand.

Sal. His houre is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pidgions flye
To ſteale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds, who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth vntread againe
His tedious meaſures with the vnbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt: all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enioy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth ſhe returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged ſailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the ſtrumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Ieſſica aboue.

Ieſſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

Ieſ. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Ieſ. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelues goodſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcouery Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So you are ſweet,
Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy: but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio's* feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores and guild my ſelfe
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beſhrew me but I loue her heartily.
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can iudge of her,
And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prou'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule.

Enter Ieſſica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*?

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboord,
I haue ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Then to be vnder ſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcouer
The ſeuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. The firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I doe chooſe the right?

Por. The

How ſhall I know if I doe choose the right.

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay the inſcriptions, backe againe:
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſaies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues; pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation
Thou dooſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing,
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerue, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in loue I doe deſerue.
What if I ſtrai'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grau'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſte wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The waterie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſe
To rib her ſearecloath in the obſcure graue:
Or ſhall I thinke in Siluer ſhe's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O ſinfull thought, neuer ſo rich a Iem
Was ſet in worſe then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's inſculpt vpon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Here doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule;
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold;
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Yong in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your anſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fareyouwell, your ſuite is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus looſers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.
Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries raiſd the Duke.
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.

Sal. He comes too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
That in a Gondilo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica*.
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

Sol. I neuer heard a paſſion ſo confuſd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the ſtreets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, O my Chriſtian ducats!
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice, finde the girle,
She hath the ſtones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
A veſſell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.

Sol. Yo were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it may grieue him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
Of his returne: he anſwered, doe not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſſe for my ſake *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Iewes* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of loue
As ſhall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous ſencible
He wrung *Baſſanios* hand, and ſo they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauineſſe
With ſome delight or other.

Sal. Doe we ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerriſſa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election prefently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there ftand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choofe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight fhall our nuptial rights be folemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more fpeech my Lord,
You muft be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obferue three things;
Firft, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chofe; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Laftly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyfe,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.
Por. To thefe iniunctions euery one doth fweare
That comes to hazard for my worthleffe felfe.
Ar. And fo haue I addreft me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, filuer, and bafe lead.
Who choofeth me muft giue and hazard all he hath.
You fhall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What faies the golden cheft, ha, let me fee:
Who choofeth me, fhall gaine what many men defire:
What many men defire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choofe by fhow,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of cafualtie.
I will not choofe what many men defire,
Becaufe I will not iumpe with common fpirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treafure houfe,
Tell me once more, what title thou dooft beare;
Who choofeth me fhall get as much as he deferues:
And well faid too; for who fhall goe about
To cofen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the ftampe of merrit, let none prefume
To weare an vndeferued dignitie:
O that eftates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchaft by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then fhould couer that ftand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleafantry would then be gleaned
From the true feede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnifht: Well, but to my choife.
Who choofeth me fhall get as much as he deferues.
I will affume defert; giue me a key for this,
And inftantly vnlocke my fortunes here.
Por. Too long a paufe for that which you finde there.
Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Prefenting me a fcedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deferuings?
Who choofeth me, fhall haue as much as he deferues.
Did I deferue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deferts no better?
Por. To offend and iudge are diftinct offices,
And of oppofed natures.
Ar. What is here?

The fier feauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudement is,
That did neuer choofe amis,
Some there be that fhadowes kiffe,
Such haue but a fhadowes bliffe:
There be fooles aliue Iwis
Siluer'd o're, and fo was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are fped.

Ar. Still more foole I fhall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.
Por. Thus hath the candle fing'd the moath:
O thefe deliberate fooles when they doe choofe,
They haue the wifdome by their wit to loofe.
Ner. The ancient faying is no herefie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by deftinie.
Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriffa.*

Enter Meffenger.

Mef. Where is my Lady?
Por. Here, what would my Lord?
Mef. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To fignifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth fenfible regreets;
To wit (befides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not feene
So likely an Embaffador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came fo fweete
To fhow how coftly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-fpurrer comes before his Lord.
Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt fay anone he is fome kin to thee,
Thou fpend'ft fuch high-day wit in praifing him:
Come, come *Nerryffa*, for I long to fee
Quicke *Cupids* Poft, that comes fo mannerly.
Ner. Baffanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a fhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcaffes of many a tall fhip, lye buried, as they fay, if my goffips report be an honeft woman of her word.

Sol. I would fhe were as lying a goffip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue fhe wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any flips of prolixity, or croffing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeft *Anthonio*; ô that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ftop.

Sol. Ha, what fayeft thou, why the end is, he hath loft a fhip.

Sal. I

Sal. I would it might proue the end of his loſſes.

Sol. Let me ſay Amen betimes, leaſt the diuell croſſe my praier, for here he comes in the iikenes of a *Iew.* How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne fleſh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at theſe yeeres.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy fleſh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and renniſh: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had anie loſſe at ſea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vſd to come ſo ſmug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vſurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curtſie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am ſure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his fleſh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fiſh withall, if it will feede nothing elſe, it will feede my reuenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reaſon? I am a *Iewe*: Hath not a *Iew* eyes? hath not a *Iew* hands, organs, dementions, ſences, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame foode, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubiect to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Sommmer as a Chriſtian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poiſon vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs ſhall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Iew* wrong a *Chriſtian*, what is his humility, reuenge? If a *Chriſtian* wrong a *Iew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall goe hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maiſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeake with you both.

Sal. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnleſſe the diuell himſelfe turne *Iew.*

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in Franckford, the curſe neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the iewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why ſo? and I know not how much is ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe vpon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to finde the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy- What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me, I ſhall neuer ſee my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a ſitting, fourescore ducats.

Tub. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that ſweare hee cannot chooſe but breake.

Shy, I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it,

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou tortureſt me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a wilderneſſe of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainely vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, beſpeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſailes not in ſuch a quallitie;
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here ſome month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will I neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you doe, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had beene forſworne: Beſhrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay: but of mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; O theſe naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours (proue it ſo)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.
Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.
Baſſ. None but that vglie treaſon of miſtruſt.
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
'Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.
Por. I, but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth ſpeake any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.
Baſſ. Confeſſe and loue
Had beene the verie ſum of my confeſſion:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choiſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique than? Than muſique is
Euen as the flouriſh, when true ſubiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much more diſmay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.
Here Muſicke.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nouriſhed. *Replie, replie.*
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues
The world is ſtill deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea ſo tanted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſeneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no voice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How manie cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnakie golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moues me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhuddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I here?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſeuer'd lips
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his
And leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In vnderpriſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behinde the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcroule,
The continent, and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view
Chance as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune fals to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kiſſe.

Baſſ. A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddie in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no.

So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee my Lord *Baſſiano* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſum of nothing: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſoned girle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and euen now, but now.
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Baſſ. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where euery ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſaue of ioy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio's* dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue ſtood by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your Honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beſeech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you gaue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her miſtreſſe.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?
Ner. Madam it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withall.
Baſſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. Weele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhal nere win at that ſport, and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and Salerio.

Baſ. Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new intereſt heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in minde,
Nor wel, vnleſſe in minde: his Letter there
Wil ſhew you his eſtate.
Opens the Letter.
Gra. Nerriſſa, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Anthonio*;
I know he vvil be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons*, we haue won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had vvon the fleece that hee hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſianos* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turne ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?
With leaue *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
And I muſt freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did firſt impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then haue told you
That I vvas worſe then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks ?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the ſhape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
If they deny him iuſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port haue all perſwaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iuſtice, and his bond.
Ieſſi. When I was with him, I haue heard him ſweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather haue *Anthonio*'s fleſh,
Then twenty times the value of the ſumme
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio.*
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble ?
Baſſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd, and vnwearied ſpirit
In doing curteſies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.
Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew ?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more ?
Pay him ſixe thouſand, and deface the bond:
Double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a haire through *Baſſano*'s fault.
Firſt goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
With an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you ſhall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips haue all miſcarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forfeit, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, vſe your pleaſure, if your loue doe not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O loue! diſpach all buſines and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haſt; but till I come againe,
No bed ſhall ere be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer twixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis.*
Iaylor, looke to him.
Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok.*
Iew. Ile haue my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond,
I haue ſworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou hadſt a cauſe,
But ſince I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke ſhall grant me iuſtice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee heare me ſpeake.
Iew. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more.
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull ey'd foole,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
To Chriſtian interceſſors: follow not,
Ile haue no ſpeaking, I will haue my bond. *Exit Iew.*
Sol. It is the moſt impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers:
He ſeekes my life, his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.
Sol. I am ſure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold.
An. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law:
For the commoditie that ſtrangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iuſtice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
Theſe greefes and loſſes haue ſo bated mee,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on, pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerriſſa, Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeake it in your preſence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do conuerſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſoules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the boſome louer of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I haue beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoule;
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty,
This comes too neere the praiſing of my ſelfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenſo I commit into your hands,

The husbandry and mannage of my houſe,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a ſecret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerriſſa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monaſtery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe deſire you
Not to denie this impoſition,
The which my loue and ſome neceſſity
Now layes vpon you.

Lorenſ. Madame, with all my heart,
I ſhall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Ieſſica*
In place of Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelfe.
So far you well till we ſhall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Ieſſi. I wiſh your Ladiſhip all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it backe on you: faryouwell *Ieſſica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaſer*, as I haue euer found thee honeſt true,
So let me finde thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And vſe thou all the indeauor of a man,
In ſpeed to Mantua, ſee thou render this
Into my coſins hand, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeed
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient ſpeed.

Por. Come on *Neriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll ſee our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee vs?

Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minſing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies ſought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of theſe punie lies Ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
About a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Nerriſ. Why, ſhall wee turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a queſtions that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which ſtayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſſica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ieſ. That were a kinde of baſtard hope indeed, ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Ieſ. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Chriſtians enow before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee ſhall not ſhortly haue a raſher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſ. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you ſay, heere he comes.

Loren. I ſhall grow iealous of you ſhortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ieſ. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heauen, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and hee ſaies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of Porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*?

Clow. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of witte will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done ſir, they haue all ſtomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-ſnapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to ſir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than ſir?

Clow. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrellng with occaſion, wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meat ſir, it ſhall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceits ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that ſtand in better place,
Garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ſt thou *Ieſſica*,
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,

How

How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſiano's* wife?
Ieſſi. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
The Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Ieſ. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?
Lor. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?
Ieſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſom ere thou ſpeakſt 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it?
Ieſſi. Well, Ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?
Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwere
A ſtonie aduerſary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I haue heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous courſe: but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tiranny and rage of his.
Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo to
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy mallice
To the laſt houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
That haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From ſtubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer traind
To offices of tender curteſie,
We all expect a gentle anſwer Iew?
Iew. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receiue
Three thouſand Ducats? Ile not anſwer that:
But ſay it is my humor; Is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thouſand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch ineuitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelfe being offended:
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A looſing ſuite againſt him? Are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the currant of thy cruelty.
Iew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſſ. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?
Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euerie offence is not a hate at firſt.
Iew. What wouldſt thou haue a Serpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew:
You may as well go ſtand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood baite his vſuall height,
Or euen as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what harder?
His Iewiſh heart. Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.
Baſ. For thy three thouſand Ducates heere is ſix.
Iew. If euerie Ducat in ſixe thouſand Ducates
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why ſweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours: and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: you will anſwer

The

The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it?
Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Vnlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.
Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.
Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.
Bass. Good cheere *Anthonio.* What man, corage yet:
The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerrissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.
Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Iew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keennesse
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of animals infuse themselues
Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet;
And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Woluish, bloody, steru'd, and rauenous.
Iew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.
Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.
Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.

Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your messenger came, in louing visitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: *I acquained him with the cause in Controuersie, betweene the Iew and* Anthonio *the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knewe so yong a body, with so old a head. I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?
Por. I did my Lord.
Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court.
Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?
Du. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. I, so he sayes.
Por. Do you confesse the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Iew be mercifull.
Iew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
To mittigate the iustice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needes giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bas. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a President,

And many an error by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: It cannot be.
Iew. A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel.*
O wiſe young Iudge, how do I honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Iew. Heere 'tis moſt reuerend Doctor, heere it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay periurie vpon my ſoule?
No not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neereſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
you know the Law, your expoſition
Hath beene moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſeruing pillar,
Proceede to iudgement: By my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay heere on my bond.
An. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
Por. Why then thus it is:
you muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Iew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wiſe and vpright Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Iew. I, his breſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo: Are there ballance heere to weigh the fleſh?
Iew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by ſome Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he ſhould bleede to death.
Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt: but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Giue me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well,
Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune ſhewes her ſelfe more kinde
Then is her cuſtome. It is ſtill her vſe
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance
Of ſuch miſerie, doth ſhe cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end:
Say how I lou'd you; ſpeake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Loue:
Repent not you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly, with all my heart.
Baſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd aboue thy life.
I would looſe all, I ſacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.
Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife whom I proteſt I loue,
I would ſhe were in heauen, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wiſh would make elſe an vnquiet houſe.
Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands: I haue a daughter
Would any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We trifle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame marchants fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew. Moſt rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned Iudge, a ſentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe,
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiſcate
Vnto the ſtate of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, ô learned Iudge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou vrgeſt iuſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt haue iuſtice more then thou deſireſt.
Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian goe.
Baſſ. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew ſhall haue all iuſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leſſe nor more
But iuſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſſe then a iuſt pound, be it ſo much
As makes it light or heauy in the ſubſtance,
Or the deuiſion of the twentieth part
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if the ſcale doe turne
But in the eſtimation of a hayre,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pauſe, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.
Baſſ. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall haue meerly iuſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou ſhalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken ſo at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:
Ile ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou hast contriu'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may driue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for *Anthonio.*

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio?*

Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing else for Gods sake.

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*

Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth.

Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde, you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisedome beene this day acquitted
Of greeuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.

An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and seruice to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

Por. I will haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.

Bas. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bas. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.

Por. That scuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

Ant. My L. *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wiues commandement.

Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Anthonios* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grati.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

Ile fee if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him fweare to keepe for euer.
Por. Thou maift I warrant, we fhal haue old fwearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-fweare them to:
Away, make hafte, thou know'ft where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good fir, will you fhew me to this houfe.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieffica.

Lor. The moone fhines bright. In fuch a night as this,
When the fweet winde did gently kiffe the trees,
And they did make no nnyfe, in fuch a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And figh'd his foule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Creffed* lay that night.
Ief. In fuch a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And faw the Lyons fhadow ere himfelfe,
And ranne difmayed away.
Loren. In fuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde fea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.
Ief. In fuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Efon.*
Loren. In fuch a night
Did *Ieffica* fteale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Ief. In fuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* fweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her foule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In fuch a night
Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little fhrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.
Ieffi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Meffenger.

Lor. Who comes fo faft in filence of the night?
Mef. A friend. (friend?
Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
Mef. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Miftreffe will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, fhe doth ftray about
By holy croffes where fhe kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Mef. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Mafter yet rnturn'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Ieffica,*
And ceremonioufly let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Miftreffe of the houfe,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, fola: wo ha ho, fola, fola.
Loren. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you fee M. *Lorenzo,* & M. *Lorenzo,* fola,
Lor. Leaue hollowing man, heere. (fola.
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere?
Clo. Tel him ther's a Poft come from my Mafter, with his horne full of good newes, my Mafter will be here ere morning fweet foule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why fhould we goe in?
My friend *Stephen,* fignifie pray you
Within the houfe, your Miftreffe is at hand,
And bring your mufique foorth into the ayre.
How fweet the moone-light fleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we fit, and let the founds of muficke
Creepe in our eares foft ftilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of fweet harmonie:
Sit *Ieffica,* looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the fmalleft orbe which thou beholdft
But in his motion like an Angell fings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall foules,
But whilft this muddy vefture of decay
Doth grofly clofe in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With fweeteft tutches pearce your Miftreffe eare,
And draw her home with muficke.
Ieffi. I am neuer merry when I heare fweet mufique.
Play muficke.
Lor. The reafon is, your fpirits are attentiue:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet found,
Or any ayre of muficke touch their eares,
You fhall perceiue them make a mutuall ftand,
Their fauage eyes turn'd to a modeft gaze,
By the fweet power of muficke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ftones, and floods.
Since naught fo ftockifh, hard, and full of rage,
But muficke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muficke in himfelfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of fweet founds,
Is fit for treafons, ftratagems, and fpoyles,
The motions of his fpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erobus,*
Let no fuch man be trufted: marke the muficke.

Enter Portia and Nerriffa.

Por. That light we fee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So fhines a good deed in a naughty world. (dle?
Ner. When the moone fhone we did not fee the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leffe,
A fubftitute fhines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his ftate
Empties it felfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: mufique, harke. *Muficke.*
Ner. It is your muficke Madame of the houfe.
Por. Nothing is good I fee without refpect,
Methinkes it founds much fweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence beftowes that vertue on it Madam.
Por. The Crow doth fing as fweetly as the Larke

When

When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day
When euery Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſitian then the Wren?
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone ſleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Muſicke ceaſes.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia.*

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which ſpeed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meſſenger before
To ſignifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerriſſa,*
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo, Ieſſica* nor you.

A Tucket ſounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Baſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Baſſ. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is *Anthonio,*
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue ſo much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did giue me, whoſe Poeſie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; *Loue mee, and leaue mee not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poeſie or the valew:
You ſwore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould haue beene reſpectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerriſſa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
A thing ſtucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him ſweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands:
I dare be ſworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in faith *Gratiano,*
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cauſe of greefe,
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſweare I loſt the Ring defending it.

Gre. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deſeru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke ſome paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor maſter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen ſo voide is your falſe heart of truth.
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I ſee the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia,*
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthineſſe that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there ſo much vnreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modeſtie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeue,
Ile die for't, but ſome Woman had the Ring?

Baſſ. No by mine honor Madam, by my ſoule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and curteſie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much beſmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by theſe bleſſed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.
Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.
Ant. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.
Bas. *Portia,* forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe.
Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bas. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie.
Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.
Ant. Heere Lord *Bassanio,* swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio,*
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano,*
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In liew of this, last night did lye with me.
Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.
Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario,*
There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my house. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in store for you
Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Antho. I am dumbe.
Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.
Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.
Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.
Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and *Iessica*
From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starued people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these euents at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this faſhion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thouſand Crownes, and as thou ſaiſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed mee well: and there begins my ſadneſſe: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at ſchoole, and report ſpeakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me ruſtically at home, or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtaies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an Oxe? his horſes are bred better, for beſides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully giues me, the ſomething that nature gaue mee, his countenance ſeemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieues me, and the ſpirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie againſt this ſeruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Maſter, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou ſhalt heare how he will ſhake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then ſir?

Orl. Marry ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idleneſſe.

Oliuer. Marry ſir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are ſir?

Orl. O ſir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom ſir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldeſt brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you ſhould ſo know me: the courteſie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the firſt borne, but the ſame tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confeſſe your comming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What Boy.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in (this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongeſt ſonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that ſaies ſuch a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for ſaying ſo, thou haſt raild on thy ſelfe.

Adam. Sweet Maſters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I ſay.

Orl. I will not till I pleaſe: you ſhall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father growes ſtrong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by teſtament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is ſpent? Well ſir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall haue ſome part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: moſt true, I haue loſt my teeth in your ſeruice: God be with my olde maſter, he would not haue ſpoke ſuch a word. *Ex.Orl.Ad.*

Oli. Is it euen ſo, begin you to grow vpon me? I will phyſicke your ranckeneſſe, and yet giue no thouſand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis.*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wraſtler heere to ſpeake with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes acceſſe to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good Mounſier *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is baniſhed by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

Lords haue put themselues into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as liefe thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship. *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles.* Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Deere *Cellia*; I show more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster:therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good houswife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Ros. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfauouredly.

*Ros.*Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone. for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

*Clo.*No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Ros.

Rof. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that fwore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and fwore by his Honour the Muftard was naught: Now Ile ftand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Muftard was good, and yet was not the Knight forfworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Rof. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wifedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: ftroke your chinnes, and fweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you fweare by that that is not, you are not forfworn: no more was this knight fwearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had fworne it away, before euer he faw thofe Pancakes, or that Muftard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Rof. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; fpeake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one of thefe daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not fpeak wifely, what Wifemen do foolifhly.

Cel. By my troth thou faieft true: For, fince the little wit that fooles haue was filenced, the little foolerie that wife men haue makes a great fhew; Heere comes Monfieur the *Beu.*

Enter le Beau.

Rof. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he vvill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Rof. Then fhal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we fhalbe the more Marketable. *Boon-iour Monfieur le Beu,* what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princeffe,
you haue loft much good fport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How fhall I aunfwer you?

Rof. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deftinies decrees.

Cel. Well faid, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Rof. Thou loofeft thy old fmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wraftling, which you haue loft the fight of.

Rof. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wraftling.

Le Beu. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it pleafe your Ladifhips, you may fee the end, for the beft is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three fons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and prefence.

Rof. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by thefe prefents.

Le Beu. The eldeft of the three, wraftled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraftler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he feru'd the fecond, and fo the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making fuch pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas.

Clo. But what is the fport Monfieur, that the Ladies haue loft?

Le Beu. Why this that I fpeake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wifer euery day. It is the firft time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was fport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promife thee.

Rof. But is there any elfe longs to fee this broken Muficke in his fides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we fee this wraftling Cofin?

Le Beu. You muft if you ftay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wraftling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder fure they are comming. Let vs now ftay and fee it.

Flourifh. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, fince the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardneffe.

Rof. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks fucceffefully

Du. How now daughter, and Coufin:
Are you crept hither to fee the wraftling?

Rof. I my Liege, fo pleafe you giue vs leaue.

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is fuch oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine diffwade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, fee if you can mooue him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monfieuer *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do fo: Ile not be by.

Le Beu. Monfieur the Challenger, the Princeffe cals for you.

Orl. I attend them with all refpect and dutie.

Rof. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraftler?

Orl. No faire Princeffe: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the ftrength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your fpirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue feene cruell proofe of this mans ftrength, if you faw your felfe with your eies, or knew your felfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counfel you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you for your owne fake to embrace your own fafetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Rof. Do yong Sir, your reputation fhall not therefore be mifprifed: we wil make it our fuite to the Duke, that the wraftling might not go forward.

Orl. I befeech you, punifh mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confeffe me much guiltie to denie fo faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wifhes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one fham'd that vvas neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I fhall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better fupplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Rof. The little ftrength that I haue, I would it vvere with you.

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.

Rof. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts defires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is fo defirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modeft working.

Duk. You fhall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you fhall not entreat him to a fecond, that haue fo mightilie perfwaded him from a firft.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you fhould not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Rof. Now Hercules, be thy fpeede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuifible, to catch the ftrong fellow by the legge. *Wraftle.*

Rof. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who fhould downe. *Shout.*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I befeech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'ft thou *Charles?*

Le Beu. He cannot fpeake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:
What is thy name yong man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the yongeft fonne of Sir *Roland de Boys.*

Duk. I would thou hadft beene fon to fome man elfe,
The world efteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him ftill mine enemie:
Thou fhould'ft haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadft thou defcended from another houfe:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'ft told me of another Father.
Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* fonne,
His yongeft fonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke.*

Rof. My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his foule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his fonne,
I fhould haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he fhould thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cofen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and enuious difpofition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deferu'd,
If you doe keepe your promifes in loue;
But iuftly as you haue exceeded all promife,
Your Miftris fhall be happie.

Rof. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of fuites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not fay, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here ftands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liueleffe blocke.

Rof. He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wraftled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Rof. Haue with you: fare you well. *Exit.*

Orl. What paffion hangs thefe waights vpō my toong?
I cannot fpeake to her, yet fhe vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or fomething weaker mafters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendfhip counfaile you
Te leaue this place; Albeit you haue deferu'd
High commendation, true applaufe, and loue;
Yet fuch is now the Dukes condition,
That he mifconfters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More fuites you to conceiue, then I to fpeake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraftling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banifh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vfurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whofe loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sifters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane difpleafure 'gainft his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praife her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers fake;
And on my life his malice 'gainft the Lady
Will fodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I fhall defire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reft much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus muft I from the fmoake into the fmother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly *Rofaline.* *Exit*

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rofaline.

Cel. Why Cofen, why *Rofaline*: *Cupid* haue mercie,
Not a word?

Rof. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caft away vpon curs, throw fome of them at me; come lame mee with reafons.

Rof. Then there were two Cofens laid vp, when the one fhould be lam'd with reafons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Rof. No, fome of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cofen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Rof. I could fhake them off my coate, thefe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Rof. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wraftle with thy affections.

Rof. O they take the part of a better wraftler then my felfe.

Cel. O, a good wifh vpon you: you will trie in time

in

in difpight of a fall: but turning thefe iefts out of feruice, let vs talke in good earneft: Is it poffible on fuch a fodaine, you fhould fall into fo ftrong a liking with old Sir *Roulands* yongeft fonne?

Rof. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore enfue that you fhould loue his Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chafe, I fhould hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Rof. No faith, hate him not for my fake.

Cel. Why fhould I not? doth he not deferue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Rof. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Becaufe I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Miftris, difpatch you with your fafeft hafte,
And get you from our Court.

Rof. Me Vncle.

Duk. You Cofen,
Within thefe ten daies if that thou beeft found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou dieft for it.

Rof. I doe befeech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my felfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne defires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe truft I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer fo much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highneffe.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did confift in words,
They are as innocent as grace it felfe;
Let it fuffice thee that I truft thee not.

Rof. Yet your miftruft cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Rof. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highneffe banifht him;
Treafon is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, miftake me not fo much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me fpeake.

Duk. I *Celia*, we ftaid her for your fake,
Elfe had fhe with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her ftay,
It was your pleafure, and your owne remorfe,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if fhe be a Traitor,
Why fo am I: we ftill haue flept together,
Rofe at an inftant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wherefoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and infeperable.

Duk. She is too fubtile for thee, and her fmoothnes;
Her verie filence, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, fhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt fhow more bright, & feem more vertuous
When fhe is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue paft vpon her, fhe is banifh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that fentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your felfe,
If you out-ftay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatneffe of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore *Rofaline*, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Rof. I haue more caufe.

Cel. Thou haft not Cofen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'ft thou not the Duke
Hath banifh'd me his daughter?

Rof. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Rofaline* lacks then the loue
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be fundred? fhall we part fweete girle?
No, let my Father feeke another heire:
Therefore deuife with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not feeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your felfe, and leaue me out:
For by this heauen, now at our forrowes pale;
Say what thou canft, Ile goe along with thee.

Rof. Why, whether fhall we goe?

Cel. To feeke my Vncle in the Forreft of *Arden*.

Rof. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth fo farre?
Beautie prouoketh theeues fooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my felfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vmber fmirch my face,
The like doe you, fo fhall we paffe along,
And neuer ftir affailants.

Rof. Were it not better,
Becaufe that I am more then common tall,
That I did fuite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
A bore-fpeare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele haue a fwafhing and a marfhall outfide,
As manie other mannifh cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their femblances.

Cel. What fhall I call thee when thou art a man?

Rof. Ile haue no worfe a name then *Ioues* owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.
But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ftate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Rof. But Cofen, what if we affaid to fteale
The clownifh Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our Iewels and our wealth together,
Deuife the fitteft time, and fafeft way
To hide vs from purfuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banifhment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forrefters.

Duk.Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old cuftome made this life more fweete
Then

Then that of painted pompe? Are not theſe woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The ſeaſons difference, as the Icie phange
And churliſh chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I ſhrinke with cold, I ſmile, and ſay
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vſes of aduerſitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in euery thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſſe of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

Du.Sen. Come, ſhall we goe and kill vs veniſon?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being natiue Burgers of this deſert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard.

1.*Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde ſweares you doe more vſurpe
Then doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelfe,
Did ſteale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whoſe anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore ſequeſtred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heau'd forth ſuch groanes
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leatherne coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent noſe
In pitteous chaſe: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du.Sen. But what ſaid *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1.*Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping into the needleſſe ſtreame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy ſum of more
To that which had too muſt: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miſerie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a careleſſe Heard
Full of the paſture, iumps along by him
And neuer ſtaies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iuſt the faſhion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, ſwearing that we
Are meere vſurpers, tyrants, and whats worſe
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
In their aſſign'd and natiue dwelling place.

D.Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

2.*Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the ſobbing Deere.

Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1.*Lor.* Ile bring you to him ſtrait. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be, ſome villaines of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1.*Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did ſee her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreaſur'd of their Miſtris.

2.*Lor.* My Lord, the royniſh Clown, at whom ſo oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is alſo miſſing,
Hiſperia the Princeſſe Centlewoman
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Coſen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraſtler
That did but lately foile the ſynowie *Charles*,
And ſhe beleeues where euer they are gone
That youth is ſurely in their companie.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abſent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this ſodainly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quaile,
To bring againe theſe fooliſh runawaies. *Exunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Maſter, oh my gentle maſter,
Oh my ſweet maſter, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to ouercome
The bonnie priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not Maſter, to ſeeme kinde of men,
Their graces ſerue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Maſter
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappie youth,
Come not within theſe doores: within this roofe
The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the ſonne
(Yet not the ſon, I will not call him ſon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vſe to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He

He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.
Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'st thou haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theeuish liuing on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not so: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I saued vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessities.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some setled low content.
Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias *Touchstone.*

Ros. O *Iupiter,* how merry are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.

Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden.*

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden,* the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

Ros. I, be so good *Touchstone:* Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still.
Sil. Oh *Corin,* that thou knew'st how I do loue her.
Cor. I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now.
Sil. No *Corin,* being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer
As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?
Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lou'd.
Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
Thou hast not lou'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lou'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.* *Exit.*

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would, I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Iane Smile,* and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Louers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it.

Ros. *Ioue, Ioue,* this Shepherds passion,
Is much vpon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.
Ros. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who cals?
Clo. Your betters Sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace

Rof. Peace I fay; good euen to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Rof. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this defert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may reft our felues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppreffed,
And faints for fuccour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wifh for her fake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releeue her:
But I am fhepheard to another man,
And do not fheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My mafter is of churlifh difpofition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hofpitalitie.
Befides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on fale, and at our fheep-coat now
By reafon of his abfence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come fee,
And in my voice moft welcome fhall you be.
Rof. What is he that fhall buy his flocke and pafture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you faw heere but ere-while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Rof. I pray thee, if it ftand with honeftie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pafture, and the flocke,
And thou fhalt haue to pay for it of vs.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Wafte my time in it.
Cor. Affuredly the thing is to be fold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The foile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right fodainly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.
Song.
Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the fweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere fhall he fee no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I pre'thee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholly Monfieur *Iaques*
Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can fucke melancholly out of a fong,
As a Weazel fuckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.
Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot pleafe you.
Iaq. I do not defire you to pleafe me,
I do defire you to fing:
Come, more, another ftanzo: Cal you'em ftanzo's?
Amy. What you wil Monfieur *Iaques.*
Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Wil you fing?
Amy. More at your requeft, then to pleafe my felfe.
Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come fing; and you that wil not hold your tongues.
Amy. Wel, Ile end the fong. Sirs, couer the while, the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you.
Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
He is too difputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boaft of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.
Who doth ambition fhunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere fhall he fee. &c.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verfe to this note,
That I made yefterday in defpight of my Inuention.
Amy. And Ile fing it.
Amy. Thus it goes.
If it do come to paffe, that any man turne Affe:
Leauing his wealth and eafe,
A ftubborne will to pleafe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere fhall he fee, groffe fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.
Amy. What's that Ducdame?
Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go fleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile againft all the firft borne of Egypt.
Amy. And Ile go feeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Mafter, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And meafure out my graue. Farwel kinde mafter.
Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy felfe a little.
If this vncouth Forreft yeeld any thing fauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my fake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee prefently,
And if I bring thee not fomething to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieft
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel faid, thou look'ft cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou lieft
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To fome fhelter, and thou fhalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Defert.
Cheerely good *Adam.* *Exeunt*

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen.& Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1.*Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musicall,
We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Iaques.

1.*Lord.* He saues my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du.Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braiue,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With obseruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du.Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely suite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wise. I must haue liberty
Wiithall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.
Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
And all th'imbossed sores, and headed euils,
That thou with licenfe of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I say the City woman beares
The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclaim'd of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.

Iaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Iaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you haue?
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer beene where bels haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer sate at any good mans feast:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

R Duke

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue feene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And fat at good mens feafts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that facred pity hath engendred:
And therefore fit you downe in gentleneffe,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be miniftred.

Orl. Then but forbeare your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary fteppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be firft fuffic'd,
Oppreft with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out.
And we will nothing wafte till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be bleft for your good comfort.

Du Sen. Thou feeft, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuerfall Theater
Prefents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a ftage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being feuen ages. At firft the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And fhining morning face, creeping like fnaile
Vnwillingly to fchoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Miftreffe eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of ftrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, fodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iuftice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes feuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wife fawes, and moderne inftances,
And fo he playes his part. The fixt age fhifts
Into the leane and flipper'd Pantaloone,
With fpectacles on nofe, and pouch on fide,
His youthfull hofe well fau'd, a world too wide,
For his fhrunke fhanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childifh trebble pipes,
And whiftles in his found. Laft Scene of all,
That ends this ftrange euentfull hiftorie,
Is fecond childifhneffe, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans tafte, fans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: fet downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you moft for him.

Ad. So had you neede,
I fcarce can fpeake to thanke you for my felfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to queftion you about your fortunes:
Giue vs fome Muficke, and good Cozen, fing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not fo vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not fo keene, becaufe thou art not feene,
although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, fing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Moft frendfhip, is fayning; moft Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is moft iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that doft not bight fo nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy fting is not fo fharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, fing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* fon,
As you haue whifper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneffe,
Moft truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the refidue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy mafters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderftand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

Du. Not fee him fince? Sir, fir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I fhould not feeke an abfent argument
Of my reuenge, thou prefent: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wherefoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To feeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou doft call thine,
Worth feizure, do we feize into our hands,
Till thou canft quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke againft thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highneffe knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well pufh him out of dores
And let my officers of fuch a nature
Make an extent vpon his houfe and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verfe, in witneffe of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night furuey
With thy chafte eye, from thy pale fpheare aboue
Thy Huntreffe name, that my full life doth fway.
O *Rofalind*, thefe Trees fhall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forreft lookes,
Shall fee thy vertue witneft euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chafte, and vnexpreffiue fhee. *Exit*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this fhepherds life Mr *Touchftone*?

Clo.

Clow. Truely Shepheard, in refpect of it felfe, it is a good life; but in refpect that it is a fhepheards life, it is naught. In refpect that it is folitary, I like it verie well: but in refpect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now in refpect it is in the fields, it pleafeth mee well: but in refpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a fpare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much againft my ftomacke. Has't any Philofophie in thee fhepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one fickens, the worfe at eafe he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That pood pafture makes fat fheepe: and that a great caufe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philofopher: Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roafted Egge, all on one fide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reafon.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer faw'ft good manners: if thou neuer faw'ft good maners, then thy manners muft be wicked, and wickednes is fin, and finne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ftate fhepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchftone*, thofe that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauiour of the Countrie is moft mockeable at the Court. You told me, you falute not at the Court, but you kiffe your hands; that courtefie would be vncleanlie if Courtiers were fhepheards.

Clo. Inftance, briefly: come, inftance.

Cor. Why we are ftill handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greafie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands fweate? and is not the greafe of a Mutton, as wholefome as the fweat of a man? Shallow, fhallow: A better inftance I fay: Come.

Cor. Befides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the fooner. Shallow agen: a more founder inftance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer with the furgery of our fheepe: and would you haue vs kiffe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clo. Moft fhallow man: Thou wormes meate in refpect of a good peece of flefh indeed: learne of the wife and perpend: Ciuet is of a bafer birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the inftance Shepheard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reft.

Clo. Wilt thou reft damn'd? God helpe thee fhallow man: God make incifion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happineffe: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greateft of my pride, is to fee my Ewes graze, & my Lambes fucke.

Clo. That is another fimple finne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a fhee-Lambe of a tweluemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reafonable match. If thou bee'ft not damn'd for this, the diuell himfelfe will haue no fhepherds, I cannot fee elfe how thou fhouldft fcape.

Cor. Heere comes yong M^r *Ganimed*, my new Miftriffes Brother.

Enter Rofalind.

Rof. From the eaft to wefterne Inde,
no iewel is like Rofalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Rofalinde.
All the pictures faireft Linde,
are but blacke to Rofalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Rofalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you fo, eight yeares together; dinners, and fuppers, and fleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Rof. Out Foole.

Clo. For a tafte.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him feeke out Rofalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
fo be fure will Rofalinde:
Wintred garments muft be linde,
fo muft flender Rofalinde:
They that reap muft fheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rofalinde.
Sweeteft nut, hath fowreft rinde,
fuch a nut is Rofalinde.
He that fweeteft rofe will finde,
muft finde Loues pricke, & Rofalinde.

This is the verie falfe gallop of Verfes, why doe you infect your felfe with them?

Rof. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Rof. Ile graffe it with you, and then I fhall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earlieft fruit i'th country: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue faid: but whether wifely or no, let the Forreft iudge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Rof. Peace, here comes my fifter reading, ftand afide.

Cel. Why fhould this Defert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that fhall ciuill fayings fhoe.
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ftretching of a fpan,
buckles in his fumme of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the foules of friend, and friend:
But vpon the faireft bowes,
or at euerie fentence end;
Will I Rofalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quinteffence of euerie fprite,
heauen would in little fhow.
Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one bodie fhould be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature prefently diftill'd

Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's *Maieſtie*:
Attalanta's *better part,*
ſad Lucrecia's *Modeſtie.*
Thus Roſalinde *of manie parts,*
by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches deereſt pris'd.
Heauen would that ſhee theſe gifts ſhould haue,
and I to liue and die her ſlaue.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your pariſhioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him ſirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreit, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didſt thou heare theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for ſome of them had in them more feete then the Verſes would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare yͤ verſes.

Roſ. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themſelues without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou heare without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carued vpon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer ſo berim d ſince *Pythagoras* time that I was an Iriſh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Roſ. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pre'thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and moſt wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Roſ. Good my complection, doſt thou think though I am capariſon'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a South-ſea of diſcouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickely, and ſpeake apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraſtlers heeles, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: ſpeake ſadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Roſ. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet & hoſe? What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when ſhalt thou ſee him againe? Anſwer me in one vvord.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Gargantuas mouth firſt: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages ſize, to ſay I and no, to theſe particulars, is more then to anſwer in a Catechiſme.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Forreſt, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freſhly, as he did the day he Wraſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count Atomies as to reſolue the propoſitions of a Louer: but take a taſte of my finding him, and relliſh it with good obſeruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Roſ. It may vvell be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee ſtretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pittie to ſee ſuch a ſight, it vvell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a Hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I muſt ſpeake: ſweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſlinke by, and note him.

Iaq I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as liefe haue beene my ſelfe alone.

Orl. And ſo had I: but yet for faſhion ſake I thanke you too, for your ſocietie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-ſongs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verſes with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. Roſalinde is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iuſt.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Iaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Iuſt as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of prety anſwers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldſmiths wiues, & cond thē out of rings

Orl. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue ſtudied your queſtions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you ſitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile againſt our Miſtris the world, and all our miſerie.

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my ſelfe againſt

againft whom I know moft faults.

Iaq. The worft fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your beft vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was feeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you fhall fee him.

Iaq. There I fhal fee mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good fignior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monfieur Melancholly.

Rof. I wil fpeake to him like a fawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear Forrefter.

Orl. Verie wel, what would you?

Rof. I pray you, what i'ft a clocke?

Orl. You fhould aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forreft.

Rof. Then there is no true Louer in the Forreft, elfe fighing euerie minute and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the fwift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Rof. By no meanes fir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers perfons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he ftands ftil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Rof. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is folemnizd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is fo hard, that it feemes the length of feuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Rof. With a Prieft that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one fleepes eafily becaufe he cannot ftudy, and the other liues merrily, becaufe he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wafteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. Thefe Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rof. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as foftly as foot can fall, he thinkes himfelfe too foon there.

Orl. Who ftaies it ftil withal?

Rof. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they fleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Rof. With this Shepheardeffe my fifter: heere in the skirts of the Forreft, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natiue of this place?

Rof. As the Conie that you fee dwell where fhee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is fomething finer, then you could purchafe in fo remoued a dwelling.

Rof. I haue bin told fo of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to fpeake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtfhip too well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors againft it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with fo many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole fex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Rof. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault feeming monftrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount fome of them.

Rof. No: I wil not caft away my phyfick, but on thofe that are ficke. There is a man haunts the Forreft, that abufes our yong plants with caruing *Rofalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forfooth) defying the name of *Rofalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him fome good counfel, for he feemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is fo Loue-fhak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Rof. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rufhes, I am fure you art not prifoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Rof. A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie and funken, which you haue not: an vnqueftionable fpirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for fimply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your hofe fhould be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your fleeue vnbutton'd, your fhoo vnti'de, and euerie thing about you, demonftrating a careleffe defolation: but you are no fuch man; you are rather point deuice in your accoutrements, as louing your felfe, then feeming the Louer of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeue I Loue.

Rof. Me beleeue it? You may affoone make her that you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant fhe is apter to do, then to confeffe fhe do's: that is one of the points, in the which women ftil giue the lie to their confciences. But in good footh, are you he that hangs the verfes on the Trees, wherein *Rofalind* is fo admired?

Orl. I fweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rofalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ros. But are you fo much in loue, as your rimes fpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reafon can expreffe how much.

Rof: Loue is meerely a madneffe, and I tel you, deferues as wel a darke houfe, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reafon why they are not fo punifh'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is fo ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I profeffe curing it by counfel.

Orl. Did you euer cure any fo?

Rof. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Miftris: and I fet him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonifh youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaftical, apifh, fhallow, inconftant, ful of teares, full of fmiles; for euerie paffion fomething, and for no paffion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the moft part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forfwear him: now weepe for him, then fpit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, ẅ was to forfweare the ful ftream of ẙ world, and to liue in a nooke meerly Monaftick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wafh your Liuer as cleane as a found fheepes heart, that there fhal not be one fpot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Rof. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rofalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me where it is.

Rof. Go with me to it, and Ile fhew it you: and by the way, you fhal tell me, where in the Forreft you liue: Wil you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, you muft call mee *Rafalind*: Come fifter, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques:

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my fimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the moft capricious Poet honeft *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worfe then Ioue in a thatch'd houfe.

Clo. When a mans verfes cannot be vnderftood, nor a mans good wit feconded with the forward childe, vnderftanding: it ftrikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honeft in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the trueft poetrie is the moft faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they fweare in Poetrie, may be faid as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wifh then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clow. I do truly: for thou fwear'ft to me thou art honeft: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue fome hope thou didft feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honeft?

Clo. No truly, vnleffe thou wert hard fauour'd: for honeftie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a fawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeft.

Clo. Truly, and to caft away honeftie vppon a foule flut, were to put good meate into an vncleane difh.

Aud. I am not a flut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, praifed be the Gods, for thy foulneffe; fluttifhneffe may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forreft, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine fee this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, ftagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no affembly but horne-beafts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neceffarie. It is faid, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen fo poore men alone: No, no, the nobleft Deere hath them as huge as the Rafcall: Is the fingle man therefore bleffed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, fo is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by fo much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you difpatch vs heere vnder this tree, or fhal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly fhe muft be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good M^r what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your laft companie, I am verie glad to fee you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow fir, the horfe his curb, and the Falcon her bels, fo man hath his defires, and as Pigeons bill, fo wedlocke would be nibling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bufh like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Prieft that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainfcot, then one of you wil proue a fhrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excufe for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counfel thee.

Ol. Come fweete *Audrey*,
We muft be married, or we muft liue in baudrey:
Farewel good M^r *Oliuer*: Not O fweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I fay, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantaftical knaue of them all fhal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Rofalind & Celia.

Rof. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to confider, that teares do not become a man.

Rof. But haue I not caufe to weepe?

Cel. As good caufe as one would defire,
Therefore weepe.

Rof. His very haire
Is of the diffembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudaffes:
Marrie his kiffes are Iudaffes owne children.

Rof. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Cheffenut was euer the onely colour:

Rof. And his kiffing is as ful of fanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of caſt lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſlie, the very yce of chaſtity is in them.

Roſa. But why did hee ſweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Doe you thinke ſo?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purſe, not a horſe-ſtealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Roſ. You haue heard him ſweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: beſides, the oath of Louer is no ſtronger then the word of a Tapſter, they are both the confirmer of falſe reckonings, he attends here in the for-reſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much que-ſtion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, ſo he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verſes, ſpeakes braue words, ſweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo-uer, as a puiſny Tilter, yͭ ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breakes his ſtaffe like a noble gooſe; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Miſtreſſe and Maſter, you haue oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turph,
Praiſing the proud diſdainfull Shepherdeſſe
That was his Miſtreſſe.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of ſcorne and prowd diſdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Roſ. O come, let vs remoue,
The ſight of Louers feedeth thoſe in loue:
Bring vs to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
Ile proue a buſie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not ſcorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you loue me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſſe; the common executioner
Whoſe heart th'accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:
Thou tellſt me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailſt, and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers:
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some ſcarre of it: Leane vpon a ruſh
The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palme ſome moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am ſure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,
If euer (as that euer may be neere)
You meet in ſome freſh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then ſhall you know the wouuds inuiſible
That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I ſhall not pitty thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you inſult, exult, and all at once
Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty
As by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Muſt you be therefore prowd and pittileſſe?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I ſee no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures ſale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke ſhe meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Miſtreſſe, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke ſilke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip:
You fooliſh Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Then ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children:
'Tis not her glaſſe, but you that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can ſhow her:
But Miſtris, know your ſelfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, faſting, for a good mans loue;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is moſt foule, being foule to be a ſcoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulneſſe, & ſhee'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt
As ſhe anſweres thee with frowning lookes, ile ſauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you ſo vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falſer then vowes made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: if you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tufft of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Siſter? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.
Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*

Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Siluius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pitty me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Siluius.*

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were couetousnesse:
Siluius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon.

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-(while?

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Siluius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I maruell why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Siluius*?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it strait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me *Siluius.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery moderne censure, worse then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind.*

Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Trauellor: looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind,* I come within an houre of my promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind.*

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better ioyncture I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: wc such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Rof. And am I your *Rosalind.*

Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, wooe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind*?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

Rof. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Rof. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite:
Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rof. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Rof. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause: *Troilous* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chroniclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me *Rosalind.*

Rof. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Rof. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Rof. You must begin, will you *Orlando.*

Cel. Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orl. I will.

Rof. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

Rof. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Rof. I might aske you for your Commission,
But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainely a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me how long you would haue her, after you haue possest her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.

Rof. Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiues: I will bee more iealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Rof. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiser the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wil't?

Rof. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?

Rosa. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue: ô that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

Rof. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Rof. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind.*

Rof. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow louer, and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*: so adieu.

Rof. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate:

prate: we muſt haue your doublet and hoſe pluckt ouer your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neaſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee ſounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomleſſe, that as faſt as you poure affection in, in runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of ſpleene, and borne of madneſſe, that blinde raſcally boy, that abuſes euery ones eyes, becauſe his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile ſleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forreſters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to ſet the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no ſong Forreſter for this purpoſe?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, ſo it make noyſe enough.

Muſicke, Song.

What ſhall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall beare this burthen;
Take thou no ſcorne to weare the horne,
It was a creſt ere thou waſt borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the luſty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorne. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two a clock? And heere much *Orlando.*

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Siluius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To ſleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I gueſſe
By the ſterne brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did vſe, as ſhe was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſſe meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelfe would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee ſaies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leatherne hand,
A freeſtone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huſwiues hand, but that's no matter:
I ſay ſhe neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, tis a boyſterous anda cruell ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers: why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turke to Chriſtian: vvomens gentle braine
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Roſ. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.
Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd.
Can a vvoman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*
War'ſt thou with a womans heart?
Did you euer heare ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt.
If the ſcorne of your bright eine
Haue power to raiſe ſuch loue in mine,
Alacke, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they worke in milde aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did loue,
How then might your praiers moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by him ſeale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or elſe by him my loue denie,
And then Ile ſtudie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Roſ. Doe you pitty him? No, he deſerues no pitty: wilt thou loue ſuch a woman? what to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtraines vpon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I ſee Loue hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her; That if ſhe loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if ſhe will not, I will neuer haue her, vnleſſe thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit.Sil.*

Enter Oliuer.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know)
Where in the Purlews of this Forreſt, ſtands

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe vvhat befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke vvhat obiect did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were mos'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but sodainly
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
This seene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall.

Ros. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:
Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William.*

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William?*

Will. William, ſir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forreſt heere?

Will. I ſir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good anſwer:
Art rich?

Will. 'Faith ſir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but ſo, ſo:
Art thou wiſe?

Will. I ſir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſaiſt well. I do now remember a ſaying: The Foole doth thinke he is wiſe, but the wiſeman knowes himſelfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do ſir.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No ſir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glaſſe, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is hee: now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he ſir?

Clo. He ſir, that muſt marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the ſocietie: which in the booriſh, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the ſociety of this Female, or Clowne thou periſheſt: or to thy better vnderſtanding, dyeſt; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William.*

Will. God reſt you merry ſir. *Exit*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Maſter and Miſtreſſe ſeekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,
I attend. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould loue her? And louing woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould graunt? And will you perſeuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddineſſe of it in queſtion; the pouertie of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſodaine wooing, nor ſodaine conſenting: but ſay with mee, I loue *Aliena*: ſay with her, that ſhe loues mee; conſent with both, that we may enioy each other: it ſhall be to your good: for my fathers houſe, and all the reuennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I eſtate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orl. You haue my conſent.
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,
Heere comes my *Roſalinde.*

Roſ. God ſaue you brother.

Ol. And you faire ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to ſee thee weare thy heart in a ſcarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to ſound, when he ſhew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing ſo ſodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Ceſars* Thraſonicall bragge of I came, ſaw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my ſiſter, no ſooner met, but they look'd: no ſooner look'd, but they lou'd; no ſooner lou'd, but they ſigh'd: no ſooner ſigh'd but they ask'd one another the reaſon: no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedie: and in theſe degrees, haue they made a paire of ſtaires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or elſe bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They ſhall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies: by ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauineſſe. by how much I ſhal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then to morrow, I cannot ſerue your turne for *Roſalind?*

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I ſpeake to ſome purpoſe) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeake not this, that you ſhould beare a good opinion of my knowledge: inſomuch (I ſay) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater eſteeme then may in ſome little meaſure draw a beleefe from you, to do your ſelfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I haue ſince I was three yeare old conuerſt with a Magitian, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Roſalinde* ſo neere the hart, as your geſture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, ſhall you marrie her. I know into what ſtraights of Fortune ſhe is driuen, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to

to ſet her before your eyes to morrow, humane as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I ſay I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your beſt aray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall: and to *Roſalind* if you will.

Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentleneſſe,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I haue: it is my ſtudie
To ſeeme deſpightfull and vngentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful ſhepheard,
Looke vpon him, loue him: he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of ſighes and teares,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Orl. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſeruice,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Orl. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, dutie, and obſeruance,
All humbleneſſe, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all obſeruance:
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed.*

Orl. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Roſ. Why do you ſpeake too, Why blame you mee to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Iriſh Wolues againſt the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will ſatisfie you, if euer I ſatisfi'd man, and you ſhall bee married to morrow. I wil content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhal be married to morrow: As you loue *Roſalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: ſo fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of ẏ world? Heere come two of the baniſh'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1.*Pa.* Wel met honeſt Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2.*Pa.* We are for you, ſit i'th middle.

1.*Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2.*Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipſies on a horſe.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his laſſe,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did paſſe,
In the ſpring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the ſpring,
And therefore take the preſent time.
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime.
In ſpring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
Theſe prettie Country folks would lie.
In ſpring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet ẏ note was very vntunable

1.*Pa.* you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time loſt to heare ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celia.

Du.Sen. Doſt thou beleeue *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orl. I ſometimes do beleeue, and ſomtimes do not,
As thoſe that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Roſalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our cōpact is vrg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalinde*,
You wil beſtow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du.Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Roſ. And you ſay you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Roſ. You ſay, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the houre after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marrie me,
You'l giue your ſelfe to this moſt faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Roſ. You ſay that you'l haue *Phebe* if ſhe will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

Rof. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter:
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,
Or elfe refufing me to wed this fhepheard:
Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her
If fhe refufe me, and from hence I go
To make thefe doubts all euen. *Exit Rof. and Celia.*

Du.Sen. I do remember in this fhepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the firft time that I euer faw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughrer:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forreft borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many defperate ftudies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obfcured in the circle of this Forreft.

Iaq. There is fure another flood toward, and thefe couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie ftrange beafts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue fo often met in the Forreft: he hath bin a Courtier he fweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I haue trod a meafure, I haue flattred a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, fmooth with mine enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the feuenth caufe.

Iaq. How feuenth caufe? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du.Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you fir, I defire you of the like: I preffe in heere fir, amongft the reft of the Country copulatiues to fweare, and to forfweare, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin fir, an il-fauor'd thing fir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine fir, to take that that no man elfe will: rich honeftie dwels like a mifer fir, in a poore houfe, as your Pearle in your foule oyfter.

Du.Se. By my faith, he is very fwift, and fententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt fir, and fuch dulcet difeafes.

Iaq. But for the feuenth caufe. How did you finde the quarrell on the feuenth caufe?

Clo. Vpon a lye, feuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more feeming *Audry*) as thus fir: I did diflike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he fent me word, if I faid his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I fent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold fend me word he cut it to pleafe himfelfe: this is call'd the quip modeft. If againe, it was not well cut, he difabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlifh. If againe it was not well cut, he would anfwer I fpake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold fay, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelfome: and fo ro lye circumftantiall, and the lye direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you fay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durft go no further then the lye circumftantial: nor he durft not giue me the lye direct: and fo wee meafur'd fwords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O fir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The firft, the Retort courteous: the fecond, the Quip-modeft: the third, the reply Churlifh: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarrelfome: the fixt, the Lye with circumftance: the feauenth, the Lye direct: all thefe you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when feuen Iuftices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties where met themfelues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you faide fo, then I faide fo: and they fhooke hands, and fwore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du.Se. He vfes his folly like a ftalking-horfe, and vnder the prefentation of that he fhoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rofalind, and Celia.
Still Muficke.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heauen,*
When earthly things made eauen
attone together.
Good Duke receiue thy daughter,
Hymen from Heauen brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightft ioyne his hand with his,
Whofe heart within his bofome is.

Rof. To you I giue my felfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my felfe, for I am yours.

Du.Se. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my *Rofalind*.

Phe. If fight & fhape be true, why then my loue adieu

Rof. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not fhee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confufion,
'Tis I muft make conclufion
Of thefe moft ftrange euents:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no croffe fhall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue muft accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are fure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we fing,
Feede your felues with queftioning:
That reafon, wonder may diminifh
How thus we met, and thefe things finifh.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O bleffed bond of boord and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Du.Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no leffe degree.

Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.*Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the fecond fonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring thefe tidings to this faire affembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth reforted to this forreft,
Addreft a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purpofely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the fword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After fome queftion with him, was conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banifh'd Brother,
And all their Lands reftor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'ft fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it felfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
Firft, in this Forreft, let vs do thofe ends
That heere vvere well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd fhrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal fharc the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meafure of their ftates.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rufticke Reuelrie:
Play Muficke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With meafure heap'd in ioy, to'th Meafures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2.*Bro.* He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of thefe conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deferues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deferued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleafures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du. Se. Stay, *Iaques*, ftay.

Iaq. To fee no paftime, I: what you would haue,
Ile ftay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin thefe rights,
As we do truft, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*

Rof. It is not the fafhion to fee the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandfome, then to fee the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bufh, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vfe good bufhes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a cafe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot infinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnifh'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as pleafe you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your fimpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may pleafe. If I were a Woman, I would kiffe as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am fure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or fweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'fie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.

I Le pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world slide: Sessa.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S.*Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falles asleepe.*

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imbost,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntf. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meerest losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Huntf. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2.Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1.Hun. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.

*2.H.*It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor wil command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
It wil be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

1.Huntf. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2.Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

Lord. Withall my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I haue forgot your name: but sure that part

Was

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modeſties,
Leaſt (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into ſome merrie paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our ſelues,
Were he the verieſt anticke in the world.

Lord. Go ſirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himſelfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſeru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With ſoft lowe tongue, and lowly curteſie,
And ſay: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeuen yeares hath eſteemed him
No better then a poore and loathſome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a ſhower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a Napkin (being cloſe conuei'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a waterie eie:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon Ile giue thee more inſtructions.

Exit a ſeruingman.

I know the boy will wel vſurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelues from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant,
Ile in to counſell them: haply my preſence
May well abate the ouer-merrie ſpleene,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, ſome with apparel, Baſon and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall Ale.

1.*Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Lord drink a cup of ſacke?

2.*Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Honor taſte of theſe Conſerues?

3.*Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordſhip: I ne're drank ſacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conſerues, giue me conſerues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes: no more ſtockings then legges: nor no more ſhooes then feet, nay ſometime more feete then ſhooes, or ſuch ſhooes as my toes looke through the ouer-leather.

Lord. Heauen ceaſe this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of ſuch diſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteeme
Should be infuſed with ſo foule a ſpirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtopher Slie*, old Sies ſonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by tranſmutation a Beare-heard, and now by preſent profeſſion a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if ſhee know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not xiiii.d. on the ſcore for ſheere Ale, ſcore me vp for the lyingſt knaue in Chriſten dome. What I am not beſtraught: here's———

3.*Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

2 *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your ſeruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhuns your (houſe
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy ſeruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Muſicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Muſick*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horſes ſhal be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as (ſwift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.

2 *M.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3.*Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhal ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauours, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Chriſtopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our ſight,
And once againe a pot o'th ſmalleſt Ale.

2.*Man.* Wilt pleaſe your mightineſſe to waſh your hands:
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Beg. Theſe fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer ſpeake of all that time.

1.*Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leete,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-Iugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the houſe.

3.*man.*Why ſir you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid
Nor no ſuch men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer ſaw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou ſhalt not looſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good-man.

*La.*My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they ſay that I haue dream'd,
And ſlept aboue ſome fifteene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time ſeeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, ſeruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndreſſe you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not ſo, vntill the Sun be ſet.
For your Phyſitians haue expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Beg. I, it ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long: But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I wil therefore tarrie in deſpight of the fleſh & the blood

Enter a Meſſenger.

*Meſ.*Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedie,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comontie, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.

Beg. What, houſhold ſtuffe.

Lady. It is a kinde of hiſtory.

Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:
Come Madam wife ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, we ſhall nere be yonger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. *Tranio*, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee faire *Padua*, nurſerie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My truſtie ſeruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolij*,
Vincentio's ſonne, brough vp in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudie,
Vertue and that part of Philoſophie
Will I applie, that treats of happineſſe,
By vertue ſpecially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with ſacietie ſeekes to quench his thirſt.

Tra. *Me Pardonato*, gentle maſter mine:
I am in all affected as your ſelfe,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolue,
To ſucke the ſweets of ſweete Philoſophie.
Onely (good maſter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no ſtockes I pray,
Or ſo deuote to *Ariſtotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-caſt quite abiur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you haue,
And practiſe Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muſicke and Poeſie vſe, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphyſickes
Fall to them as you finde your ſtomacke ſerues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleaſure tane:
In briefe ſir, ſtudie what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou aduiſe,
If *Biondello* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put vs in readineſſe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptiſta with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio ſiſter to Bianca. Lucen. Tranio, ſtand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolu d you know:
That is, not to beſtow my yongeſt daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Becauſe

Becaufe I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue fhall you haue to court her at your pleafure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortenfio*, will you any Wife?

Kate. I pray you fir, is it your will
To make a ftale of me amongft thefe mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnleffe you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. I'faith fir, you fhall neuer neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care fhould be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd ftoole,
And paint your face, and vfe you like a foole.

Hor. From all fuch diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

*Tra.*Hufht mafter, heres fome good paftime toward;
That wench is ftarke mad, or wonderfull froward.

Lucen. But in the others filence do I fee,
Maids milde behauiour and fobrietie.
Peace *Tranio.*

Tra. Well faid Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may foone make good
What I haue faid, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not difpleafe thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the leffe my girle.

Kate. A pretty peate, it is beft put finger in the eye, and fhe knew why.

Bian. Sifter content you, in my difcontent.
Sir, to your pleafure humbly I fubfcribe:
My bookes and inftruments fhall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practife by my felfe.

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maift heare *Minerua* fpeak.

Hor. Signior *Baptifta*, will you be fo ftrange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.

Gre. Why will you mew her
(Signior *Baptifta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am refould:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know fhe taketh moft delight
In Muficke, Inftruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemafters will I keepe within my houfe,
Fit to inftruct her youth. If you *Hortenfio*,
Or fignior *Gremio* you know any fuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And fo farewell: *Katherina* you may ftay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*

Kate. Why, and I truft I may go too, may I not?
What fhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are fo good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not fo great *Hortenfio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faft it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both fides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my fweet *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein fhe delights, I will wifh him to her father.

Hor. So will I figniour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue acceffe to our faire Miftris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing fpecially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie fir to get a husband for her Sifter.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I fay a husband.

Gre. I fay, a diuell: Think'ft thou *Hortenfio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is fo verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tufh *Gremio*: though it paffe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie croffe euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you fay) there's fmall choife in rotten apples: but come, fince this bar in law makes vs friends, it fhall be fo farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptiftas* eldeft daughter to a husband, wee fet his yongeft free for a husband, and then haue toot afrefh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes fafteft, gets the Ring: How fay you fignior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the beft horfe in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the houfe of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray fir tel me, is it poffible
That loue fhould of a fodaine take fuch hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it poffible or likely.
But fee, while idely I ftood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idleneffe,
And now in plaineffe do confeffe to thee
That art to me as fecret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perifh *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modeft gyrle:
Counfaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canft:
Affift me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Mafter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but fo,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The reft wil comfort, for thy counfels found.

Tra. Mafter, you look'd fo longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I faw fweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kift the Cretan ftrond.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir fifter
Began to fcold, and raife vp fuch a ftorme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. *Tranio*, I faw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath fhe did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and fweet was all I faw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ftirre him frō his trance:
I pray awake fir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it ftands:
Her elder fifter is fo curft and fhrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Mafter, your Loue muft liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he clofely meu'd her vp,

Becaufe

Becaufe fhe will not be annoy'd with futers.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke fome care
To get her cunning Schoolemafters to inftruct her.

Tra. I marry am I fir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio.*

Tra. Mafter, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine firft.

Tra. You will be fchoole-mafter,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not poffible: for who fhall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* fonne,
Keepe houfe, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Vifit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

Luc. Bafta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin feene in any houfe,
Nor can we be diftinguifh'd by our faces,
For man or mafter: then it followes thus;
Thou fhalt be mafter, *Tranio* in my fted:
Keepe houfe, and port, and feruants, as I fhould,
I will fome other be, fome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pifa.*
'Tis hatch'd, and fhall be fo: *Tranio* at once
Vncafe thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him firft to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, fith it your pleafure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For fo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be feruiceable to my fonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Becaufe fo well I loue *Lucentio.*

Luc. Tranio be fo, becaufe *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a flaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whofe fodaine fight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maifter, ha's my fellow *Tranio* ftolne your cloathes, or you ftolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to ieft,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to faue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my efcape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell fince I came a-fhore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was defcried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to faue my life:
You vnderftand me?

Bion. I fir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Bion. The better for him, would I were fo too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wifh after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptiftas* yongeft daughter. But firra, not for my fake, but your mafters, I aduife you vfe your manners difcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places elfe, you mafter *Lucentio.*

Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more refts, that thy felfe execute,
To make one among thefe wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reafons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. The Prefenters aboue fpeakes.

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter furely: Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They fit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,
To fee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beft beloued and approued friend
Hortenfio: & I trow this is his houfe:
Heere firra *Grumio*, knocke I fay.

Gru. Knocke fir? whom fhould I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worfhip?

Petr. Villaine I fay, knocke me heere foundly.

Gru. Knocke you heere fir? Why fir, what am I fir, that I fhould knocke you heere fir.

Petr. Villaine I fay, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Gru. My Mr is growne quarrelfome:
I fhould knocke you firft,
And then I know after who comes by the worft.

Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith firrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and fing it.

He rings him by the eares

Gru. Helpe miftris helpe, my mafter is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: firrah villaine.

Enter Hortenfio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?

Petr. Signior *Hortenfio*, come you to part the fray? *Contutti le core bene trobatto*, may I fay.

Hor. Alla noftra cafa bene venuto multo honorata fignior mio Petruchio.
Rife *Grumio* rife, we will compound this quarrell.

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter fir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull caufe for me to leaue his feruice, looke you fir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him foundly fir. Well, was it fit for a feruant to vfe his mafter fo, being perhaps (for ought I fee) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at firft, then had not *Grumio* come by the worft.

Petr. A fencelesse villaine: good *Hortenfio*,
I bad the rafcall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: fpake you not thefe words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me foundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduife you.

Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truftie pleafant feruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (fweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such wind as fcatters yongmen throgh ye world,

To

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. Hortensio peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I wil not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a litle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir with it, that shee shal haue no more eies to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.

Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shal haue accesse vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband.

Gru. Katherine the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master
Well seene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disgused.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue. *Petruchio* stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmely as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successefull words
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.

Petru. Peace sirra.

Hor. Grumio mum: God saue you signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promist to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.

Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.

Gru. And that his bags shal proue.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſayſt me ſo, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue a ſtomacke, too't a Gods name,
You ſhal haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puſt vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,
As wil a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tuſh, tuſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem. *Hortenſio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatſoere.
Gremio. And ſo we wil, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: iſt he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to———
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tranio. I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be ſir, is it any offence?
*Gremio.*No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why ſir, I pray are not the ſtreers as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno,
That ſhe's the choiſe loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Lædaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And ſo ſhe ſhall: *Lucentio* ſhal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
Petr. *Hortenſio*, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer ſee *Baptiſtas* daughter?
Tra. No ſir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modeſtie.
Petr. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderſtand you this of me (inſooth)
The yongeſt daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all acceſſe of ſutors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Vntill the elder ſiſter firſt be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed vs all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you breake the ice, and do this ſeeke,
Atchieue the elder: ſet the yonger free,
For our acceſſe, whoſe hap ſhall be to haue her,
Will not ſo graceleſſe be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you ſay wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And ſince you do profeſſe to be a ſutor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I ſhal not be ſlacke, in ſigne whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowſes to our Miſtreſſe health,
And do as aduerſaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
*Gru. Bion.*Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhal be your *Been venuto*. *Exeunt*

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

*Bian.*Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bondmaide and a ſlaue of mee,
That I diſdaine: but for theſe other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my ſelfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy ſutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me ſiſter, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that ſpeciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyeſt: Is't not *Hortenſio*?
Bian. If you affect him ſiſter, heere I ſweare
Ile pleade for you my ſelfe, but you ſhal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me ſo?
Nay then you ieſt, and now I wel perceiue
You haue bnt ieſted with me all this while:
I prethee ſiſter Kate, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be ieſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?
Bianca ſtand aſide, poore gyrle ſhe weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame thou Hilding of a diuelliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſſe thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her ſilence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my ſight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kate. What will you not ſuffer me: Nay now I ſee
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt haue a husband,
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go ſit and weepe,
Till I can finde occaſion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio:* God ſaue you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good ſir: pray haue you not a daughter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter ſir, cal'd *Katerina.*

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me ſignior *Gremio*, giue me leaue.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* ſir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and baſhfull modeſtie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,
Am bold to ſhew myſelfe a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſſe
Of that report, which I ſo oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine
Cunning in Muſicke, and the Mathematickes,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua.*

Bap. Y'are welcome ſir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I ſee you do not meane to part with her,
Or elſe you like not of my companie.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeake but as I finde,
Whence are you ſir? What may I call your name.

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* ſonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners ſpeake too? *Bacare*, you are meruaylous forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me ſignior *Gremio*, I would faine be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am ſure of it, to expreſſe
The like kindneſſe my ſelfe, that haue beene
More kindely beholding to you then any:
Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long ſtudying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Muſicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his ſeruice.

Bap. A thouſand thankes ſignior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio.* But gentle ſir,
Me thinkes you walke like a ſtranger,
May I be ſo bold, to know the cauſe of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me ſir, the boldneſſe is mine owne,
That being a ſtranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my ſelfe aſ utor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme reſolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſſe and fauour as the reſt.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Piſa* ſir, ſonne to *Vincentio.*

Bap. A mightie man of *Piſa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome ſir:
Take you the Lute, and you the ſet of bookes,
You ſhall go ſee your Pupils preſently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade theſe Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
Theſe are their Tutors, bid them vſe them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to thinke your ſelues.

Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſſe asketh haſte,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreaſt,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie ſhall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in poſſeſsion twentie thouſand Crownes.

Pet And for that dowrie, Ile aſſure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that ſhe ſuruiue me
In all my Lands and Leaſes whatſoeuer,
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the ſpeciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as ſhe proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do conſume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maiſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed:
But be thou arm'd for ſome vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That ſhakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortenſio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why doſt thou looke ſo pale?

Hor. For feare I promiſe you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Muſitian?

Hor. I thinke ſhe'l ſooner proue a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canſt not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moſt impatient diuelliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) Ile fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtroke me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie ſuch vilde tearmes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſvſe me ſo.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſtie Wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue ſome chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes,
Say that ſhe raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightinghale:
Say that ſhe frowne, Ile ſay ſhe lookes as cleere
As morning Roſes newly waſht with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe vttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a weeke:
If ſhe denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I ſhall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deepely as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A ioyn'd ſtoole.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.

Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.

Pet. Shold be, ſhould: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhal a buzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waſpe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting? In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whoſe tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and ſo farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie. *ſhe ſtrikes him*

Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.

Kate. So may you looſe your armes,
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen

Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.

Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Inſooth you ſcape not ſo.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walke: thou doſt not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did euer *Dian* ſo become a Groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houshold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife.
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my (daughter?
Pet. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse.
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your (dumps?
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will proue a second *Grissell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first.
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd (first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay thẽ godnight our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue
How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your hãds.
God send you ioy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre.Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.
Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil cõpound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapestry:
In Iuory cofers I haue stuft my crownes:
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'st I liue she will be onely mine.
Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall haue, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie?
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,

T Shee

Shee is your owne, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus reſolu'd,
On ſonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the ſonday following, ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this aſſurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gameſter, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An old Italian foxe is not ſo kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this caſe of woing,
A childe ſhall get a ſire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you ſo ſoone forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſſe of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Muſicke we haue ſpent an houre,
Your Lecture ſhall haue leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſſe that neuer read ſo farre,
To know the cauſe why muſicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the minde of man
After his ſtudies, or his vſuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philoſophy,
And while I pauſe, ſerue in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare theſe braues of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To ſtriue for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholler in the ſchooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelfe,
And to cut off all ſtrife: heere ſit we downe,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your inſtrument.
Bian. Where left we laſt?
Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic eſt ſigeria tellus, hic ſteterat Priami regia Celſa ſenis.*
Bian. Conſter them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic eſt*, ſonne vnto Vincentio of Piſa, *Sigeria tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your loue, *hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.
Hort. Madam, my Inſtrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let mee ſee if I can conſter it. *Hic ibat ſimois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeria tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſtaterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* preſume not, *Celſa ſenis*, deſpaire not.
Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the baſe.
Hort. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knaue that iars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedaſcule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue, yet I miſtruſt.
Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald ſo from his grandfather.
Hort. I muſt beleeue my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill vpon that doubt,
But let it reſt, now *Litio* to you:
Good maſter take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleaſant with you both.
Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Leſſons make no muſicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formall ſir, well I muſt waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Muſitian groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio.*
Bian. *Gamouth* I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead *Hortenſio's* paſſion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfavt, that loues with all affection:
D ſol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, ſhow pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nicke. Miſtreſſe, your father prayes you leaue your (books,
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweet maſters both, I muſt be gone.
Luc. Faith Miſtreſſe then I haue no cauſe to ſtay.
Hor. But I haue cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eyes on euery ſtale:
Seize thee that Liſt, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in Law:
What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſaies *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though.
Exit weeping

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vexe a very saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's* (comming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his (backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with (words,
To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this bufineffe,
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio,*
The narrow prying father *Minola,*
The quaint Mufician, amorous *Litio,*
All for my Mafters fake *Lucentio.*

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio* came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from fchoole.
Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroome fay you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumlling groome, and that the girle fhall finde.
Tra. Curfter then fhe, why 'tis impoffible.
Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why fhe's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.
Gre. Tut, fhe's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you fir *Lucentio*; when the Prieft
Should aske if *Katherine* fhould be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and fwore fo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieft let fall the booke,
And as he ftoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him fuch a cuffe,
That downe fell Prieft and booke, and booke and Prieft,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any lift.
Tra. What faid the wench when he rofe againe?
Gre. Trembled and fhooke: for why, he ftamp'd and fwore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboord carowfing to his Mates after a ftorme, quaft off the Mufcadell, and threw the fops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reafon, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and feem'd to aske him fops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kift her lips with fuch a clamorous fmacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I feeing this, came thence for very fhame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, fuch a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minftrels play. *Mufické playes.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenfio, Baptifta.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great ftore of wedding cheere,
But fo it is, my hafte doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.
Bap. Is't poffible you will away to night?
Pet. I muft away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my bufineffe,
You would intreat me rather goe then ftay:
And honeft company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my felfe
To this moft patient, fweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I muft hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let vs entreat you ftay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to ftay?
Pet. I am content you fhall entreat me ftay,
But yet not ftay, entreat me how you can.
Kat. Now if you loue me ftay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horfe.
Gru. I fir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horfes.
Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canft, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I pleafe my felfe,
The dore is open fir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I pleafe my felfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly furly groome,
That take it on you at the firft fo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what haft thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he fhall ftay my leifure.
Gre. I marry fir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I fee a woman may be made a foole
If fhe had not a fpirit to refift.
Pet. They fhall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaft, reuell and domineere,
Carowfe full meafure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your felues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, fhe muft with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ftampe, nor ftare, nor fret,
I will be mafter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, fhe is my houfe,
My houfhold-ftuffe, my field, my barne,
My horfe, my oxe, my affe, my any thing,
And heere fhe ftands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeft he
That ftops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are befet with theeues,
Refcue thy Miftreffe if thou be a man:
Feare not fweet wench, they fhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee againft a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I fhould die with laugh-
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Miftreffe, what's your opinion of your fifter?
Bian. That being mad her felfe, fhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to fupply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no iunkets at the feaft:
Lucentio, you fhall fupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her fifters roome.
Tra. Shall fweet *Bianca* practife how to bride it?
Bap. She fhall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.
Enter Grumio. *Exeunt.*
Gru.: Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Mafters, & all foule waies: was euer man fo beaten? was euer man fo raide? was euer man fo weary? I am fent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & foone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I fhould come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire fhall warme my-felfe: for confidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis.*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls fo coldly?
Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maift flide from my fhoulder to my heele, with no greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis.*

Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis.*

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio,* tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Maſter and miſtris are almoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is ſupper ready, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtian, the white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter & miſtris falne out. *Cur.* How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fel, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

Cur. By this reckning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel, Ioſeph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile, till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you muſt meete my maiſter to countenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue ſeruingmen.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio.*

Phil. How now *Grumio.*

Ioſ. What *Grumio.*

Nick. Fellow *Grumio.*

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our maſter?

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not———Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heare my maſter.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip.*

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heere ſir.

Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir.
You logger-headed and vnpoliſht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſent before?

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, ſwain, you horſon malt-horſe drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaues with thee?

Grumio. *Nathaniels* coate ſir was not fully made,
And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam, Rafe,* and *Gregory,*
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Pet. Go raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe? Sit downe *Kate,*
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter ſeruants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? Nay good ſweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you muſt kiſſe, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue ſome water?
Come *Kate* and waſh, & welcome heartily:
you horſon villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horfon beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* fit downe, I know you haue a ftomacke,
Will you giue thankes, fweete *Kate*, or elfe fhall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and fo is all the meate:
What dogges are thefe? Where is the rafcall Cooke?
How durft you villaines bring it from the dreffer
And ferue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedleffe iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd flaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you ftraight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not fo difquiet,
The meate was well, if you were fo contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expreffely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did faft,
Since of our felues, our felues are chollericke,
Then feede it with fuch ouer-rofted flefh:
Be patient, to morrow't fhalbe mended,
And for this night we'l faft for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seruants feuerally.

Nath. Peter didft euer fee the like.
Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.
Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a fermon of continencie to her, and railes, and fweares, and rates, that fhee (poore foule) knowes not which way to ftand, to looke, to fpeake, and fits as one new rifen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end fucceffefully:
My Faulcon now is fharpe, and paffing emptie,
And til fhe ftoope, fhe muft not be full gorg'd,
For then fhe neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch thefe Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none fhall eate.
Laft night fhe flept not, nor to night fhe fhall not:
As with the meate, fome vndeferued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulfter,
This way the Couerlet, another way the fheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclufion, fhe fhal watch all night,
And if fhe chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her ftil awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindneffe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headftrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a fhrew,
Now let him fpeake, 'tis charity to fhew. *Exit*

Enter Tranio and Hortenfio:

Tra. Is't pofsible friend *Lifio*, that miftris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you fir, fhe beares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to fatisfie you in what I haue faid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Miftris, profit you in what you reade?
Bian. What Mafter reade you firft, refolue me that?
Hor. I reade, that I profeffe the Art to loue.
Bian. And may you proue fir Mafter of your Art.
Luc. While you fweet deere proue Miftreffe of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durft fweare that your miftris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World fo wel as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh defpightful Loue, vnconftant womankind,
I tel thee *Lifio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Miftake no more, I am not *Lifio*,
Nor a Mufitian as I feeme to bee,
But one that fcorne to liue in this difguife,
For fuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of fuch a Cullion;
Know fir, that I am cal'd *Hortenfio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenfio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And fince mine eyes are witneffe of her lightneffe,
I wil with you, if you be fo contented,
Forfweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See how they kiffe and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer ro woo her more, but do forfweare her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though fhe would intreate,
Fie on her, fee how beaftly fhe doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forfworn
For me, that I may furely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes paffe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud difdainful Haggard,
And fo farewel fignior *Lucentio*,
Kindneffe in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and fo I take my leaue,
In refolution, as I fwore before.
Tra. Miftris *Bianca*, bleffe you with fuch grace,
As longeth to a Louers bleffed cafe:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forfworne you with *Hortenfio*.
Bian. Tranio you ieft, but haue you both forfworne mee?
Tra. Miftris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Lifio*.
Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a luftie Widdow now,
That fhalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God giue him ioy.
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.
Bianca. He fayes fo *Tranio*.
Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming fchoole.
Bian. The taming fchoole: what is there fuch a place?
Tra. I miftris, and *Petruchio* is the mafter,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a fhrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Mafter, mafter I haue watcht fo long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at laft I fpied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil ferue the turne.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*?
Bio. Mafter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance furely like a Father.
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and truft my tale,
Ile make him glad to feeme *Vincentio*,
And giue affurance to *Baptifta Minola*.
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.
Ped. God faue you fir.
Tra. And you fir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the fartheft?
Ped. Sir at the fartheft for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And fo to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua careleffe of your life.
Ped. My life fir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the caufe?
Your fhips are ftaid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publifh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it elfe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas fir, it is worfe for me then fo,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and muft heere deliuer them.
Tra. Wel fir, to do you courtefie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduife you,
Firft tell me, haue you euer beene at Pifa?
Ped. I fir, in Pifa haue I often bin,
Pifa renowned for graue Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father fir, and footh to fay,
In count'nance fomewhat doth refemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyfter, & all one.
Tra. To faue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his fake,
And thinke it not the worft of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credite fhal you vndertake,
And in my houfe you fhal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you fhould,
you vnderftand me fir: fo fhal you ftay
Til you haue done your bufineffe in the Citie:
If this be court'fie fir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh fir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderftand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To paffe affurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptiftas* daughter heere:
In all thefe circumftances Ile inftruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forfooth I dare not for my life.
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his fpite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famifh me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a prefent almes,
If not, elfewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I fhould intreate,
Am ftaru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of fleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which fpights me more then all thefe wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who fhould fay, if I fhould fleepe or eate
'Twere deadly fickneffe, or elfe prefent death.
I prethee go, and get me fome repaft,
I care not what, fo it be holfome foode.
Gru. What fay you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis pafsing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How fay you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What fay you to a peece of Beefe and Muftard?
Kate. A difh that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I, but the Muftard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Muftard reft.
Gru. Nay then I wil not, you fhal haue the Muftard
Or elfe you get no beefe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muftard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou falfe deluding flaue, *Beats him.*
That feed'ft me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my mifery:
Go get thee gone, I fay.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortenfio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what fweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Miftris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy fpirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou feeft how diligent I am,
To dreffe thy meate my felfe, and bring it thee.
I am fure fweet Kate, this kindneffe merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'ft it not:
And all my paines is forted to no proofe.
Heere take away this difh.
Kate. I pray you let it ftand.
Pet. The pooreft feruice is repaide with thankes,
And fo fhall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you fir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Miftris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortenfio*, if thou loueft mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers houfe,
And reuell it as brauely as the beft,
With filken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes, and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What haft thou din'd? The Tailor ftaies thy leafure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treafure.
Enter Tailor.

Come

Come Tailor, let vs fee thefe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you fir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worſhip did befpeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall haue one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſt.

Kate. Why fir I truſt I may haue leaue to ſpeake,
And ſpeake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me ſay my minde,
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
And rather then it ſhall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why thou ſaiſt true, it is paltrie cap,
A cuſtard coffen, a bauble, a ſilken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs ſee't.
Oh mercie God, what masking ſtuffe is heere?
Whats this? a ſleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a Cenſor in a barbers ſhoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee ſhees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome fir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Kate. I neuer ſaw a better faſhion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She ſaies your Worſhip meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance:
Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne houſe with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt thinke on prating whil'ſt thou liu'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worſhip is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iuſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the ſtuffe.

Tail. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marrie fir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not requeſt to haue it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tail. I haue.

Gru. Face not mee: thou haſt brau'd manie men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I ſay vnto thee, I bid thy Maſter cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou lieſt.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Reade it.

Gru. The note lies in's throate if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tail. Inprimis, a looſe bodied gowne.

Gru. Maſter, if euer I ſaid looſe-bodied gowne, ſow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I ſaid a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſſe the cape.

Tai. With a trunke ſleeue.

Gru. I confeſſe two ſleeues.

Tai: The ſleeues curiouſly cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Gru. Error i'th bill fir, error i'th bill? I commanded the ſleeues ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I ſay, and I had thee in place where thou ſhouldſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meat-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee ſhall haue no oddes.

Pet. Well fir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right fir, 'tis for my miſtris.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy maſters vſe.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Miſtreſſe gowne for thy maſters vſe.

Pet. Why fir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh fir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Miſtris gowne to his maſters vſe.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortenſio*, ſay thou wilt ſee the Tailor paide.
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindneſſe of his haſtie words:
Away I ſay, commend me to thy maſter. *Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in theſe honeſt meane habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkeſt clouds,
So honor peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Becauſe his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worſe
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedſt it ſhame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport vs at thy fathers houſe,
Go call my men, and let vs ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes vnto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's ſee, I thinke 'tis now ſome ſeuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare aſſure you fir, 'tis almoſt two,
And 'twill be ſupper time ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeuen ere I go to horſe:
Looke what I ſpeake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

You are ftill croffing it, firs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It fhall be what a clock I fay it is.
Hor. Why fo this gallant will command the funne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreft like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the houfe, pleafe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elfe, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptifta* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa.*
Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegafus*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any cafe
With fuch aufteritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but fir here comes your boy,
Twere good he were fchool'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: firra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduife you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio.*
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But haft thou done thy errand to *Baptifta.*
Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua.*
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes *Baptifta*: fet your countenance fir.

Enter Baptifta and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptifta* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ftand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped Soft fon: fir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*
To gather in fome debts, my fon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty caufe
Of loue betweene your daughter and himfelfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And fhe to him: to ftay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you pleafe to like
No worfe then I, vpon fome agreement
Me fhall you finde readie and willing
With one confent to haue her fo beftowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptifta*, of whom I heare fo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to fay,
Your plainneffe and your fhortneffe pleafe me well:
Right true it is your fonne *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and fhe loueth him,
Or both diffemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you fay no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And paffe my daughter a fufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your fonne fhall haue my daughter with confent.
Tra. I thanke you fir, where then doe you know beft
We be affied and fuch affurance tane,
As fhall with either parts agreement ftand.
Bap. Not in my houfe *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie feruants,
Befides old *Gremio* is harkning ftill,
And happilie we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele paffe the bufineffe priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your feruant here,
My Boy fhall fetch the Scriuener prefentlie,
The worft is this that at fo flender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and flender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie ftraight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how fhe's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I praie the gods fhe may withall my heart. *Exit.*
Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptifta*, fhall I leade the way,
Welcome, one meffe is like to be your cheere,
Come fir, we will better it in *Pifa.*
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio.*
Luc. What faift thou *Biondello.*
Biond. You faw my Mafter winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his fignes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptifta* is fafe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull fonne.
Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the fupper.
Luc. And then.
Bio. The old Prieft at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are bufied about a counterfeit affurance: take you affurance of her, *Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum folem*, to th' Church take the Prieft, Clarke, and fome fufficient honeft witneffes:
If this be not that you looke fot, I haue no more to fay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'ft thou *Biondello.*
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as fhee went to the Garden for Parfeley to ftuffe a Rabit, and fo may you fir: and fo adew fir, my Mafter hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Prieft be readie to come againft you come with your appendix. *Exit.*
Luc. I may and will, if fhe be fo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore fhould I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It fhall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly fhines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.
Pet. I fay it is the Moone that fhines fo bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that fhines fo bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers fonne, and that's my felfe,
It

It ſhall be moone, or ſtarre, or what I liſt,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers houſe:
Goe on, and fetch our horſes backe againe,
Euermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt.
Hort. Say as he ſaies, or we ſhall neuer goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, ſince we haue come ſo farre,
And be it moone, or ſunne, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it ſhall be ſo for me.
Petr. I ſay it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the bleſſed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be bleſt, it in the bleſſed ſun,
But ſunne it is not, when you ſay it is not.
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine.*
Hort. *Petruchio,* goe thy waies, the field is won.
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle ſhould (run,
And not vnluckily againſt the Bias:
But ſoft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Miſtris, where away:
Tell me ſweete *Kate,* and tell me truely too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What ſtars do ſpangle heauen with ſuch beautie,
As thoſe two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties ſake.
Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and freſh, & ſweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of ſo faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable ſtars
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.
Petr. Why how now *Kate,* I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou ſaiſt he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my miſtaking eies,
That haue bin ſo bedazled with the ſunne,
That euery thing I looke on ſeemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.
Petr. Do good old grandſire, & withall make known
Which way thou trauelleſt, if along with vs,
We ſhall be ioyfull of thy companie.
Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Miſtris,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaſde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio,* my dwelling *Piſa,*
And bound I am to *Padua,* there to viſite
A ſonne of mine, which long I haue not ſeene.
Petr. What is his name?
Vinc. *Lucentio* gentle ſir.
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy ſonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The ſiſter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, ſhe is of good eſteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeeme
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio,*
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.
Vinc. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant trauailors to breake a Ieſt
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
Hort. I doe aſſure thee father ſo it is.
Petr. Come goe along and ſee the truth hereof,
For our firſt merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio,* this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if ſhe froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortentio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and ſwiftly ſir, for the Prieſt is ready.
Luc. I flie *Biondello;* but they may chance to neede thee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*
Biond. Nay faith, Ile ſee the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my miſtris as ſoone as I can.
Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I, and here I leaue you ſir.
Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*
Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?
Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?
Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.
Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.
Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, hee ſhall neede none ſo long as I liue.
Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was well beloued in *Padua:* doe you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell ſignior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa,* and is here at the doore to ſpeake with him.
Ped. Thou lieſt his Father is come from *Padua,* and here looking out at the window.
Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſaies, if I may beleeue her.
Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you another mans name.
Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to coſen ſome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend 'em good ſhipping: but who is here? mine old Maſter *Vincentio:* now wee are vndone and brough to nothing.
Vin. Come hither crackhempe.
Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.
Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?
Biond. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.
Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didſt thou neuer ſee thy Miſtris father, *Vincentio?*

Bion. What

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Ist so indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista.*

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my seruant?

Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a veluet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuersitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tronio.*

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is *Lucentio,* and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me signior *Vincentio.*

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Master; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: father *Baptista,* I charge you see that hee be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I saie he shall goe to prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista,* least you be conicatcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Biancu.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forsweare him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc: Here's *Lucentio,* right sonne to the right *Vincentio,*
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.

Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio,*
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio,*
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the Iaile.

Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista,* we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca,* thy father will not frown. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is doug,hbut Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate,* and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. Mo sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee Loue staie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate.*
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow: The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio,* sister *Katerina,*
And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
My Banket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,
For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bap. Padua affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio.*

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affeard.

Petr. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my fence:
I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Miſtris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow ſaies, thus ſhe conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kiſſe him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I praie you tell me what you meant by that,
Wid. Your housband being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my husbands ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right, I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeede, reſpecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.
Drinkes to Hortentio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me ſir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and but an haſtie witted bodie,
Would ſay your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Miſtris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile ſleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you ſhall not ſince you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better ieſt or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath preuented me, here ſignior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that ſhot and miſt.
Tri. Oh ſir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himſelfe, and catches for his Maſter.
Petr. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well ſir that you hunted for your ſelfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confeſſe, confeſſe, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confeſſe:
And as the Ieſt did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good ſadneſſe ſonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Petr. Well, I ſay no: and therefore ſir aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend vnto his wife,
And he whoſe wife is moſt obedient,
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture ſo much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times ſo much vpon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Miſtris come to me.
Bio. I goe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my ſelfe.
Enter Biondello.
How now, what newes?
Bio. Sir, my Miſtris ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and ſhe cannot come.
Petr. How? ſhe's buſie, and ſhe cannot come: is that an anſwere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God ſir your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit.Bion.*
Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then ſhee muſt needes come.
Hor. I am affraid ſir, doe what you can
Enter Biondello.
Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſaies you haue ſome goodly Ieſt in hand,
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.
Petr. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Miſtris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her anſwere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.
Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina.*
Kat. What is your will ſir, that you ſend for me?
Petr. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſios* wife?
Kate. They ſit conferring by the Parler fire.
Pet r. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right ſupremicie:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou haſt won, and I will adde
Vnto their loſſes twentie thouſand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſigne of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.
See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As priſoners to her womanlie perſwaſion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſillie paſſe.
Bian. Fie what a fooliſh dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath coſt me fiue hundred crownes ſince ſupper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell theſe head-ſtrong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and huſbands.

Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no telling.
Pet. Come on I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.
Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that thretaning vnkinde brow,
And dart not ſcornefull glances from thoſe eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as froſts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds ſhake faire budds,
And in no ſence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill ſeeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſtie
Will daigne to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſoueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by ſea and land:
To watch the night in ſtormes, the day in cold,
Whil'ſt thou ly'ſt warme at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such dutie as the ſubiect owes the Prince,
Euen ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeuiſh, ſullen, ſowre,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakeneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.
Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiſſe mee *Kate.*
Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou ſhalt ha't.
Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward,
Pet. Come *Kate*, weee'le to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.
Exit Petruchio
Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrow.
Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leaue, ſhe wil be tam'd ſo.

FINIS.

ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Eneer yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother.

IN deliuering my ſonne from me, I burie a ſecond husband.

Roſ. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew ; but I muſt attend his maieſties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in ſubiection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband Madame, you ſir a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſitie hold his vertue to you, whoſe worthineſſe would ſtirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

*Mo.*What hope is there of his Maieſties amendment ?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phiſitions Madam, vnder whoſe practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the proceſſe , but onely the looſing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how ſad a paſſage tis , whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſtie, had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would haue made nature immortall, and death ſhould haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings ſake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeake of Madam ?

Mo. He was famous ſir in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie ſpoke of him admiringly , and mourningly : hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd ſtil, if knowledge could be ſet vp againſt mortallitie.

Roſ. What is it (my good Lord) the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula my Lord.

Roſ. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Mo. His ſole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her diſpoſitions ſhee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer : for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too : in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſſe ; ſhe deriues her honeſtie, and atcheeues her goodneſſe.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo.'Tis the beſt brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the tirrany of her ſorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more leaſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, then to haue———

Hell. I doe affect a ſorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſiue greefe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the exceſſe makes it ſoone mortall.

Roſ. Maddam I deſire your holie wiſhes.

Laf. How vnderſtand we that ?

Mo. Be thou bleſt *Bertrame,* and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape : thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſſe
Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, truſt a few,
Doe wrong to none : be able for thine enemie
Rather in power then vſe : and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for ſilence,
But neuer tax'd for ſpeech. What heauen more wil,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,
'Tis an vnſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord
Aduiſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen bleſſe him : Farwell *Bertram.*

Ro. The beſt wiſhes that can be forged in your thoghts be ſeruants to you : be comfortable to my mother, your Miſtris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And theſe great teares grace his remembrance more
Then thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like ?
I haue forgott him. My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams.*
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I ſhould loue a bright particuler ſtarre,
And think to wed it, he is ſo aboue me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,

Muſt

Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere ;
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it ſelfe :
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Muſt die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To ſee him euerie houre to ſit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his ſweet fauour.
But now he's gone, And my idolatrous fancie
Muſt ſanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, ſolie a coward,
Yet theſe fixt euils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues ſteely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we ſee
Cold wiſedome waighting on ſuperfluous follie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you haue ſome ſtaine of ſouldier in you: Let mee aske you a queſtion. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barracado it againſt him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he aſſailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: Man ſetting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleſſe our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your ſelues made, you loſe your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preſerue virginity. Loſſe of Virginitie, is rationall encreaſe, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once loſt, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer loſt: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee ſaide in't, 'tis againſt the rule of Nature. To ſpeake on the part of virginitie, is to accuſe your Mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it ſelfe, and ſhould be buried in highwayes out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſſe againſt Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelfe to the very payring, and ſo dies with feeding his owne ſtomacke. Beſides, Virginitie is peeuiſh, proud, ydle, made of ſelfe-loue, which is the moſt inhibited ſinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot chooſe but looſe by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it ſelfe two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principall it ſelfe not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do ſir, to looſe it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil loſe the gloſſe with lying: The longer kept, the leſſe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but vnſuteable, iuſt like the brooch & the toothpick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There ſhall your Maſter haue a thouſand loues,
A Mother, and a Miſtreſſe, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddeſſe, and a Soueraigne,
A Counſellor, a Traitoreſſe, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His iarring, concord: and his diſcord, dulcet:
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendomes
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he:
I know not what he ſhall, God ſend him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wiſh well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whoſe baſer ſtarres do ſhut vs vp in wiſhes,
Might vvith effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what vve alone muſt thinke, which neuer
Returnes vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monſieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord cals for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were borne vnder a charitable ſtarre.

Par. Vnder *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

Par. Why vnder *Mars*?

Hel. The warres hath ſo kept you vnder, that you muſt needes be borne vnder *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare propoſes the ſafetie:
But the compoſition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Paroll. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerue to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and vnderſtand what aduice ſhall thruſt vppon thee, elſe thou dieſt in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haſt leyſure, ſay thy praiers: when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee:
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like natiue things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

Flourish Cornets.
Enter the King of France with Letters, and diuers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th'eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1.*Lo.G.* So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For speedie ayde: wherein our deerest friend
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1.*Lo.G.* His loue and wisedome
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

2.*Lo.E.* It well may serue
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1.*Lor.G.* It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in hast
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maiesties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Discipled of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse
Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
Aud bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plausiue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses
All but new things disdaine; whose iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, do after him wish too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were dissolued from my hiue
To giue some Labourers roome.

L.2.E. You'r loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out
With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty. *Exit*

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your content, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, whenof our selues we publish them.

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make such knaueries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well sir.

Clo. No maddam,
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie
of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiſhips good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and w will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this caſe.

Cou. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbels* caſe and mine owne: ſeruice is no heritage, and I thinke I ſhall neuer haue the bleſſing of God, till I haue iſſue a my bodie: for they ſay barnes are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen onby the fleſh, and hee muſt needes goe that the diuell driues.

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Con. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage ſooner then thy wickedneſſe.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wiues ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, ſpares my teame, and giues mee leaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; hee that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loues my fleſh and blood; he that loues my fleſh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt, how ſomere their hearts are ſeuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I ſpeake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true ſhall finde, your marriage comes by deſtinie, your Cuckow ſings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone ſir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the Grecians ſacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *bis*
And gaue this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the ſong ſirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath'ſong: would God would ſerue the world ſo all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon, one in ten quoth a? and wee might haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing ſtarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle begone ſir knaue, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honeſtie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſſe is for *Helen* to come hither. *Exit.*

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and ſhe her ſelfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title to as much loue as ſhee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more ſhall be paid her then ſheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke ſhee wiſht mee, alone ſhee was, and did communicate to her ſelfe her owne words to her owne eares, ſhee thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie ſtranger ſence, her matter was, ſhee loued your Sonne; Fortune ſhee ſaid was no goddeſſe, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poore Knight ſurpris'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward: This ſhee deliuer'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie ſpeedily to acquaint you withall, ſithence in the loſſe that may happen, it concernes you ſomething to know it.

Cou. You haue diſcharg'd this honeſtlie, keepe it to your ſelfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung ſo tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleeue nor miſdoubt: praie you leaue mee, ſtall this in your boſome, and I thanke you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeake with you further anon. *Exit Steward.*

Enter Hellen.

Old.Cou. Euen ſo it vvas vvith me when I was yong:
If euer vve are natures, theſe are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Roſe of youth righlie belong
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the ſhow, and ſeale of natures truth,
Where loues ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is ſicke on't, I obſerue her now.

Hell. What is your pleaſure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Miſtris.

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I ſed a mother
Me thought you ſaw a ſerpent, what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often ſeene
Adoption ſtriues vvith nature, and choiſe breedes
A natiue ſlip to vs from forraine ſeedes:
You nere oppreſt me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expreſſe to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) do s it curd thy blood
To ſay I am thy mother? vvhat's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet?

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
——————Why, that you are my daughter?
Hell. That I am not.
Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother.
Hell. Pardon Madam.
The Count *Rosillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.
Ol.Cou. Nor I your Mother.
Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his sister, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.
Old.Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So striue vpon your pulse; vvhat pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see
The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:
You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies
See it so grosely showne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
A nd hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forsweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaile
To tell me truelie.
Hell. Good Madam pardon me.
Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?
Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.
Cou. Loue you my Sonne?
Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?
Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeach'd.
Hell. Then I confesse
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your Sonne:
My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
Yet neuer know how that desert should be:
I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.
I still poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.
Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?
Hell. Madam I had.
Cou. Wherefore? tell true.
Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soueraigntie: and that he wil'd me
In heedefull'st reseruation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.
Cou. This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?
Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then.
Cou. But thinke you *Hellen*,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it selfe.
Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
Byth'luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.
Cou. Doo'st thou beleeue't?
Hell. I Madam knowingly.
Cou. Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home
And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt:
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and Parrolles. Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enoughfor both.
Lord.G. 'Tis our hope sir,

After

After well entred fouldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confeffe he owes the mallady
That doth my life befiege : farwell yong Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the fonnes
Of worthy French men : let higher Italy
(Thofe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laft Monarchy) fee that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The braueft queftant fhrinkes : finde what you feeke,
That fame may cry you loud : I fay farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding ferue your Maiefty.
King. Thofe girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They fay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand : beware of being Captiues
Before you ferue.
Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1.*Lo.G.* Oh my fweet Lord y^t^ you wil ftay behind vs.
Parr. 'Tis not his fault the fpark.
2.*Lo.E.* Oh 'tis braue warres.
Parr. Moft admirable, I haue feene thofe warres.
Roffill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde ftand too't boy ,
Steale away brauely.
Roffill. I fhal ftay here the for-horfe to a fmocke,
Creeking my fhooes on the plaine Mafonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no fword worne
But one to dance with : by heauen, Ile fteale away.
1.*Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2.*Lo.E.* I am your acceffary, and fo farewell.
Rof. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.
1.*Lo.G.* Farewll Captaine.
2.*Lo.E.* Sweet Mounfier *Parolles.*
Parr. Noble *Heroes*; my fword and yours are kinne, good fparkes and luftrous, a word good mettals. You fhall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij , one Captaine *Spurio* his ficatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on his finifter cheeke ; it was this very fword entrench'd it : fay to him I liue, and obferue his reports for me.
Lo.G. We fhall noble Captaine.
Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his nouices, what will ye doe?
Roff. Stay the King.
Parr. Vfe a more fpacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you haue reftrain'd your felfe within the Lift of too cold an adieu : be more expreffiue to them ; for they weare themfelues in the cap of the time, there do mufter true gate ; eat, fpeake, and moue vnder the influence of the moft receiu'd ftarre, and though the deuill leade the meafure, fuch are to be followed : after them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Roff. And I will doe fo.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue moft finewie fword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Ile fee thee to ftand vp. (pardon,
L.Laf. Then heres a man ftands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could fo ftand vp.
King. I would I had, fo I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't.
Laf. Goodfaith a-croffe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them : I haue feen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a ftone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With fprightly fire and motion, whofe fimple touch
Is powerfull to arayfe King *Pippen*, nay
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why doctor fhe : my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will fee her : now by my faith and honour,
If feriously I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue fpoke
With one, that in her fexe, her yeeres, profeffion,
Wifedome and conftancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeneffe : will you fee her?
For that is her demand, and know her bufineffe?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May fpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou tookft it.
Laf. Nay, Ile fit you ,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his fpeciall nothing euer prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This hafte hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your waies ,
This is his Maieftie, fay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but fuch traitors
His Maiefty feldome feares, I am *Creffeds* Vncle,
That dare leaue two together, far you well. *Exit.*
King. Now faire one, do's your bufines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeffe, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I fpare my praifes towards him,
Knowing him is enough : on's bed of death,
Many receits he gaue me, chieflie one ,
Which as the deareft iffue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He bad me ftore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two : more deare I haue fo,
And hearing your high Maieftie is toucht
With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, ftands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneffe.
King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be fo credulous of cure,
When our moft learned Doctors leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ranfome nature
From her inaydible eftate : I fay we muft not
So ftaine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proftitute our paft-cure malladie
To empericks, or to diffeuer fo
Our great felfe and our credit, to efteeme
A fenceleffe helpe, when helpe paft fence we deeme.

Hel. My

Hell. My dutie then ſhall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modeſt one to beare me backe againe.
King. I cannot giue thee leſſe to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtſt to helpe me, and ſuch thankes I giue,
As one neere death to thoſe that wiſh him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowſt no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.
Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you ſet vp your reſt 'gainſt remedie:
He that of greateſt workes is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement ſhowne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne
From ſimple ſources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'ſt beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpaire moſt ſhifts.
King. I muſt not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, muſt by thy ſelfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is bard,
It is not ſo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes:
But moſt it is preſumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare ſir, to my endeauors giue conſent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſtrue, that proclaime
My ſelfe againſt the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſunne ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd her ſleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaſſe
Hath told the theeuiſh minutes, how they paſſe:
What is infirme, from your ſound parts ſhall flie,
Health ſhall liue free, and ſickeneſſe freely dye.
King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venter?
Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſſe, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwiſe, ne worſe of worſt extended
With vildeſt torture, let my life be ended.
Kin. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerfull ſound, within an organ weake:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſence, ſence ſaues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſedome, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate,
Sweet practiſer, thy Phyſicke I will try,
That miniſters thine owne death if I die.
Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, vnpittied let me die,
And well deſeru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promiſe me.
Kin. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it euen?
Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to beſtow.
Kin. Heere is my hand, the premiſes obſeru'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſeru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill relye:
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Vnqueſtion'd welcome, and vndoubted bleſt.
Giue me ſome helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
Floriſh. Exit.

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Lady. Come on ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buſineſſe is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners, hee may eaſilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiſſe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, but for me, I haue an anſwere will ſerue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anſwere that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anſwere ſerue fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* ruſh for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-tueſday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a ſcolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I ſay, an anſwere of ſuch fitneſſe for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Lady. It muſt be an anſwere of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a triſle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it ſhall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in queſtion, hoping to bee the wiſer by your anſwer.

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue euer.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serues well agen.

La. And end sir to your businesse: giue *Hellen* this,
And vrge her to a present answer backe,
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployement for you, you vnderstand me.

Clo Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legegs.

La. Hast you agen. *Exeunt*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol.Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an vnknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ros. And so 'tis.

Ol.Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus.*

Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a———

Ol.Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Iust, you say well: so would I haue said.

Ol.Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol.Laf. A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would haue said, the verie same.

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect———

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the———

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol.Laf. In a most weake———

Par. And debile minister great power, grear trancendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the King.

Ol.Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helen?*

Ol.Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preseruer by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vse; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

Old Laf. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:
Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheeke for euer,
Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,
Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall loue, that God most high
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1.*Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw
Ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threatningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue
Her that so wishes, and her humble loue.

2.*Lo.* No better if you please.

Hel. My wish receiue,
Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

Ol.Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing vpon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue

haue heere: fure they are baftards to the Englifh, the French nere got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your felfe a fonne out of my blood.

4.Lord. Faire one, I thinke not fo.

Ol.Lord There's one grape yet, I am fure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'ft not an affe, I am a youth of fourteene: I haue knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not fay I take you, but I giue
Me and my feruice, euer whilft I liue
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her fhee's thy wife.

*Ber.*My wife my Leige? I fhal befeech your highnes
In fuch a bufines, giue me leaue to vfe
The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'ft thou not *Bertram* what fhee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I fhould marrie her.

*King.*Thou know'ft fhee ha's rais'd me from my fickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Muft anfwer for your raifing? I knowe her well:
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Phyfitians daughter my wife? Difdaine
Rather corrupt me euer.

King. Tis onely title thou difdainft in her, the which
I can build vp: ftrange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diftinction: yet ftands off
In differences fo mightie. If fhe bee
All that is vertuous (faue what thou diflik'ft)
A poore Phifitians daughter, thou diflik'ft
Of vertue for the name: but doe not fo:
From loweft place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
Where great additions fwell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropfied honour.Good a lone,
Is good without a name? Vileneffe is fo:
The propertie by what is is, fhould go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire,
In thefe, to Nature fhee's immediate heire:
And thefe breed honour: that is honours fcorne,
Which challenges it felfe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire: Honours thriue,
When rather from our acts we them deriue
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a flaue
Debofh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where duft, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what fhould be faide?
If thou canft like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the reft: Vertue, and fhee
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will ftriue to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'ft thy felfe, if thou fhold'ft ftriue to choofe.

Hel. That you are well reftor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the reft go.

King. My Honor's at the ftake, which to defeate
I muft produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
Proud fcornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,
That doft in vile mifprifion fhackle vp
My loue, and her defert: that canft not dreame,
We poizing vs in her defectiue fcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We pleafe to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:
Beleeue not thy difdaine, but prefentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the ftaggers, and the careleffe lapfe
Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate
Loofing vpon thee, in the name of iuftice,
Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine anfwer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I fubmit
My fancie to your eies, when I confider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that fhe which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, moft bafe: is now
The praifed of the King, who fo ennobled,
Is as 'twere borne fo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her fhe is thine: to whom I promife
A counterpoize: If not to thy eftate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King
Smile vpon this Contract: whofe Ceremonie
Shall feeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the folemne Feaft
Shall more attend vpon the coming fpace,
Expecting abfent friends. As thou lou'ft her,
Thy loue's to me Religious: elfe, do's erre. *Exeunt*

Parolles and Lafew ftay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monfieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleafure fir.

Laf. Your Lord and Mafter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Mafter?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I fpeake?

Par. A moft harfh one, and not to bee vnderftoode without bloudie fucceeding My Mafter?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rofillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maifter is of another ftile.

Par. You are too old fir: Let it fatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muft tell thee firrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou dift make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might paffe: yet the fcarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie diffwade me from beleeuing thee a veffell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loofe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th'ourt fcarce worth.

Par. Hadft thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

Laf. Do not plundge thy felfe to farre in anger, leaft thou haften thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, fo my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy cafement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

*Par.*My Lord, you giue me moft egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.
Par. I haue not my Lord deferu'd it.
Laf. Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a fcruple.
Par. Well, I fhall be wifer.
Laf. Eu'n as foone as thou can'ft, for thou haft to pull at a fmacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'ft bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou fhall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a defire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may fay in the default, he is a man I know.
Par. My Lord you do me moft infupportable vexation.
Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy fake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am paft, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit.*
Par. Well, thou haft a fonne fhall take this difgrace off me; fcuruy, old, filthy, fcuruy Lord: Well, I muft be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of——Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and mafters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Miftris.
Par. I moft vnfainedly befeech your Lordfhippe to make fome referuation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I ferue aboue is my mafter.
Laf. Who? God.
Par. I fir.
Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy mafter. Why dooeft thou garter vp thy armes a this fafhion? Doft make hofe of thy fleeues? Do other feruants fo? Thou wert beft fet thy lower part where thy nofe ftands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: meethink'ft thou art a generall offence, and euery man fhold beate thee: I thinke thou waft created for men to breath themfelues vpon thee.
Par. This is hard and vndeferued meafure my Lord.
Laf. Go too fir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more fawcie with Lordes and honourable perfonages, then the Commifsion of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elfe I'de call you knaue. I leaue you. *Exit*

Enter Count Roffillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is fo then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.
Rof. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.
Par. What's the matter fweet-heart?
Rofsill. Although before the folemne Prieft I haue fworne, I will not bed her.
Par. What? what fweet heart?
Rof. O my *Parrolles*, they haue married me:
Ile to the *Tufcan* warres, and neuer bed her.
Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.
Rof. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.
Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warrs my boy, too'th warres:
He weares his honor in a boxe vnfeene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which fhould fuftaine the bound and high curuet
Of *Marfes* fierie fteed: to other Regions,
France is a ftable, wee that dwell in't Iades,
Therefore too'th warre.
Rof. It fhall be fo, Ile fend her to my houfe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durft not fpeake. His prefent gift
Shall furnifh me to thofe Italian fields
Where noble fellowes ftrike: Warres is no ftrife
To the darke houfe, and the detected wife.
Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art fure?
Rof. Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me.
Ile fend her ftraight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, fhe to her fingle forrow.
Par. Why thefe bals bound, ther's noife in it. Tis hard
A yong man maried, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hufh 'tis fo. *Exit*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is fhe well?
Clo. She is not well, but yet fhe has her health, fhe's very merrie, but yet fhe is not well: but thankes be giuen fhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet fhe is not well.
Hel. If fhe be verie wel, what do's fhe ayle, that fhe's not verie well?
Clo. Truly fhe's very well indeed, but for two things
Hel. What two things?
Clo. One, that fhe's not in heauen, whether God fend her quickly: the other, that fhe's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleffe you my fortunate Ladie.
Hel. I hope fir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.
Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them ftill. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?
Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would fhe did as you fay.
Par. Why I fay nothing.
Clo. Marry you are the wifer man: for many a mans tongue fhakes out his mafters vndoing: to fay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.
Par. Away, th'art a knaue.
Clo. You fhould haue faid fir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth fir.
Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.
Clo. Did you finde me in your felfe fir, or were you taught to finde me?
Clo. The fearch fir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleafure, and the encreafe of laughter.
Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A verie ferrious bufineffe call's on him:
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd reftraint:
Whofe want, and whofe delay, is ftrew'd with fweets
Which they diftill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleafure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will elfe?

Par. That you will take your inftant leaue a'th king,
And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you prefentlie
Attend his further pleafure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I fhall report it fo. *Exit Par.*

Hell. I pray you come firrah. *Exit*

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordfhippe thinkes not him a fouldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted teftimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke for a bunting.

Ber. I do affure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant.

Laf. I haue then finn'd againft his experience, and tranfgreft againft his valour, and my ftate that way is dangerous, fince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will purfue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Thefe things fhall be done fir.

Laf. Pray you fir whofe his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I fir, hee firs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. Is fhee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will fhee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treafure,
Giuen order for our horfes, and to night,
When I fhould take poffeffion of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Trauailer is fomething at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vfes a known truth to paffe a thoufand nothings with, fhould bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God faue you Captaine.

Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monfieur?

Par. I know not how I haue deferued to run into my Lords difpleafure.

Laf. You haue made fhift to run into't, bootes and fpurres and all: like him that leapt into the Cuftard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then fuffer queftion for your refidence.

Ber. It may bee you haue miftaken him my Lord.

Laf. And fhall doe fo euer, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the foule of this man is his cloathes: Truft him not in matter of heauie confequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monfieur, I haue fpoken better of you, then you haue or will to deferue at my hand, but we muft do good againft euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I fweare.

Ber. I thinke fo.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common fpeech
Giues him a worthy paffe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For prefent parting, onely he defires
Some priuate fpeech with you.

Ber. I fhall obey his will.
You muft not meruaile *Helen* at my courfe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniftration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For fuch a bufineffe, therefore am I found
So much vnfetled: This driues me to intreate you,
That prefently you take your way for home,
And rather mufe then aske why I intreate you,
For my refpects are better then they feeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then fhewes it felfe at the firft view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I fhall fee you, fo
I leaue you to your wifedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing fay,
But that I am your moft obedient feruant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And euer fhall
With true obferuance feeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely ftarres haue faild
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell:
Hie home.

Hel. Pray fir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you fay?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I fay 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, moft faine would fteale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and fcarfe fo much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do funder, and not kiffe.

Ber. I pray you ftay not, but in haft to horfe.

Hel. I fhall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monfieur, farwell. *Exit*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,
Whilft I can fhake my fword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourifh. Enter the Duke of Floreuce, the two Frenchmen, with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The

The fundamentall reafons of this warre,
Whofe great decifion hath much blood let forth
And more thirfts after.

1.*Lord*. Holy feemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the oppofer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cofin France
Would in fo iuft a bufineffe, fhut his bofome
Againft our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reafons of our ftate I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counfaile frames,
By felfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, fince I haue found
My felfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I gueft.

Duke. Be it his pleafure.

Fren.G. But I am fure the yonger of our nature,
That furfet on their eafe, will day by day
Come heere for Phyficke.

Duke. Welcome fhall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them fettle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailes they fell,
To morrow to'th the field. *Flourifh.*

Enter Counteffe and Clowne.

Count.It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, faue that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholly man.

Count. By what obferuance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke vppon his boote, and fing: mend the Ruffe and fing, aske queftions and fing, picke his teeth, and fing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a fong.

Lad. Let me fee what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clow. I haue no minde to *Isbell* fince I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an old man loues money, with no ftomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. In that you haue there. *exit*

A Letter.

I haue fent you a daughter-in-Law, fhee hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and fworne to make the not eternall. You fhall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long diftance. My duty to you. Your vnfortunate fonne,
Bertram.

This is not well rafh and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of fo good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the mifprifing of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within betweene two fouldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is fome comfort in the newes, fome comfort, your fonne will not be kild fo foone as I thoght he would.

La. Why fhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So fay I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in ftanding too't, that's the loffe of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your fonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not fay fo.

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt fo many quirkes of ioy and greefe,
That the firft face of neither on the ftart
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my fonne I pray you?

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to ferue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after fome difpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pafport.

When thou canft get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer fhall come off, and fhew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am father too, then call me husband: but in fuch a (then) I write a Neuer.
This is a dreadfull fentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1.*G*. I Madam, and for the Contents fake are forrie for our paines.

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engroffeft, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robft me of a moity: He was my fonne,
But I do wafh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren.G. I Madam.

La. And to be a fouldier.

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpofe, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren.E. I Madam, with the fwifteft wing of fpeed.

Hel. *Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,*
'Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren.E.'Tis but the boldneffe of his hand haply, which his heart was not confenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely fhe, and fhe deferues a Lord
That twenty fuch rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourely Miftris. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A feruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I haue fometime knowne.

La. *Parolles* was it not?

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickedneffe,
My fonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement.

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you fee my fonne, to tell him that his fword can neuer winne the honor that he loofes: more Ile intreate

X you

you written to bearealong.

Fren.G. We ſerue you Madam in that and all your worthieſt affaires.

La. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies, Will you draw neere? *Exit.*

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.
Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou ſhalt haue none *Roſſillion*, none in France,
Then haſt thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chaſe thee from thy Countrie, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbes of thine, to the euent
Of the none-ſparing warre? And is it I,
That driue thee from the ſportiue Court, where thou
Was't ſhot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of ſmoakie Muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride vpon the violent ſpeede of fire,
Fly with falſe ayme, moue the ſtill-peering aire
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Who euer charges on his forward breſt
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: Better 'twere
I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
With ſharpe conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Roſſillion*,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a ſcarre,
As oft it looſes all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I ſtay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To conſolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile ſteale away. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Roſſillion, drum and trumpets, ſoldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horſe thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our beſt loue and credence
Vpon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber. Sir it
A charge too heauy for my ſtrength, but yet
Wee'l ſtriue to beare it for your worthy ſake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy proſperous helme
As thy auſpicious miſtris.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my ſelfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall proue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Counteſſe & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon
With ſainted vow my faults to haue amended.
Write, write, that from the bloodie courſe of warre,
My deereſt Maſter your deare ſonne, may hie,
Bleſſe him at home in peace. Whilſt I from farre,
His name with zealous feruour ſanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:
I his deſpightfull Iuno ſent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my ſelfe embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah what ſharpe ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice ſo much,
As letting her paſſe ſo: had I ſpoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath preuented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beene ore-tane: and yet ſhe writes
Purſuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell ſhall
Bleſſe this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,
Vnleſſe her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greateſt Iuſtice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worrh,
That he does waigh too light: my greateſt greefe,
Though little he do feele it, ſet downe ſharpely.
Diſpatch the moſt conuenient meſſenger,
When haply he ſhall heare that ſhe is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that ſhee
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is deereſt to me, I haue no skill in fence
To make diſtinction: prouide this Meſſenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and ſorrow bids me ſpeake.
Exeunt

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty,
We ſhall looſe all the ſight.

Diana. They ſay, the French Count has done
Moſt honourable ſeruice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ſt Commander,
And that with his owne hand he ſlew
The Dukes brother: we haue loſt our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And ſuffice our ſelues with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is ſo rich
As honeſtie.

Widdow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene ſolicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in thofe fuggeftions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promifes, entifements, oathes, tokens, and all thefe engines of luft, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene feduced by them, and the miferie is example, that fo terrible fhewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diffwade fucceffion, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduife you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modeftie which is fo loft.

Dia. You fhall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope fo: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know fhe will lye at my houfe, thither they fend one another, Ile queftion her. God faue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. *Iaques la grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do befeech you?

Wid. At the S. *Francis* heere befide the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afarre.*

Wid. I marrie ift. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you fhall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hofteffe
As ample as my felfe.

Hel. Is it your felfe?

Wid. If you fhall pleafe fo Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will ftay vpon your leifure.

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did fo.

Wid. Heere you fhall fee a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy feruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Roffillion*: know you fuch a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares moft nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. What fomere he is
He's brauely taken heere. He ftole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Againft his liking. Thinke you it is fo?

Hel. I furely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that ferues the Count,
Reports but courfely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monfieur *Parrolles.*

Hel. Oh I beleeue with him,
In argument of praife, or to the worth
Of the great Count himfelfe, fhe is too meane
To haue her name repeated, all her deferuing
Is a referued honeftie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

Dian. Alas poore Ladie,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detefting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wherefoere fhe is,
Her hart waighes fadly: this yong maid might do her
A fhrewd turne if fhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count folicites her
In the vnlawfull purpofe.

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in fuch a fuite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But fhe is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honefteft defence.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Roffillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid elfe.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldeft fonne,
That *Efcalus.*

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a moft gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honefter
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handfom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pitty he is not honeft: yonds that fame knaue
That leades him to thefe places: were I his Ladie,
I would poifon that vile Rafcall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Iacke an-apes with fcarfes. Why is hee melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loofe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's fhrewdly vext at fomething. Looke he has fpyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtefie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is paft: Come pilgrim, I wil bring you, Where you fhall hoft: Of inioyn'd penitents
There's foure or fiue, to great S. *Iaques* bound,
Alreadie at my houfe.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Pleafe it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beftow fome precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Roffillion and the Frenchmen,
as at firft.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him haue his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordfhippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your refpect.

Cap. E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am fo farre
Deceiued in him.

Cap. E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to fpeake of him as my kinfman, hee's a moft notable Coward, an infinite and endleffe Lyar, an hourely promife-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordfhips entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, leaft repofing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at fome great and truftie bufineffe, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him fo confidently vndertake to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines wil fodainly fur-

prize him; such I will haue whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in anie thing.

Cap. G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of outs will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap. E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recouered.

Par. It might haue beene recouered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of seruice is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *hic iacet.*

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his natiue quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this euening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe wil be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy souldiership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words. *Exit*

Cap. E. No more then a fish loues water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himselfe vnto?

Cap. E. None in the world, but return with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imbost him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this verie night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twigges,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleeue you,
For you haue shew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house

From ſonne to ſonne, ſome foure or fiue diſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This Ring he holds
In moſt rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottome of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere ſhe ſeemes as wonne,
Deſires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,
Her ſelfe moſt chaſtly abſent: after
To marry her, Ile adde three thouſand Crownes
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I haue yeelded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſeuer,
That time and place with this deceite ſo lawfull
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Muſickes of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her vnworthineſſe: It nothing ſteeds vs
To chide him from our eeues, for he perſiſts
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let vs aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not ſinne, and yet a ſinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fiue or ſixe other ſouldiers in ambuſh.

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you ſallie vpon him, ſpeake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderſtand it not your ſelues, no matter: for we muſt not ſeeme to vnderſtand him, vnleſſe ſome one among vs, whom wee muſt produce for an Interpreter.

1. *Sol.* Good Captaiue, let me be th'Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No ſir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linſie wolſy haſt thou to ſpeake to vs againe.

1. *Sol.* E'n ſuch as you ſpeake to me.

Lo. E. He muſt thinke vs ſome band of ſtrangers, I'th aduerſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we muſt euery one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we ſpeak one to another: ſo we ſeeme to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you muſt ſeeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a ſleepe, and then to returne & ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within theſe three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What ſhall I ſay I haue done? It muſt bee a very plauſiue inuention that carries it. They beginne to ſmoake mee, and diſgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the firſt truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell ſhould moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt giue my ſelfe ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit: yet ſlight ones will not carrie it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the inſtance. Tongue, I muſt put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my ſelfe another of *Baiazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into theſe perilles.

Lo. E. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ſerue the turne, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

Lo. E. We cannot affoord you ſo.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and ſay I was ſtript.

Lo. E. Hardly ſerue.

Par. Though I ſwore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would ſcarſe make that be beleeued.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would ſweare I recouer'd it.

Lo. E. You ſhall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo E. *Throca mououſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ranſome, ranſome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I ſhall looſe my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeake to me,
Ile diſcouer that, which ſhal vndo the Florentine.

Int. Boskos vauvado, I vnderſtand thee, & can ſpeake thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* ſir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeuenteene ponyards are at thy boſome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manka reuania dulche.

Lo. E. Oſcorbidulchos voliuorco.

Int. The Generall is content to ſpare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayſt informe
Something to ſaue thy life.

Par. O let me liue,
And all the ſecrets of our campe Ile ſhew,
Their force, their purpoſes: Nay, Ile ſpeake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou are granted ſpace. *Exit*

A ſhort Alarum within.

L.E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (mufled

Sol. Captaine I will.

L. E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Informe on that.

Sol. So I will sir.

L. E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.
Exit

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell.*

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddesse,
And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you oweto your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not striue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.

Dia. I so you serue vs
Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barenesse.

Ber. How haue I sworne.

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd
At lest in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it beginnes, shall so perseuer.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose.

Dian. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Iewell of our house,'
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your va ine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vniustly winne. *Exit*

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souldiours.

Cap. G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

Cap E. I haue deliu'red it an houre since, there is som thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlasting displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap. G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the vnchaste composition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selues, what things are we.

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale themselues, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: so he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore-flowes himselfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre.

Cap. G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

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a meaſure of his owne iudgements, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time, what heare you of theſe Warres?

Cap. E. I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I aſſure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Roſſillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid ſir, ſo ſhould I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fledde from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimonie ſhe accompliſht: and there reſiding, the tenderneſſe of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her laſt breath, & now ſhe ſings in heauen.

Cap. E. How is this iuſtified?

Cap. G. The ſtronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her ſtorie true, euen to the poynt of her death: her death it ſelfe, which could not be her office to ſay, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap. E. I am heartily ſorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap. G. How mightily ſometimes, we make vs comforts of our loſſes.

Cap. E. And how mightily ſome other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, ſhall at home be encountred with a ſhame as ample.

Cap. G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would diſpaire if they were not cheriſh'd by our vertues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? Where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet ſir, of whom hee hath taken a ſolemne leaue: his Lordſhippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They ſhall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Ber. They cannot be too ſweete for the Kings tartneſſe, heere's his Lordſhip now. How now my Lord, i'ſt not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night diſpatch'd ſixteene buſineſſes, a moneths length a peece, by an abſtract of ſucceſſe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene theſe maine parcels of diſpatch, affected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I haue not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the buſineſſe bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſt of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I meane the buſineſſe is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but ſhall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha s deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Propheſier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's ſate i'th ſtockes all night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deſeru'd it, in vſurping his ſpurres ſo long. How does he carry himſelfe?

Cap. E. I haue told your Lordſhip alreadie: The ſtockes carrie him. But to anſwer you as you would be vnderſtood, hee weepes like a wench that had ſhed her milke, he hath confeſt himſelfe to *Morgan*, whom hee ſuppoſes to be a Friar, frō the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th ſtockes: and what thinke you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall bee read to his face, if your Lordſhippe be in't, as I beleeue you are, you muſt haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can ſay nothing of me: huſh, huſh.

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you ſay without em.

Par. I will confeſſe what I know without conſtraint, If ye pinch me like a Paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Fiue or ſixe thouſand, but very weake and vnſeruiceable: the troopes are all ſcattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

Int. Shall I ſet downe your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paſt-ſauing ſlaue is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounſieur *Parrolles* the gallant militariſt, that was his owne phraſe that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his ſcarfe, and the practiſe in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will neuer truſt a man againe, for keeping his ſword cleane, nor beleeue he can haue euerie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. Fiue or ſix thouſand horſe I ſed, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet downe, for Ile ſpeake truth.

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he deliuers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you ſir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are maruailous poore.

Interp. Demaund of him of what ſtrength they are a foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth ſir, if I were to liue this preſent houre, I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie,

fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Iaques* so many: *Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vppon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselues to peeces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap.G. Nothing, but let him haue thankes. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe: you shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whether he thinkes it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

Cay.G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

*Par.*In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap.G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int.Let. When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:
After he scores, he neuer payes the score:
Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,
He nere payes after-debts, take it before,
And say a souldier (*Dian*) *told thee this*:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.
For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parolles.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may liue.

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he parallels *Nessus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

Par. Faith sir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardceue he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

Cap.E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreate hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be saued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the suppo-

sition

fition of that lafciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue fufpected an ambufh where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy fir, but you muft dye: the Generall fayes, you that haue fo traitoroufly difcouerd the fecrets of your army, and made fuch peftifferous reports of men very nobly held, can ferue the world for no honeft vfe: therefore you muft dye. Come headefman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord fir let me liue, or let me fee my death.

Int. That fhall you, and take your leaue of all your friends:
So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo. E. God bleffe you Captaine *Parolles.*

Cap. G. God faue you noble Captaine.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France.*

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the fonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Roffillion,* and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are vndone Captaine all but your fcarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crufh'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued fo much fhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well fir, I am for *France* too, we fhall fpeake of you there. *Exit*

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burft at this: Captaine Ile be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and fleepe as foft
As Captaine fhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue: who knowes himfelfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to paffe,
That euery braggart fhall be found an Affe.
Ruft fword, coole blufhes, and *Parrolles* liue
Safeft in fhame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue;
There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.
Ile after them. *Exit.*

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greateft in the Chriftian world
Shall be my furetie: for whofe throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a defired office
Deere almoft as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars bofome would peepe forth,
And anfwer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marcellæ,* to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy: you muft know
I am fuppofed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a feruant to whofe truft
Your bufines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Miftris
Euer a friend, whofe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue
And helper to a husband. But O ftrange men,
That can fuch fweet vfe make of what they hate,
When fawcie trufting of the cofin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, fo luft doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this heereafter: you *Diana,*
Vnder my poore inftructions yet muft fuffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honeftie
Go with your impofitions, I am yours
Vpon your will to fuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on fummer,
When Briars fhall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as fweet as fharpe: we muft away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well, ftill the fines the Crowne;
What ere the courfe, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt*

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your fonne was mifled with a fnipt taffata fellow there, whofe villanous faffron wold haue made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at this houre, and your fonne heere at home, more aduanc d by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I fpeak of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the moft vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praife for creating. If fhe had pertaken of my flefh and coft mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thoufand fallets ere wee light on fuch another hearbe.

Clo. Indeed fir fhe was the fweete Margerom of the fallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knaue, they are nofe-hearbes.

Clowne. I am no great *Nebuchadnezar* fir, I haue not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doeft thou profeffe thy felfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole fir at a womans feruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your diftinction.

Clo. I would coufen the man of his wife, and do his feruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his feruice indeed.

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble fir to doe her feruice.

Laf. I will fubfcribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clo. At your feruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why fir, if I cannot ferue you, I can ferue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whofe that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith fir a has an Englifh maine, but his fifnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince fir, alias the prince of darkeneffe, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purfe, I giue thee not this to fuggeft thee from thy mafter thou talk'ft off, ferue him ftill.

Clow

Clo. I am a woodland fellow ſir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the maſter I ſpeak of euer keeps a good fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: ſome that humble themſelues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horſes be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em ſir, they ſhall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *exit*

Laf. A ſhrewd knaue and an vnhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himſelfe much ſport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his ſawcineſſe, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſſe: and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your ſonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my maſter to ſpeake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maieſtie out of a ſelfe-gracious remembrance did firſt propoſe, his Highneſſe hath promis'd me to doe it, and to ſtoppe vp the diſpleaſure he hath conceiued againſt your ſonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſſe comes poſt from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldome fail'd.

La. Ir reioyces me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I haue letters that my ſonne will be heere to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your ſonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a ſcar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

Laf. A ſcarre nobly got,
Or a noble ſcarre, is a good liu'rie of honor,
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs go ſee
your ſonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble ſouldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poſting day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low, we cannot helpe it:
But ſince you haue made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do ſo grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Aſtringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maieſties eare,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſaue you ſir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue ſeene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue beene ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume ſir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodneſſe,
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharpe occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vſe of your owne vertues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that ſtore of power you haue
To come into his preſence.

Gen. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere ſir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd laſt night, and with more haſt
Then is his vſe.

Wid. Lord how we looſe our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time ſeeme ſo aduerſe, and meanes vnfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Roſſillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I preſume ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good ſpeede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall finde your ſelfe to be well thankt what e're falles more. We muſt to horſe againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now ſir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with freſher cloathes: but I am now ſir muddied in fortunes mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eate no Fiſh of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee alow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to ſtop your noſe ſir: I ſpake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed ſir, if your Metaphor ſtinke, I will ſtop my noſe, or againſt any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

Par.

Par. Pray you sir deliuer me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the vncleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, vse the Carpe as you may, for h lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knaue. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Iustices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word,

Laf. you begge a single peny more: Come you shall ha't, saue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles.*

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, giue me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, doest thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, Old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We lost a Iewell of her, and our esteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know
Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege,
And I beseech your Maiestie to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the suruey
Of richest eies: whose words all eares tooke captiue,
Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,
Humbly call'd Mistris.

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then obliuion we do burie
Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege.

Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
Haue you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brightest beames
Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first
I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornfull Perspectiue did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried
To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults,
Make triuiall price of serious things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.
Oft our displeasures to our selues vniust,
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust:
Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's don,e
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin,*
The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay
To see our widdowers second marriage day:
Which better then the first, O deere heauen blesse,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested: giue a fauour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And eu'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I ſaw vpon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes euer ſtoode
Neceſſitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releeue her. Had you that craft to reaue her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue ſeene her weare it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her liues rate.

Laf. I am ſure I ſaw her weare it.

Ber. You are deceiu'd my Lord, ſhe neuer ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd. but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of Honour
As ſhe had made the ouerture, ſhe ceaſt
In heauie ſatisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.

Kin. *Platus* himſelfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures myſterie more ſcience,
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who euer gaue it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelfe,
Confeſſe 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſuretie,
That ſhe would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnleſſe ſhe gaue it to your ſelfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come: or ſent it vs
Vpon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She neuer ſaw it.

Kin. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely: as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'ſt connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine ſhut out, if it ſhould proue
That rhou art ſo inhumane, 'twill not proue ſo:
And yet I know not, thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead, which nothing but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelfe, could win me to beleeue,
More then to ſee this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-paſt proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall proue
This Ring was euer hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap d in diſmall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne.
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fiue remoues come ſhort,
To tender it her ſelfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the faire grace and ſpeech
Of the poore ſuppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her buſineſſe lookes in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highneſſe with her ſelfe.

A Letter.

Vpon his many proteſtations to marrie mee when his wife was dead, I blush to ſay it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Roſſillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my honors payed to him. Hee ſtole from Florence, taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iuſtice: Grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies, otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poore Maid is vndone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Ile none of him.

Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this diſcou'rie, ſeeke theſe ſutors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)
Was fowly ſnatcht.

Old La. Now iuſtice on the doers.

King. I wonder ſir, ſir, wiues are monſters to you,
And that you flye them as you ſweare them Lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My ſuite as I do vnderſtand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know theſe Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke ſo ſtrange vpon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowes, and thoſe are mine:
You giue away my ſelfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you, muſt marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would ſinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What ſaiſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gameſter to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were ſo,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do

Do not beleeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whofe high refpect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.
Coun. He blufhes, and 'tis hit:
Of fixe preceding Anceftors, that Iemme
Confer'd by teftament to'th fequent iffue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thoufand proofes.
King. Methought you faide
You faw one heere in Court could witneffe it.
Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an inftrument, his names *Parrolles.*
Laf. I faw the man to day, if man he bee.
Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.
Rof. What of him:
He's quoted for a moft pe fidious flaue
With all the fpots a'th world, taxt and debofh'd,
Whofe nature fickens: but to fpeake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will fpeake any thing.
Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.
Rof. I thinke fhe has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her diftance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagerneffe with her reftraint,
As all impediments in fancies courfe
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her infuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, fhe got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.
Dia. I muft be patient:
You that haue turn'd off a firft fo noble wife,
May iuftly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loofe a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.
Rof. I haue it not.
Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dian. Sir much like the fame vpon your finger.
Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.
Kin. The ftory then goes falfe, you threw it him
Out of a Cafement.
Dia. I haue fpoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
Rof. My Lord, I do confeffe the ring was hers.
Kin. You boggle fhrewdly, euery feather ftarts you:
Is this the man you fpeake of?
Dia. I, my Lord.
Kin. Tell me firrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the difpleafure of your mafter:
Which on your iuft proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
Par. So pleafe your Maiefty, my mafter hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.
Kin. Come, come, to'th'purpofe: Did hee loue this woman?
Par. Faith fir he did loue her, but how.
Kin. How I pray you?
Par. He did loue her fir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.
Kin. How is that?
Par. He lou'd her fir, and lou'd her not.
Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equiuocall Companion is this?
Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiefties command.
Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie Orator.
Dian. Do you know he promift me marriage?
Par. Faith I know more then Ile fpeake.
Kin. But wilt thou not fpeake all thou know'ft?
Par. Yes fo pleafe your Maiefty: I did goe betweene them as I faid, but more then that he loued her, for indeede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promifing her marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to fpeake of, therefore I will not fpeake what I know.
Kin. Thou haft fpoken all alreadie, vnleffe thou canft fay they are maried, but thou art too fine in thy euidence, therefore ftand afide. This Ring you fay was yours.
Dia. I my good Lord.
Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?
Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.
Kin. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
Kin. Where did you finde it then?
Dia. I found it not.
Kin. If it were yours by none of all thefe wayes,
How could you giue it him.
Dia. I neuer gaue it him.
Laf. This womans an eafie gloue my Lord, fhe goes off and on at pleafure.
Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his firft wife.
Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.
Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prifon with her: and away with him,
Vnleffe thou telft me where thou hadft this Ring,
Thou dieft within this houre.
Dia. Ile neuer tell you.
Kin. Take her away.
Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.
Kin. I thinke thee now fome common Cuftomer.
Dia. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.
King. Wherefore haft thou accufde him al this while.
Dia. Becaufe he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l fweare too't:
Ile fweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no ftrumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or elfe this old mans wife.
Kin. She does abufe our eares, to prifon with her.
Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall fir,
The Ieweller that owes the Ring is fent for,
And he fhall furety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himfelfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himfelfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though fhe be, fhe feeles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorcift
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I fee?
Hel. No my good Lord,

'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

Roſ. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it ſayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Roſ. If ſhe my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly.

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce ſtep betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I ſee you liuing?

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make ſport with thee: Let thy curtſies alone, they are ſcuruy ones.

King Let vs from point to point this ſtorie know,
To make the euen truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh vncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can gueſſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,
Thou keptſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſolduedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

Flouriſh.

THe Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,
That you expreſſe Content: which we will pay,
With ſtrift to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.

FINIS.

Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scœna Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.
IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall.
Cu. Will yo go hunt my Lord?
Du. What *Curio*?
Cu. The Hart.
Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:
O when mine eyes did see *Oliuia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer:
The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saued.
Vio. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saued with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother
Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Maste, that liu'd vpon the sea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place:
Vio. Who gouernes heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. *Orsino.*
Vio, *Orsino*: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)
That he did seeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.
Vio. What's shee?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some tweluemonth since, then leauing her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abiur'd the sight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I seru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

Till I had made mine owne occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is.

Cap. That were hard to compaſſe,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kinde of ſuite,
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behauiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeue thou haſt a minde that ſuites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteouſly)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The forme of my intent. Ile ſerue this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can ſing,
And ſpeake to him in many ſorts of Muſicke,
That will allow me very worth his ſeruice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemie to life.

Mar. By my troth ſir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlyer a nights: your Coſin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you muſt confine your ſelfe within the modeſt limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my ſelfe no finer then I am: theſe cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and ſo bee theſe boots too: and they be not, let them hang themſelues in their owne ſtraps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I heard my Lady talke of it yeſterday: and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th'purpoſe?

To. Why he ha's three thouſand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all theſe ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l ſay ſo: he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almoſt naturall: for beſides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickely haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coyſtrill that will not drinke to my Neece. till his braines turne o'th toe, like a pariſh top. What wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*: for here coms Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now ſir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet ſir *Andrew*.

And. Bleſſe you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too ſir.

Tob. Accoſt ſir *Andrew*, accoſt.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

Ma. Good Miſtris accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is *Mary* ſir.

And. Good miſtris *Mary*, accoſt.

To, You miſtake knight: Accoſt, is front her, boord her, woe her, aſſayle her.

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoſt?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part ſo Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightſt neuer draw ſword agen.

And. And you part ſo miſtris, I would I might neuer draw ſword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you ſhall haue, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now ſir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (ſweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry ſir.

And. Why I thinke ſo: I am not ſuch an aſſe, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your ieſt?

Ma. A dry ieſt Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*

To. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of Canarie: when did *I* ſee thee ſo put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnleſſe you ſee Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes ſometimes I haue no more wit then a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeue that does harme to my wit.

To. No queſtion.

An. And I thought that, I'de forſweare it. Ile ride home to morrow ſir *Toby*.

To. *Pur-quoy* my deere knight?

An. What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it wlll not coole my nature.

An. But it becoms we wel enough, doſt not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaffe: & I hope to ſee a huſwife take thee between her legs, & ſpin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow ſir *Toby*, your niece wil not be ſeene, or if ſhe be it's four to one, ſhe'l none of me: the Connt himſelfe here hard by, wooes her.

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, ſhe'l not match aboue hir degree, neither in eſtate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her ſweart. Tut there's life in't man.

And

And. Ile ſtay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th ſtrangeſt minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels ſometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at theſe kicke-chawſes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? Wherefore haue theſe gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take duſt, like miſtris *Mals* picture? Why doſt thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke ſhould be a Iigge: I would not ſo much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooeſt thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent conſtitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the ſtarre of a Galliard.

And, I, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocke. Shall we ſit about ſome Reuels?

To. What ſhall we do elſe: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And Taurus? That ſides and heart.

To. No ſir, it is leggs and thighes: let me ſee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue theſe fauours towards you *Ceſario*, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his loue. Is he inconſtant ſir, in his fauours. *Val.* No beleeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Ceſario,*
Thou knowſt no leſſe, but all: I haue vnclaſp'd
To thee rhe booke euen of my ſecret ſoule.
Therefore good youth, addreſſe thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de acceſſe, ſtand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
Till thou haue audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe neuer will admit me.

Du, Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne,

Vio. Say I do ſpeake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the paſsion of my loue,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my deere faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aſpect.

Vio. I thinke not ſo, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeue it;
For they ſhall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That ſay thou art a man: *Dianas* lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious: thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblatiue a womans part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affayre: ſome foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my ſelfe am beſt
When leaſt in companie: proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my beſt
To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull ſtrife,
Who ere I woe, my ſelfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lippes ſo wide as a briſsle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton anſwer: I can tell thee where ẏ ſaying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good miſtris *Mary*?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to ſay in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God giue them wiſedome that haue it: & thoſe that are fooles, let them vſe their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let ſummer beare it out.

Ma. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neyther, but I am reſolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if ſir *Toby* would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eues* fleſh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: thoſe wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am ſure I lacke thee, may paſſe for a wiſe man. For what ſaies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a fooliſh wit. God bleſſe thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: beſides you grow diſ-honeſt.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counſell wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that tranſgreſſes, is but patcht with ſinne, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this ſimple Sillogiſme will ſerue, ſo: if it will not, vvhat remedy? As

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proofe.

Clo. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouse of vertue answer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your proofe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his soule is in heauen, foole.

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that decaies the wise, doth euer make the better foole.

Clow. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that *Maluolio*?

Mal. I maruel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-loue *Maluolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reproue.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Ma. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it. *Exit Maluo.*

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come so earely by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'l speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd, and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scarse out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face, Wee'l once more heare *Orsinos* Embassie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least sinister vsage.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that

may proceede in my ſpeech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I ſweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the houſe?

Ol. If I do not vſurpe my ſelfe, I am.

Vio. Moſt certaine, if you are ſhe, you do vſurp your ſelfe: for what is yours to beſtowe, is, not yours to reſerue. But this is from my Commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to ſtudie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reaſon, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyſt ſayle ſir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a meſſenger.

Ol. Sure you haue ſome hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curteſie of it is ſo fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
What would you?

Vio. The rudeneſſe that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Giue vs the place alone,
We will heare this diuinitie. Now ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee ſaide of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In *Orſinoes* boſome.

Ol. In his boſome? In what chapter of his boſome?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his hart.

Ol. O, I haue read it: it is hereſie. Haue you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Ol. Haue you any Commiſsion from your Lord, to negociate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Looke you ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Iſt not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine ſir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white,
Natures owne ſweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhee aliue,
If you will leade theſe graces to the graue,
And leaue the world no copie.

Ol. O ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers ſcedules of my beautie. It ſhalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtenſile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
My Lord, and maſter loues you: O ſuch loue
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio, With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder loue, with ſighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I ſuppoſe him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſſe youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon; But yet I cannot loue him:
He might haue tooke his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my maſters flame,
With ſuch a ſuffring, ſuch a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would finde no ſence,
I would not vnderſtand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my ſoule within the houſe,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
And ſing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babling Goſsip of the aire,
Cry out *Oliuia*: O you ſhould not reſt
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you ſhould pittie me.

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him ſend no more,
Vnleſſe (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: ſpend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poaſt, Lady; keepe your purſe,
My Maſter, not my ſelfe, lackes recompence.
Loue make his heart of flint, that you ſhal loue,
And let your feruour like my maſters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie. *Exit*

Ol. What is your Parentage?
Aboue my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well;
I am a Gentleman. Ile be ſworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and ſpirit,
Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too faſt: ſoft, ſoft,
Vnleſſe the Maſter were the man. How now?
Euen ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an inuiſible, and ſubtle ſtealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Maluolio.*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your ſeruice.

Ol. Run after that ſame peeuiſh Meſſenger
The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile giue him reaſons for't: hie thee *Maluolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:

Fate

Fate, ſhew thy force, our ſelues we do not owe,
What is decreed, muſt be: and be this ſo.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scœna Prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebaſtian.

Ant. Will you ſtay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtarres ſhine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No ſooth ſir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſtie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expreſſe my ſelfe: you muſt know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my ſelfe, and a ſiſter, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had beene pleas'd, would we had ſo ended. But you ſir, alter'd that, for ſome houre before you tooke me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady ſir, though it was ſaid ſhee much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder ouer-farre beleeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publiſh her, ſhee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already ſir with ſalt water, though I ſeeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee be your ſeruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once, my boſome is full of kindneſſe, and I am yet ſo neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orſino's Court, farewell. *Exit*

Ant. The gentleneſſe of all the gods go with thee:
I haue many enemies in Orſino's Court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeeme ſport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Viola and Maluolio, at ſeuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Counteſſe *Oliuia?*

Vio. Euen now ſir, on a moderate pace, I haue ſince ariu'd but hither.

Mal She returnes this Ring to you (ſir) you might haue ſaued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your ſelfe. She adds moreouer, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer ſo hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnleſſe it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it ſo.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come ſir, you peeuiſhly threw it to her: and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: If it bee worth ſtooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?
Fortune forbid my out-ſide haue not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That me thought her eyes had loſt her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeake in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loues me ſure, the cunning of her paſsion
Inuites me in this churliſh meſſenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he ſent her none;
I am the man, if it be ſo, as tis,
Poore Lady, ſhe were better loue a dreame:
Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſſe,
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In womens waxen hearts to ſet their formes:
Alas, O frailtie is the cauſe, not wee,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we bee:
How will this fadge? My maſter loues her deerely,
And I (poore monſter) fond aſmuch on him:
And ſhe (miſtaken) ſeemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maiſters loue:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftleſſe ſighes ſhall poore *Oliuia* breath?
O time, thou muſt vntangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Deliculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues conſiſt of the foure Elements?

And. Faith ſo they ſay, but I thinke it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a ſcholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke. *Marian* I ſay, a ſtoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts: Did you neuer ſee the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome aſſe, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breaſt. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had ſuch a legge, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the foole has. Infooth thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſsing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I ſent thee ſixe pence for

for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's haue a song.

An. There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clo. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good life?

To. A loue song, a loue song.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

O Mistris mine where are you roming?
O stay and heare, your true loues coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further prettie sweeting:
Iourneys end in louers meeting,
Euery wise mans sonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is loue, tis not heereafter,*
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still vnsure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:
Youths a stuffe will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knaue* knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch sung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

To, My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios* a Peg-a-ramsie, and *Three merry men be wee.* Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. *O the twelfe day of December.*

Mar. For the loue o'God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouse of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leaue of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby* there thou lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. *Shall I bid him go.*

Clo. *What and if you do?*

To. *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

To. Out o'tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by *S.* Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stope of Wine *Maria.*

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; she shall know of it by this hand. *Exit*

Mar. Go shake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.

An. I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deuice.

An. I hau't in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that

that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse.

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*

To. Good night *Penthisilea.*

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends.
Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song,
That old and Anticke song we heard last night;
Me thought it did releeue my passion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of these most briske and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste* the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Oliuiaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. *Musicke playes.*
Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Saue in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the seate
Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour.

Du. What kinde of woman ist?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take
An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirme,
More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night:
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinsters and Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing. *Musicke.*

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:
A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me ô where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truely sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another.

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie:
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
That nature prankes her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot loue you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for *Oliuia*: you cannot loue her:
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides

Can

Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold ſo much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That ſuffer ſurfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Oliuia*.

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What doſt thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Du. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: ſhe neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke: ſhe pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She ſate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may ſay more, ſweare more, but indeed
Our ſhewes are more then will: for ſtill we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But di'de thy ſiſter of her loue my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers houſe,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haſte: giue her this Iewell: ſay,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay. *exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I looſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldſt thou not be glad to haue the niggardly Raſcally ſheepe-biter, come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out o'fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, ſhall we not Sir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practiſing behauiour to his own ſhadow this halfe houre: obſerue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Cloſe in the name of ieaſting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt, that muſt be caught with tickling. *Exit*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me ſhe did affect me, and I haue heard her ſelf come thus neere, that ſhould ſhee fancie, it ſhould bee one of my complection. Beſides ſhe vſes me with a more exalted reſpect, then any one elſe that followes her. What ſhould I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could ſo beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Maluolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Piſtoll him, piſtoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deepely in: looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Hauing beene three moneths married to her, ſitting in my ſtate.

To. O for a ſtone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I haue left *Oliuia* ſleeping.

To. Fire and Brimſtone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the humor of ſtate: and after a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as I would they ſhould doe theirs: to aske for my kinſman *Toby*.

To. Boltes and ſhackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my ſomerich Iewell: *Toby* approaches; curtſies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our ſilence be drawne from vs with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes, then?

Mal. Saying, Coſine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing caſt me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of ſpeech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſſe.

To. Out ſcab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the ſinewes of our plot?

Mal. Beſides you waſte the treaſure of your time, with a fooliſh knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One ſir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fa. Now is the Wooodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the ſpirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: theſe bee her very *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes ſhee het great *P's*. It is in contempt of queſtion her hand.

An. Her *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my good Wiſhes: Her very Phraſes: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe vſes to ſeale: tis my Lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal.

Mal. Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not mooue, no man must know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter'd: No man must know, If this should be thee *Maluolio*?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucresse knife:
With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. M.O.A.I. doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish a poyson has she drest him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why shee may command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M. O. A. I.*

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Maluolio, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M,O,A,I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prose: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my stars I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, tht fortunate vnhappy daylight and champian discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade polticke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deero my sweete, I prethee.* Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do euery thing that thou wilt haue me. *Exit*

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondslaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

And. Ile make one too. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I liue by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickely the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickely make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo.

Clo. Troth ſir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne ſo falſe, I am loath to proue reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'ſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience ſir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing ſir, I would it would make you inuiſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Oliuia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed ſir, the Lady *Oliuia* has no folly, ſhee will keepe no foole ſir, till ſhe be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Count *Orſino's.*

Clo. Foolery ſir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it ſhines euery where. I would be ſorry ſir, but the Foole ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtris: I thinke I ſaw your wiſedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paſſe vpon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, ſend thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almoſt ſicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo Would not a paire of theſe haue bred ſir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vſe.

*Clo.*I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* ſir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus.*

Vio. I vnderſtand you ſir, tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great ſir; begging, but a begger: *Creſſida* was a begger. My Lady is within ſir. I will conſter to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might ſay Element, but the word is ouer-worne. *exit*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:
He muſt obſerue their mood on whom he ieſts,
The quality of perſons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather
That comes before his eye. This isa practice,
As full of labour as a Wiſe-mans Art:
For folly that he wiſely ſhewes, is fit;
But wiſemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vio. And you ſir.

And. Dieu vou guard Monſieur.

Vio. Et vouz ouſie voſtre ſeruiture.

An. I hope ſir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the houſe, my Neece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece ſir, I meane ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

To. Taſte your legges ſir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better vnderſtand me ſir, then I vnderſtand what you meane by bidding me taſte my legs.

To. I meane to go ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne moſt pregnant and vouchſafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be ſhut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand ſir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and moſt humble ſeruice

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſeruants name, faire Princeſſe.

Ol. My ſeruant ſir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
y'are ſeruant to the Count *Orſino* youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
your ſeruants ſeruant, is your ſeruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.
I bad you neuer ſpeake againe of him;
But would you vndertake another ſuite
I had rather heare you, to ſolicit that,
Then Muſicke from the ſpheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelfe, my ſeruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Haue you not ſet mine Honor at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th'vnmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
Enough is ſhewne, a Cipreſſe, not a boſome,
Hides my heart: ſo let me heare you ſpeake.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to loue.

Vio. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar proofe
That verie oft we pitty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to ſmile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke ſtrikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waſte of time:
Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to harueſt,
your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due Weſt.

Vio. Then Weſtward hoe:
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip:
you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkſt of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke ſo, I thinke the ſame of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of ſcorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murdrous guilt ſhewes not it ſelfe more ſoone,
Then loue that would ſeeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
Ceſario, by the Roſes of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,
I loue thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reafon, can my paffion hide :
Do not extort thy reafons from this claufe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haft no caufe :
But rather reafon thus, with reafon fetter ;
Loue fought, is good : but giuen vnfought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I fweare, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one bofome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall miftris be of it, faue I alone.
And fo adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Mafters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe : for thou perhaps mayft moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not ftay a iot longer :

To. Thy reafon deere venom, giue thy reafon.

Fab. You muft needes yeelde your reafon, Sir *Andrew* ?

And. Marry I faw your Neece do more fauours to the Counts Seruing-man, then euer fhe beftow'd vpon mee : I faw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did fhe fee the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I fee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.

And. S'light ; will you make an Affe o'me.

Fab. I will proue it legitimate fir, vpon the Oathes of iudgement, and reafon.

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, fince before *Noah* was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did fhew fauour to the youth in your fight, onely to exafperate you, to awake your dormoufe valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimftone in your Liuer : you fhould then haue accofted her, and with fome excellent iefts, fire-new from the mint, you fhould haue bangd the youth into dumbeneffe : this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt : the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wafh off, and you are now fayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an yfickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnleffe you do redeeme it, by fome laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.

And. And't be any way, it muft be with Valour, for policie I hate : I had as liefe be a Brownift, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the bafis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece fhall take note of it, and affure thy felfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this fir *Andrew*.

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him ?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curft and briefe : it is no matter how wittie, fo it bee eloquent, and full of inuention : taunt him with the licenfe of Inke : if thou thou'ft him fome thrice, it fhall not be amiffe, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy fheete of paper, although the fheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England, fet 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goofe-pen, no matter : about it.

And. Where fhall I finde you ?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo : Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, fome two thoufand ftrong, or fo.

Fa. We fhall haue a rare Letter from him ; but you'le not deliuer't.

To. Neuer truft me then : and by all meanes ftirre on the youth to an anfwer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you finde fo much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the foote of a flea, Ile eate the reft of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his oppofit the youth beares in his vifage no great prefage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngeft Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you defire the fpleene, and will laughe your felues into ftitches, follow me ; yond gull *Maluolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho ; for there is no chriftian that meanes to be faued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeue fuch impoffible paffages of groffeneffe. Hee's in yellow ftockings.

To. And croffe garter'd ?

Mar. Moft villanoufly : like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church : I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him : He does fmile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies : you haue not feene fuch a thing as tis : I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will ftrike him : if fhee doe, hee'l fmile, and take't for a great fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Sebaftian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But fince you make your pleafure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ftay behinde you : my defire
(More fharpe then filed fteele) did fpurre me forth,
And not all loue to fee you (though fo much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealoufie, what might befall your rrauell,
Being skilleffe in thefe parts : which to a ftranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vnhofpitable. My willing loue,
The rather by thefe arguments of feare
Set forth in your purfuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio*,
I can no other anfwer make, but thankes,
And thankes : and euer oft good turnes,
Are fhuffel'd off with fuch vncurrant pay :
But were my worth, as is my confcience firme,

You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.

Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these streetes.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some seruice, of such note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarse be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You haue desire to purchase: and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre.

Ant. To th'Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Oliuia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is sad, and ciuill,
And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,
Where is *Maluolio*?

Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship were best to haue some guard about you, if hee come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.
How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obstruction in the blood:
This crosse-gartering, but what of that?
If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Mal. Why how doest thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you *Maluolio*?

Maluo. At your request:
Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanst thou by that *Maluolio*?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, ler me see thee a seruant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orsino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleasure.

Ol. Ile come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be lookd too. Where's my Cosine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a speciall care of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *exit*

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth. I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not *Maluolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres togither, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance: What can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of fanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himfelfe poffeft him, yet Ile fpeake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ift with you fir? How ift with you man?

Mal. Go off, I difcard you: let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend fpeakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does fhe fo?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee muft deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio*? How ift with you? What man, defie the diuell: confider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you fay?

Mar. La you, and you fpeake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it fhall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not loofe him for more then ile fay.

Mal. How now miftris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not fee you moue him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleneffe, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how doft ẏ chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at cherrie-pit with fathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to fay his prayers, good fir *Toby* gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlyneffe.

Mal. Go hang your felues all: you are ydle fhallowe things, I am not of your element, you fhall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

To. Ift pofsible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a ftage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay purfue him now, leaft the deuice take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we fhall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The houfe will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleafure, and his pennance, til our very paftime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but fee, but fee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ift fo fawcy?

And. I, ift? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth, whatfoeuer thou art, thou art but a fcuruy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee fo, for I will fhew thee no reafon for't.

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of ẏe (Law

To. Thou comft to the Lady Oliuia, and in my fight fhe vfes thee kindly: but thou lyeft in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good fence-leffe.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilft me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie fide of the Law: good.

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our foules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and fo looke to thy felfe. Thy friend as thou vfeft him, & thy fworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. Yon may haue verie fit occafion fot't: he is now in fome commerce with my Ladie, and will by aud by depart.

To. Go fir *Andrew*: fcout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: fo foone as euer thou feeft him, draw, and as thou draw'ft, fweare horrible: for t comes to paffe oft, that a terrible oath, with a fwaggering accent fharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer proofe it felfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for fwearing. *Exit*

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leffe. Therefore, this Letter being fo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But fir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; fet vpon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a moft hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuofitie. This will fo fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Oliuia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and prefently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while vpon fome horrid meffage for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue faid too much vnto a hart of ftone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's fomething in me that reproues my fault:
But fuch a head-ftrong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the fame hauiour that your paffion beares,
Goes on my Mafters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refufe it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I befeech you come againe to morrow.
What fhall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (fau'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my mafter.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my foule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God faue thee.

Vio. And you ſir.

To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I knowe not: but thy intercepter full of deſpight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: diſmount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake ſir I am ſure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwiſe I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, skill, and wrath, can furniſh man withall.

Vio. I pray you ſir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet conſideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, ſoules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of ſome kinde of men, that put quarrells purpoſely on others, to taſte their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it ſelfe out of a very computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his deſire. Backe you ſhall not to the houſe, vnleſſe you vndertake that with me, which with as much ſafetie you might anſwer him: therefore on, or ſtrippe your ſword ſtarke naked: for meddle you muſt that's certain, or forſweare to weare iron about you

Vio. This is as vnciuill as ſtrange. I beſeech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

To. I will doe ſo. Signiour *Fabian*, ſtay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenſt againſt you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promiſe to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeede ſir, the moſt skilfull, bloudy, & fatall oppoſite that you could poſsibly haue found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with ſir Prieſt, then ſir knight: I care not who knowes ſo much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not ſeen ſuch a firago: I had a paſſe with him, rapier, ſcabberd, and all: and he giues me the ſtucke in with ſuch a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the anſwer, he payes you as ſurely, as your feete hits the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can ſcarſe hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and ſo cunning in Fence, I'de haue ſeene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and Ile giue him my horſe, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: ſtand heere, make a good ſhew on't, this ſhall end without the perdition of ſoules, marry Ile ride your horſe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horſe to take vp the quarrell, I haue perſwaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie ſir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now ſcarſe to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vowe, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Giue ground if you ſee him furious.

To. Come ſir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors ſake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promiſed me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put vp your ſword: if this yong Gentleman
Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You ſir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One ſir, that for his loue dares yet do more
Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good ſir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray ſir, put your ſword vp if you pleaſe.

And. Marry will I ſir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you eaſily, and raines well.

1.*Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.

2 *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Count *Orſino*

An. You do miſtake me ſir.

1.*Off.* No ſir, no iot: I know your fauour well:
Though now you haue no ſea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you:
But there's no remedie, I ſhall anſwer it:
What will you do: now my neceſſitie
Makes me to aske you for my purſe. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my ſelfe: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come ſir away.

Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money ſir?
For the fayre kindneſſe you haue ſhew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you ſomething: my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuiſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Iſt poſſible that my deſerts to you
Can lacke perſwaſion. Do not tempt my miſery,
Leaſt that it make me ſo vnſound a man
As to vpbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes

That I haue done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainneſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heauens themſelues.

2. *Off.* Come ſir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee (heere,
I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death,
Releeu'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou haſt *Sebaſtian* done good feature, ſhame.
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunkes, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.

1. *Off* The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on. *Exit*

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from ſuch paſsion flye
That he beleeues himſelfe, ſo do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue ttue,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue.

To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his frend heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his cowardſhip aske *Fabian.*

Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in it.

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scœna prima.

Enter Sebaſtian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeue, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neyther: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome-where elſe, thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy ſtrangenes, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe paiment.

Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſe-men that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good report, after foureteene yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong ſouldier put vp your yron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt yͧ now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Oliuia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, deere *Ceſario*:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſsion ſway
In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe prankes
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:
Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee,
He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What relliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:
Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteepe,
If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ſt be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleeue thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in

ſuch

in ſuch a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Studient: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſkeeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a carefull man, & a great ſcholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleſſe thee M. Parſon.

Clo. *Bonosdies* ſir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that neuer ſaw pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: ſo I being M. Parſon, am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topas.*

Clo. What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Maluolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good ſir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee heere in hideous darkneſſe.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt ſathan: I call thee by the moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will vſe the diuell himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas.*

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes tranſparant as baricadoes, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is darke.

Clo. Madman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the Ægyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way aproue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkneſſe, thou ſhalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, leſt thou diſpoſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas.*

Tob. My moſt exquiſite ſir *Topas.*

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightſt haue done this without thy berd and gowne, he ſees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findſt him: I would we were well ridde of this knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the vppeſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, *perdie.*

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Foole, I ſay.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deſerue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your fiue witts?

Mall. Foole, there was neuer man ſo notoriouſlie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkeneſſe, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Aduiſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is heere. *Maluolio, Maluolio*, thy wittes the heauens reſtore: endeauour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas.*

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I ſir, not I ſir. God buy you good Sir Topas: Marry Amen. I will ſir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to ſome light, and ſome paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, ſome inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will ſet downe to my Lady: it ſhall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I ſee his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the higheſt degree: I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to ſuſtaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle ſhe gaue me, I do feel't, and ſee't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madneſſe. Where's *Anthonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to ſeeke me out,
His councell now might do me golden ſeruice,
For though my ſoule diſputes well with my ſence,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſſe,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am readie to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſwades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing
As I perceiue ſhe do's: there's ſomething in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Oliuia, and Prieſt.

Ol. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that conſecrated roofe,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt iealious, and too doubtfull ſoule
May liue at peace. He ſhall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you ſay?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing ſworne truth, euer will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens ſo ſhine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'ſt me, let me ſee his Letter.

Clo. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence deſire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends?

Clo. I ſir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how doeſt thou my good Fellow?

Clo. Truely ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Du. Iuſt the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clo. No ſir, the worſe.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſſe of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſſe: ſo that by my foes ſir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelfe, and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth ſir, no: though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Du. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing ſir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you giue me ill counſell.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, ſecundo, tertio,* is a good play, and the olde ſaying is, the third payes for all: the triplex ſir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the belles of S. *Bennet* ſir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry ſir, lullaby to your bountie till I come agen. I go ſir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my deſire of hauing is the ſinne of couetouſneſſe: but as you ſay ſir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon. *Exit*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man ſir, that did reſcue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the ſmoake of warre:
A bawbling Veſſel was he Captaine of,
For ſhallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathfull grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of loſſe
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

1 *Offi.* *Orſino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* loſt his legge;
Heere in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſſe ſir, drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou ſalt-water Theefe,
What fooliſh boldneſſe brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes ſo bloudie, and ſo deere
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orſino*: Noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you giue mee:
Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confeſſe, on baſe and ground enough
Orſino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingratefull boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſeas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke paſt hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerſe Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purfe,
Which I had recommended to his vfe,
Not halfe an houre before.

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Oliuia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countefſe, now heauen walkes on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madneſſe,
Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him afide.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein *Oliuia* may feeme feruiceable?
Cefario, you do not keepe promife with me.

Vio. Madam:

Du. Gracious *Oliuia*.

Ol. What do you fay *Cefario*? Good my Lord.

Vio. My Lord would fpeake, my dutie hufhes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulfome to mine eare
As howling after Muficke.

Du. Still fo cruell?

Ol. Still fo conftant Lord.

Du. What to peruerfeneffe? you vnciuill Ladie
To whofe ingrate, and vnaufpicious Altars
My foule the faithfull'ft offrings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What fhall I do?

Ol. Euen what it pleafe my Lord, that fhal becom him

Du. Why fhould I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a fauage iealoufie,
That fometime fauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance caft my faith,
And that I partly know the inftrument
That fcrewes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-brefted Tirant ftill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I fweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he fits crowned in his mafters fpight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mifchiefe:
Ile facrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To fpight a Rauens heart within a Doue.

Vio. And I moft iocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you reft, a thoufand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes *Cefario*?

Vio. After him I loue,
More then I loue thefe eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I fhall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witneffes aboue
Punifh my life, for tainting of my loue.

Ol. Aye me detefted, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Haft thou forgot thy felfe? Is it fo long?
Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cefario*, Husband, ftay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the bafeneffe of thy feare,
That makes thee ftrangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cefario*, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'ft thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ft.

Enter Prieft.

O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkeneffe, what occafion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou doft know
Hath newly paft, betweene this youth, and me.

Prieft. A contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attefted by the holy clofe of lippes,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teftimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauail'd but two houres.

Du. O thou diffembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath fow'd a grizzle on thy cafe?
Or will not elfe thy craft fo quickely grow,
That thine owne trip fhall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do proteft.

Ol. O do not fweare,
Hold little faith, though thou haft too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, fend one prefently to fir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-croffe, and has giuen Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this fir *Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cefario*: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Cefario*?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was fet on to do't by fir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you fpeake to me, I neuer hurt you:
you drew your fword vpon me without caufe,
But I befpake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you fet nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes fir *Toby* halting, you fhall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ift with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't: Sot, didft fee Dicke Surgeon, fot?

Clo. O he's drunke fir *Toby* an houre agone: his eyes were fet at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a paffy meafures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you fir *Toby*, becaufe we'll be dreft together.

To. Will you helpe an Affe-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry Madam I haue hurt your kinſman :
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I muſt haue done no leſſe with wit and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you :
Pardon me (ſweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons,
A naturall Perſpectiue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Anthonio : O my deere *Anthonio,*
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue loſt thee ?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you ?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that *Anthonio ?*

Ant. How haue you made diuiſion of your ſelfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian ?*

Ol. Moſt wonderfull.

Seb. Do I ſtand there ? I neuer had a brother :
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waues and ſurges haue deuour'd :
Of charity, what kinne are you to me ?
What Countreyman ? What name ? What Parentage ?

Vio. Of *Meſſaline* : *Sebaſtian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too :
So went he ſuited to his watery tombe :
If ſpirits can aſſume both forme and ſuite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A ſpirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimenſion groſſely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes euen,
I ſhould my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And ſay, thrice welcome drowned *Viola.*

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is liuely in my ſoule,
He finiſhed indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my ſiſter thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my maſculine vſurp'd attyre :
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola,* which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds : by whoſe gentle helpe,
I was preſeru'd to ſerue this Noble Count :
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene miſtooke :
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood :
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſſe ſeemes true,
I ſhall haue ſhare in this moſt happy wracke,
Boy, thou haſt ſaide to me a thouſand times,
Thou neuer ſhould'ſt loue woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings, will I ouer ſweare,
And all thoſe ſwearings keepe as true in ſoule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That ſeuers day ftom night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy womans weedes.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me firſt on ſhore
Hath my Maides garments : he vpon ſome Action
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* ſuite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He ſhall inlarge him : fetch *Maluolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They ſay poore Gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A moſt extracting frenſie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly baniſht his.
How does he ſirrah ?

Cl. Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtaues end as well as a man in his caſe may do : has heere writ a letter to you, I ſhould haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epiſtles are no Goſpels, ſo it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad ?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madneſſe : and your Ladyſhip will haue it as it ought to bee, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madona : but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus : therefore, perpend my Princeſſe, and giue eare.

Ol. Read it you, ſirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it : Though you haue put mee into darkeneſſe, and giuen your drunken Coſine rule ouer me, yet haue I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladieſhip. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the ſemblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not, but to do my ſelfe much right, or you much ſhame : thinke of me as you pleaſe. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of, and ſpeake out of my iniury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

Ol. Did he write this ?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This fauours not much of diſtraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd *Fabian,* bring him hither :
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a ſiſter, as a wife,
One day ſhall crowne th'alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Heere at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Du. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer :
Your Maſter quits you : and for your ſeruice done him,
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex,
So farre beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me Maſter, for ſo long :
Heere is my hand, you ſhall from this time bee
your Maſters Miſtris.

Ol. A ſiſter, you are ſhe.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman ?

Ol. I my Lord, this ſame : How now *Maluolio ?*

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phraſe,

Or

Or ſay, tis not your ſeale, not your inuention:
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſtie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me ſuch cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſſe-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frowne
Vpon ſir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a darke houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious gecke and gull,
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confeſſe much like the Charracter:
But out of queſtion, tis *Marias* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was ſhee
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch formes, which heere were preſuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam heare me ſpeake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſſe my ſelfe, and *Toby*
Set this deuice againſt *Maluolio* heere,
Vpon ſome ſtubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at ſir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a ſportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iuſtly weigh'd,
That haue on both ſides paſt.

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why ſome are borne great, ſome atchieue greatneſſe, and ſome haue greatneſſe throwne vpon them. I was one ſir, in this Enterlude, one ſir *Topas* ſir, but that's all one: By the Lotd Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcall, and you ſmile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

Ol. He hath bene moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Du. Purſue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A ſolemne Combination ſhall be made
Of our deere ſoules. Meane time ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Ceſario* come
(For ſo you ſhall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are ſeene,
Orſino's Miſtris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*

Clowne ſings.

When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth euery day.

But when I came to mans eſtate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gainſt Knaues and Theeues men ſhut their gate,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wiue,
with hey ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I neuer thriue,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With toſpottes ſtill had drunken heades,
for the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l ſtriue to pleaſe you euery day.

FINIS.

The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you ſhall chance (*Camillo*) to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſeruices are now on-foot, you ſhall ſee (as I haue ſaid) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Viſitation, which hee iuſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment ſhall ſhame vs: we will be iuſtified in our Loues: for indeed---

Cam. 'Beſeech you---

Arch. Verely I ſpeake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence---in ſo rare--I know not what to ſay--- Wee will giue you ſleepie Drinkes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our inſufficience) may, though they cannot prayſe vs, as little accuſe vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I ſpeake as my vnderſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſtie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot ſhew himſelfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Neceſſities, made ſeperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perſonall) hath been Royally attornyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embaſſies, that they haue ſeem'd to be together, though abſent: ſhooke hands, as ouer a Vaſt; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoſed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greateſt Promiſe, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Phyſicks the Subiect, makes old hearts freſh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a Man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe, why they ſhould deſire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would deſire to liue on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, ſince we haue left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet ſtanding in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thouſands moe,
That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am queſtion'd by my feares, of what may chance,
Or breed vpon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping Winds at home, to make vs ſay,
This is put forth too truly: beſides, I haue ſtay'd
To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One Seue'night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that
Ile no gaine-ſaying.

Pol. Preſſe me not ('beſeech you) ſo:
There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th'World
So ſoone as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſitie in your requeſt, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to ſaue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? ſpeake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to ſtay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure
All in *Bohemia's* well: this ſatisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaym'd, ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his Sonne, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him goe;
But let him ſweare ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Diſtaffes.
Yet of your Royall preſence, Ile aduenture
The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commiſſion,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes*,
I loue thee not a Iarre o'th'Clock, behind

What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t'vnsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely' is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th'two?
Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th'Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
Her. By this we gather
You haue tript since.
Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with vs.
Leo. Is he woon yet?
Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my request, he would not:
Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spoak'st
To better purpose.
Her. Neuer?
Leo. Neuer, but once.
Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goale:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*.
But once before I spoke to th'purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had sowr'd themselues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe my Loue; then didst thou vtter,
I am yours for euer.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for some while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th'Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius,*
Art thou my Boy?
Mam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. I'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?
Her. He something seemes vnsetled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and faw my felfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Veluet Coat; My Dagger muzzel'd,
Leaft it fhould bite it's Mafter, and fo proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squafh, this Gentleman. Mine honeft Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you fo fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe feeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercife, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my fworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parafite, my Souldier: Statef-man; all:
He makes a Iulyes day, fhort as December,
And with his varying child-neffe, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So ftands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leaue you to your grauer fteps. *Hermione,*
How thou lou'ft vs, fhew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy felfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would feeke vs,
We are yours i'th'Garden: fhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents difpofe you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.
How fhe holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldneffe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and ears a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but fo difgrac'd a part, whofe iffue
Will hiffe me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this prefent,
Now, while I fpeake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinkes fhe ha's been fluyc'd in's abfence,
And his Pond fifh'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile,* his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and thofe Gates open'd
(As mine) againft their will. Should all defpaire
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themfelues. Phyfick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will ftrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From Eaft, Weft, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thoufand on's
Haue the Difeafe, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you fay.

Leo. Why, that's fome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honeft man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet ftay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you caft out, it ftill came home.

Leo. Didft note it?

Cam. He would not ftay at your Petitions, made
His Bufineffe more materiall.

Leo. Didft perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whifp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a fo-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I fhall guft it laft. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did ftay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good fhould be pertinent,
But fo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderftanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is foaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by fome Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Meffes
Perchance are to this Bufineffe purblind? fay.

Cam. Bufineffe, my Lord? I thinke moft vnderftand
Bohemia ftayes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To fatisfie your Highneffe, and the Entreaties
Of our moft gracious Miftreffe.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of you Miftreffe? Satisfie?
Let that fuffice. I haue trufted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neereft things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Prieft-like) thou
Haft cleans'd my Bofome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which feemes fo.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honeft: or
If thou inclin'ft that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honeftie behind, reftrayning
From Courfe requir'd: or elfe thou muft be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my ferious Truft,
And therein negligent: or elfe a Foole,
That feeft a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'ft it all for ieaft.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolifh, and fearefull,
In euery on of thefe, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if induftriouflY
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the iffue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againft the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wifeft: thefe (my Lord)
Are fuch allow'd Infirmities, that honeftie
Is neuer free of. But befeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trefpas
By it's owne vifage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you feene *Camillo?*
(But that's paft doubt: you haue, or your eye-glaffe
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vifion fo apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Refides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wife is ſlipperie? If thou wilt confeſſe,
Or elſe be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then ſay
My Wife's a Holy-Horſe, deſerues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and iuſtify't.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Miſtreſſe clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'ſhrew my heart,
You neuer ſpoke what did become you leſſe
Then this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deepe as that, though true.
Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noſes?
Kiſſing with in-ſide Lip? ſtopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a ſigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honeſtie) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnſeene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I ſay thou lyeſt *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſſe Lowt, a mindleſſe Slaue,
Or elſe a houering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) ſhe would not liue
The running of one Glaſſe.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which ſhould vndoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainely, as Heauen ſees Earth, and Earth ſees Heauen,
How I am gall'd, might'ſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a laſting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that ſhould not worke
Maliciouſly, like Poyſon: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſſe
(So ſoueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee,
Leo Make that thy queſtion, and goe rot:
Do'ſt thinke I am ſo muddy, ſo vnſetled,
To appoint my ſelfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whiteneſſe of my Sheetes
(Which to preſerue, is Sleepe; which being ſpotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waſpes)
Giue ſcandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man ſo blench?
Cam. I muſt beleeue you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highneſſe
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at firſt,
Euen for your Sonnes ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou do'ſt aduiſe me,
Euen ſo as I mine owne courſe haue ſet downe:
Ile giue no blemiſh to her Honor, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendſhip weares at Feaſts, keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholeſome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplitt'ſt thine owne.
Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.
Leo. I wil ſeeme friendly, as thou haſt aduis'd me. *Exit*
Cam. O miſerable Lady. But for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poyſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maſter; one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelfe, will haue
All that are his, ſo too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thouſand's that had ſtruck anoynted Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, Il'd not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſſe, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it ſelfe forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*
Pol. This is ſtrange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not ſpeake?
Good day *Camillo*.
Cam. Hayle moſt Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes i'th'Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himſelfe: euen now I met him
With cuſtomarie complement, when hee
Wafting his eyes to th'contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, ſpeedes from me, and
So leaues me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelfe, what you doe know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhewes me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My ſelfe thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a ſickneſſe
Which puts ſome of vs in diſtemper, but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſiliſque.

I haue look'd on thoufands, who haue fped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none fo: *Camillo*,
As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no leffe adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whofe fucceffe we are gentle: I befeech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprifon't not
In ignorant concealement.

Cam. I may not anfwere.

Pol. A Sickneffe caught of me, and yet I well?
I muft be anfwer'd. Do'ft thou heare *Camillo*,
I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the leaft
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'ft gheffe of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be preuented, if to be:
If not, how beft to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counfaile,
Which muft be eu'n as fwiftly followed, as
I meane to vtter it; or both your felfe, and me,
Cry loft, and fo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he fweares,
As he had feen't, or beene an Inftrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my beft blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Beft:
Turne then my frefheft Reputation to
A fauour, that may ftrike the dulleft Nofthrill
Where I arriue, and my approch be fhun'd,
Nay hated too, worfe then the great'ft Infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counfaile) fhake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whofe foundation
Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The ftanding of his Body.

Pol. How fhould this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am fure 'tis fafer to
Auoid what's growne, then queftion how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare truft my honeftie,
That lyes enclofed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whifper to the Bufineffe,
And will by twoes, and threes, at feuerall Pofternes,
Cleare them o'th'Citie: For my felfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your feruice (which are here
By this difcouerie loft.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttred Truth: which if you feeke to proue,
I dare not ftand by; nor fhall you be fafer,
Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution fworne.

Pol. I doe beleeue thee:
I faw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places fhall
Still neighbour mine. My fhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This Iealoufie
Is for a precious Creature: as fhee's rare,
Muft it be great; and, as his Perfon's mightie,
Muft it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
He is difhonor'd by a man, which euer
Profefs'd to him: why his Reuenges muft
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-fhades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne fufpition. Come *Camillo*,
I will refpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ft my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Pofternes: Pleafe your Highneffe
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he fo troubles me,
'Tis paft enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my fweet Lord?)

Mam. You'le kiffe me hard, and fpeake to me, as if
I were a Baby ftill. I loue you better.

2. *Lady.* And why fo (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for becaufe
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they fay
Become fome Women beft, fo that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue feene a Ladies Nofe
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we fhall
Prefent our feruices to a fine new Prince
One of thefe dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.

2. *Lady.* She is fpread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wifdome ftirs amongft you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or fad, fhal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A fad Tale's beft for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, fit downe, come-on, and doe your beft,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come fit downe : then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard : I will tell it foftly,
Yond Crickets fhall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.

Leon. Was hee met there ? his Traine ? *Camillo* with him ?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men fcowre fo on their way : I eyed them
Euen to their Ships.

Leo. How bleft am I
In my iuft Cenfure ? in my true Opinion ?
Alack, for leffer knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being fo bleft ? There may be in the Cup
A Spider fteep'd, and one may drinke ; depart,
And yet partake no venome : (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one prefent
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his fides
With violent Hefts : I haue drunke, and feene the spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar :
There is a Plot againft my Life, my Crowne ;
All's true that is miftrufted : that falfe Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He ha's difcouer'd my Defigne, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing ; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will : how came the Pofternes
So eafily open ?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leffe preuail'd, then fo,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurfe him :
Though he do's beare fome fignes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? Sport ?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he fhall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her fport her felfe
With that fhee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee fwell thus.

Her. But Il'd fay he had not ;
And Ile be fworne you would beleeue my faying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well : be but about
To fay fhe is a goodly Lady, and
The iuftice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty fhee's not honeft : Honorable ;
Prayfe her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deferues high fpeech) and ftraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (thefe Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth vfe ; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare
Vertue it felfe) thefe Shrugs, thefe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you haue faid fhee's goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can fay fhee's honeft : But be't knowne
(From him that ha's moft caufe to grieue it fhould be)
Shee's an Adultreffe.

Her. Should a Villaine fay fo,
(The moft replenifh'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine : you (my Lord)
Doe but miftake.

Leo. You haue miftooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes* : O thou Thing
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Leaft Barbarifme (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language vfe to all degrees,
And mannerly diftinguifhment leaue out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger :) I haue faid
Shee's an Adultreffe, I haue faid with whom :
More ; fhee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What fhe fhould fhame to know her felfe,
But with her moft vild Principall : that fhee's
A Bed-fwaruer, euen as bad as thofe
That Vulgars giue bold'ft Titles ; I, and priuy
To this their late efcape.

Her. No (by my life)
Priuy to none of this : how will this grieue you,
When you fhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus haue publifh'd me ? Gentle my Lord,
You fcarce can right me throughly, then, to fay
You did miftake.

Leo. No : if I miftake
In thofe Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prifon :
He who fhall fpeake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he fpeakes.

Her. There's fome ill Planet raignes :
I muft be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an afpect more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance fhall dry your pitties : but I haue
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worfe then Teares drowne : 'befeech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts fo qualified, as your Charities
Shall beft inftruct you, meafure me ; and fo
The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard ?

Her. Who is't that goes with me ? 'befeech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you fee
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no caufe : When you fhall know your Miftris
Ha's deferu'd Prifon, then abound in Teares,
As I come out ; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer wifh'd to fee you forry, now
I truft I fhall : my Women come, you haue leaue.

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding : hence.

Lord. Befeech your Highneffe call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) leaft your Iuftice
Proue violence, in the which three great ones fuffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Pleafe you t'accept it, that the Queene is fpotleffe
I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accufe her.)

Antig. If it proue
Shee's otherwife, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her :
Then when I feele, and fee her, no farther truft her :
For euery ynch of Woman in the World,
I, euery dram of Womans flefh is falfe,
If fhe be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we fpeake, not for our felues :
You are abus'd, and by fome putter on,
That will be damn'd for't : would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damne him: be she honor-flaw'd,
I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;
The second, and the third, nine: and some fiue:
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.

Leo. Cease, no more:
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele.

Antig. If it be so,
We neede no graue to burie honesty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.

Leo. What? lacke I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true, then your suspition
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Rellish a truth, like vs: informe your selues,
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made vp to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pitteous to be wilde) I haue dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Giue rest to th' mindes of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th'truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
Will raise vs all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.

Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I haue expresse commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do, to locke vp honesty & honour from
Th'accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*

Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw your selues.

Gao. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.

Pau. Well: be't so: prethee.
Heere's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,
I am innocent as you,

Pau. I dare be sworne:
These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'le shew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th'lowd'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe:
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking failes.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,
That your free vndertaking cannot misse
A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
To visit the next roome, Ile presenrly
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd.

Pau

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile vſe that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldneſſe from my boſome, le't not be doubted
I ſhall do good,
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it.
Ile to the Queene: pleaſe you come ſomething neerer.
Gao. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queene to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incurre, to paſſe it,
Hauing no warrant.
Pau. You neede not feare it (ſir)
This Childe was priſoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceſſe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſſe of the Queene.
Gao. I do beleeue it.
Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſſe
To beare the matter thus: meere weakneſſe, if
The cauſe were not in being: part o'th cauſe,
She, th'Adultreſſe: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofe: but ſhee,
I can hooke to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me againe. Whoſe there?
Ser. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good reſt to night: 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſſe is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his Nobleneſſe,
Conceyuing the diſhonour of his Mother.
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leaue me ſolely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himſelfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vntill a time may ſerue. For preſent vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo,* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my powre.
Enter Paulina.
Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me:
Feare you his tyrannous paſsion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent ſoule,
More free, then he is iealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Pau. Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleepe. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creepe like ſhadowes by him, and do ſighe
At each his needleſſe heauings: ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That preſſes him from ſleepe.
Leo. Who noyſe there, hoe?
Pau. No noyſe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About ſome Goſsips for your Highneſſe.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus,*
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures perill, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? canſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſtie he can: in this
(Vnleſſe he take the courſe that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When ſhe will take the raine, I let her run,
But ſhee'l not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beſeech you heare me, who profeſſes
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, your Phyſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſailor: yet that dares
Leſſe appeare ſo, in comforting your Euilles,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeeme yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queene.
Leo. Good Queene?
Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I ſay good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firſt, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis: Commends it to your bleſsing.
Leo. Out:
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me: and no leſſe honeſt
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to paſſe for honeſt:
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not puſh her out? Giue her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Baſtard,
Take't vp, I ſay: giue't to thy Croane.
Paul. For euer
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt vp the Princeſſe, by that forced baſeneſſe
Which he ha's put vpon't.
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A neſt of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Pau. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himſelfe: for he,

The facred Honor of himfelfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whofe fting is fharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the cafe now ftands, it is a Curfe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundleffe tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Iffue of *Polixenes*,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worfe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nofe, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddeffe *Nature*, which haft made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haft
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongft all Colours
No Yellow in't, leaft fhe fufpect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groffe Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ftay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your felfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A moft vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not fhe which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this moft cruell vfage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accufation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) fomething fauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, fcandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? fhe durft not call me fo,
If fhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not pufh me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Ioue* fend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs thefe hands?
You that are thus fo tender o're his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, fo: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haft fet on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that haft
A heart fo tender o're it, take it hence,
And fee it inftantly confum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp ftraight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teftimonie) or Ile feize thy life,
With what thou elfe call'ft thine: if thou refufe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, fay fo;
The Baftard-braynes with thefe my proper hands
Shall I dafh out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou fett'ft on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
Thefe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they pleafe,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Befeech your Highneffe, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly feru'd you, and befeech'
So to efteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare feruices
Paft, and to come) that you doe change this purpofe,
Which being fo horrible, fo bloody, muft
Lead on to fome foule Iffue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I liue on, to fee this Baftard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curfe it then. But be it: let it liue.
It fhall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue beene fo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
To faue this Baftards life; for 'tis a Baftard,
So fure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Nobleneffe impofe: at leaft thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To faue the Innocent: any thing poffible.

Leo. It fhall be poffible: Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: feeft thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, fhall not onely be
Death to thy felfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baftard hence, and that thou beare it
To fome remote and defart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by ftrange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iuftice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it ftrangely to fome place,
Where Chance may nurfe, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I fweare to doe this: though a prefent death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit inftruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurfes. Wolues and Beares, they fay,
(Cafting their fauageneffe afide) haue done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be profperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Bleffing
Againft this Crueltie, fight on thy fide
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loffe.) *Exit.*

Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Iffue. *Enter a Seruant.*

Seru. Pleafe 'your Highneffe, Pofts
From thofe you fent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre fince: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hafting to th'Court.

Lord. So pleafe you (Sir) their fpeed
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene abfent: 'tis good fpeed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* fuddenly will haue

The

The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Seſſion, that we may arraigne
Our moſt diſloyall Lady: for as ſhe hath
Been publikely accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe haue
A iuſt and open Triall. While ſhe liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre moſt ſweet,
Fertile the Iſle, the Temple much ſurpaſſing
The common prayſe it beares.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the Celeſtiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I ſo ſhould terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, ſolemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th'Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,
Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th'euent o'th'Iourney
Proue as ſucceſſefull to the Queene (O be't ſo)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedie,
The time is worth the vſe on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th'beſt: theſe Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Buſineſſe, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine ſeal'd vp)
Shall the Contents diſcouer: ſomething rare
Euen then will ruſh to knowledge. Goe: freſh Horſes,
And gracious be the iſſue. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Seſſions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in Iuſtice, which ſhall haue due courſe,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Priſoner.
Officer. It is his Highneſſe pleaſure, that the Queene
Appeare in perſon, here in Court. *Silence.*
Leo. Reade the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queene to the worthy* Leontes, *King of Sicilia, thou art here accuſed and arraigned of High Treaſon, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia, and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly layd open, thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subiect didſt counſaile and ayde them, for their better ſafetie, to flye away by Night.*
Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my Accuſation, and
The teſtimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my ſelfe, it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guiltie: mine Integritie
Being counted Falſehood, ſhall (as I expreſſe it)
Be ſo receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſation bluſh, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) beſt know
(Whom leaſt will ſeeme to doe ſo) my paſt life
Hath beene as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Hiſtorie can patterne, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who pleaſe to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would ſpare:) For Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
And onely that I ſtand for. I appeale
To your owne Conſcience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo: Since he came,
With what encounter ſo vncurrant, I
Haue ſtrayn'd t'appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'ſt of Kin
Cry fie vpon my Graue.
Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder Vices wanted
Leſſe Impudence to gaine-ſay what they did,
Then to performe it firſt.
Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a ſaying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo. You will not owne it.
Her. More then Miſtreſſe of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confeſſe
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
With ſuch a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen ſuch,
So, and no other, as your ſelfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Diſobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whoſe Loue had ſpoke,
Euen ſince it could ſpeake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracie,
I know not how it taſtes, though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeake a Language that I vnderſtand not:
My Life ſtands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailes: for as
Thy Brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) ſo thou
Shalt feele our Iuſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Looke for no leſſe then death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I ſeeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue loſt, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Ioy,
And firſt Fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd moſt vnluckily) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milke in it moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My ſelfe on euery Poſt
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodeſt hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all faſhion. Laſtly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th'open ayre, before
I haue got ſtrength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what bleſſings I haue here aliue,
That I ſhould feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: miſtake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a ſtraw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I ſhall be condemn'd
Vpon ſurmizes (all proofes ſleeping elſe,
But what your Iealouſies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether iuſt: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruſſia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but ſee
The flatneſſe of my miſerie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here ſhal ſweare vpon this Sword of Iuſtice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This ſeal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great *Apollo's* Prieſt; and that ſince then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo Dio. All this we ſweare.

Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.

Officer. Hermione *is chaſt,* Polixenes *blameleſſe,* Camillo *a true Subiect,* Leontes *a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall liue without an Heire, if that which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo.*

Her. Prayſed.

Leo. Haſt thou read truth?

Offic. I (my Lord) euen ſo as it is here ſet downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle:
The Seſſions ſhall proceed: this is meere falſehood.

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the buſineſſe?

Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes ſpeed, is gone.

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heauens themſelues
Doe ſtrike at my iniuſtice. How now there?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And ſee what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: ſhe will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd my owne ſuſpition:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophaneneſſe 'gainſt thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being tranſported by my Iealouſies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poyſon
My friend *Polixenes:* which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueſt
Vnclaſp'd my practiſe, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himſelfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he gliſters
Through my Ruſt? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, leaſt my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?

Paul. What ſtudied torment (Tyrant) haſt for me?
What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Muſt I receiue? whoſe euery word deſerues
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealouſies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: ſtarke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betrayed'ſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but ſhew thee, of a Foole, inconſtant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt haue poyſon'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would haue ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a groſſe and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy anſwere: but the laſt: O Lords,
When I haue ſaid, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The ſweet'ſt, deer'ſt creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.
Lord. The higher powres forbid.
Pau. I ſay ſhe's dead: Ile ſwear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile ſerue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent theſe things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can ſtirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but diſpaire. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand yeares together, naked, faſting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and ſtill Winter
In ſtorme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeake too much, I haue deſeru'd
All tongues to talke their bittreſt.
Lord. Say no more;
How ere the buſineſſe goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldneſſe of your ſpeech.
Pau. I am ſorry for't;
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſſe of a woman: he is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt helpe
Should be paſt greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beſeech you, rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that haue minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a fooliſh woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile ſpeake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is loſt too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile ſay nothing.
Leo. Thou didſt ſpeake but well,
When moſt the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue ſhall be for both: Vpon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appeare (vnto
Our ſhame perpetuall) once a day, Ile viſit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exerciſe, ſo long
I dayly vow to vſe it. Come, and leade me
To theſe ſorrowes. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-heard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath toucht vpon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia.*
Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.
Ant. Their ſacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee.
Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Beſides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.
Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow inſtantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo ridde o'th buſineſſe. *Exit*
Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if ſuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me laſt night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I neuer ſaw a veſſell of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very ſanctity ſhe did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the furie ſpent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus,*
Since Fate (againſt thy better diſpoſition)
Hath made thy perſon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia,*
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loſt for euer, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this vngentle buſineſſe
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're ſhalt ſee
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and ſo, with ſhriekes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelfe, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do beleeue
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*) it ſhould heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Bloſſome, ſpeed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charracter: there theſe,
Which may if Fortune pleaſe, both breed thee (pretty)
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorme beginnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loſſe, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullabie too rough: I neuer ſaw
The heauens ſo dim, by day. A ſauage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer. *Exit purſued by a Beare.*

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, ſtealing, fighting, hearke you now: would any but theſe boyldebraines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue ſcarr'd away two of my beſt Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will ſooner finde then the Maiſter; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) ſure ſome Scape; Though I am not bookiſh, yet I

can

can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the ſcape: this has beene ſome ſtaire-worke, ſome Trunke-worke, ſome behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my ſonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art ſo neere? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I haue ſeene two ſuch ſights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the ſhore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the moſt pitteous cry of the poore ſoules, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'ld thruſt a Corke into a hogſhead. And then for the Land-ſeruice, to ſee how the Beare tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flapdragon'd it: but firſt, how the poore ſoules roared, and the ſea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the ſea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ſhip ſide, to haue help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now bleſſe thy ſelfe: thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a ſight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: ſo, let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the ſinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue ſo: vp with't, keepe it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecrecie. Let my ſheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go ſee if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayeſt diſcerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'ſight of him.

Clowne. 'Marry will I: and you ſhall helpe to put him i'th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that pleaſe ſome, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes and vnfolds error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vſe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
Ore ſixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one ſelfe-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Cuſtome. Let me paſſe
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witneſſe to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th'freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glaſſe, and giue my Scene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept betweene: *Leontes* leauing
Th'effects of his fond iealouſies, ſo greeuing
That he ſhuts vp himſelfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a ſonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her inſues
I liſt not propheſie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherds daughter
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himſelfe doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you neuer may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſſe denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres ſince I ſaw my Countrey: though I haue (for the moſt part) bin ayred abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrowes I might be ſome allay, or I oreweene to thinke ſo) which is another ſpurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſeruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodneſſe hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Buſineſſes, (which none (without thee) can ſufficiently manage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelfe, or take away with thee the very ſeruices thou haſt done: which if I haue not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, ſhall bee my ſtudie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendſhippes. Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee ſpeake no more, whoſe very naming, punniſhes me with the remembrance of

of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnspeakable estate.

Cam. I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selues. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus singing.

When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in y^e winters pale.

The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Iay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I haue seru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of seruice.

But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.
If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may giue,
and in the Stockes auouch-it.

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me see, euery Leauen-weather toddes, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fifteene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shearers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tane from me, and these derestable things put vpon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore soule.

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doest lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainely Whipt out of the Court.

Clo.

Clo. His vices you would ſay: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene ſince an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſſe-ſeruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compaſt a Motion of the Prodigall ſonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauiſh profeſſions) he ſetled onely in Rogue: ſome call him *Autolicus.*

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true ſir: he ſir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and ſpit at him, hee'ld haue runne.

Aut. I muſt confeſſe to you (ſir) I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better then I was: I can ſtand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace ſoftly towards my Kinſmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd ſir, no ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then fartheewell, I muſt go buy Spices for our ſheepe-ſhearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you ſweet ſir. Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice: Ile be with you at your ſheepe-ſhearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the ſheerers proue ſheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tyres in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopſa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.

Flo. Theſe your vnvſuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdeſſe, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your ſheepe-ſhearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high ſelfe
The gracious marke o'th'Land, you haue obſcur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Moſt Goddeſſe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feaſts
In euery Meſſe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digeſt with a Cuſtome, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attyr'd: ſworne I thinke,
To ſhew my ſelfe a glaſſe.

Flo. I bleſſe the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croſſe
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Ioue affoord your cauſe:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatneſſe
Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by ſome accident
Should paſſe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to ſee his worke, ſo noble,
Vildely bound vp? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I (in theſe my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The ſterneſſe of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themſelues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The ſhapes of Beaſts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I ſeeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Luſts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it muſt be) by th'powre of the King:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſsities,
Which then will ſpeake, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deer'ſt *Perdita,*
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th'Feaſt: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue ſworne ſhall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious.

Flo. See, your Gueſts approach,
Addreſſe your ſelfe to entertaine them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon
This day, ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: ſeru'd all,
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turne: now heere
At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing ſhe tooke to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feaſted one: and not
The Hoſteſſe of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent your ſelfe
That which you are, Miſtris o'th'Feaſt. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your ſheepe-ſhearing,
As your good flocke ſhall proſper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I ſhould take on mee
The Hoſteſſeſhip o'th'day: you're welcome ſir.
Giue me thoſe Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reuerend Sirs,
For you, there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keepe
Seeming, and ſauour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.
Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I haue heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.
Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.
Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twer well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with 'Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely liue by gazing.
Perd. Out alas:
You'ld be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst Friend,
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysses* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.
Flo. What? like a Coarse?
Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition:
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'ld haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'ld haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.
Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Sphepherd
With wisedome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*:) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.
Perd. Ile sweare for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.
Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.
Clo. Come on: strike up.
Dorcas. *Mopsa* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick to mend her kissing with.
Mop. Now in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners, Come, strike vp.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shephearddesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Seruant.*
Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee singes seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee vtters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to his Tunes.
Clo. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in: I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and sung lamentably.

Ser.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes: No Milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with Gloues: he has the pretrieſt Loue-ſongs for Maids, ſo without bawdrie (which is ſtrange,) with ſuch delicate burthens of Dil-do's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd Raſcall, would (as it were) meane miſcheefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to anſwere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good man*: put's him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, doe mee no harme good man.*

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clo. Beleeee mee, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groſſe: Inckles, Caddyſſes, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he ſings em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddeſſes: you would thinke a Smocke were a ſhee-Angell, he ſo chauntes to the ſleeue-hand, and the worke about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You haue of theſe Pedlers, that haue more in them, then youl'd thinke (Siſter.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

Lawne as white as driuen Snow,
Cypreſſe blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as ſweete as Damaske Roſes,
Maskes for faces, and for noſes:
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poaking-ſtickes of ſteele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or elſe your Laſſes cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in loue with *Mopſa*, thou ſhouldſt take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the Feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more rhen that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to giue him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? 's there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of ſweet Gloues.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behooues men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here

Aut. I hope ſo ſir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy ſome: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vſurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bleſſe me from marrying a Vſurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Miſt. *Tale-Porter*, and fiue or ſix honeſt Wiues, that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's firſt ſee moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other rhings anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fiſh, that appeared vpon the coaſt, on wenſday the foureſcore of April, fortie thouſand fadom aboue water, & ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought ſhe was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe wold not exchange fleſh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Fiue Iuſtices hands at it, and witneſſes more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's ſcarſe a Maide weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou ſhalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you.

Song *Get you hence, for I muſt goe*
Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop *O whether?*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor: *Me too: Let me go thether:*
Mop *Or thou goeſt to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor: *If to either thou doſt ill,*
Aut: *Neither.*
Dor: *What neither?*
Aut: *Neither:*
Dor: *Thou haſt ſworne my Loue to be,*
Mop *Thou haſt ſworne it more to mee.*
Then whether goeſt? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l haue this ſong out anon by our ſelues: My Father, and the Gent. are in ſad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the firſt choice; folow me girles. *Aut*: And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?*
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth vtter all mens ware-a. *Exit*

Seruant. Mayſter, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds ỹ haue made

 them-

themfelues all men of haire, they cal themfelues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches fay is a galley-maufrey of Gambols, becaufe they are not in't: but they themfelues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for fome, that know little but bowling) it will pleafe plentifully.

Shep. Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie thofe that refrefh vs: pray let's fee thefe foure-threes of Heardfmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worft of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'fquire.

Shep. Leaue your prating, fince thefe good men are pleaf'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ftay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter:
Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's fimple, and tels much. How now (faire fhepheard)
Your heart is full of fomething, that do's take
Your minde from feafting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed loue, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ranfackt
The Pedlers filken Treafury, and haue powr'd it
To her acceptance: you haue let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Laffe
Interpretation fhould abufe, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were ftraited
For a reply at leaft, if you make a care
Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not fuch trifles as thefe are:
The gifts fhe lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already,
But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it fhould feeme)
Hath fometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As foft as Doues-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd fnow, that's bolted
By th'Northerne blafts, twice ore.

Pol. What followes this?
How prettily th'yong Swaine feemes to wafh
The hand, was faire before? I haue put youout,
But to your proteftation: Let me heare
What you profeffe.

Flo. Do, and be witneffe too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;
That were I crown'd the moft Imperiall Monarch
Thereof moft worthy: were I the fayreft youth
That euer made eye fwerue, had force and knowledge
More then was euer mans, I would not prize them
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemne them to her feruice,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This fhewes a found affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot fpeake
So well, (nothing fo well) no, nor meane better
By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine;
And friends vnknowne, you fhall beare witneffe to't:
I giue my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that muft bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,
I fhall haue more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come-on,
Contract vs fore thefe Witneffes.

Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, befeech you,
Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor fhall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his fonne, a gueft
That beft becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapeable
Of reafonable affayres? Is he not ftupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he fpeake? heare?
Know man, from man? Difpute his owne eftate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childifh?

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler ftrength indeede
Then moft haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be fo) a wrong
Something vnfilliall: Reafon my fonne
Should choofe himfelfe a wife, but as good reafon
The Father (all whofe ioy is nothing elfe
But faire pofterity) fhould hold fome counfaile
In fuch a bufineffe.

Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for fome other reafons (my graue Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this bufineffe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He fhall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo No, he muft not.

Shep. Let him (my fonne) he fhall not need to greeue
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muft not:
Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong fir)
Whom fonne I dare not call: Thou art too bafe
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a fheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am forry, that by hanging thee, I can
but fhorten thy life one weeke. And thou, frefh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muft know
The royall Foole thou coap'ft with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty fcratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy ftate. For thee (fond boy)
If I may euer know thou doft but figh,
That thou no more fhalt neuer fee this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou fhalt) wee'l barre thee from fucceffion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our difpleafure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Worthy enough a Heardſman: yea him too,
That makes himſelfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
Theſe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuiſe a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Perd. Euen heere vndone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to ſpeake, and tell him plainely,
The ſelfe-ſame Sun, that ſhines vpon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt pleaſe you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beſeech you
Of your owne ſtate take care: this dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyeſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of foureſcore three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some Hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhouels-in duſt. Oh curſed wretch,
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and wouldſt aduenture
To mingle faith him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
To die when I deſire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why looke you ſo vpon me?
I am but ſorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leaſh vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech: (which I do gheſſe
You do not purpoſe to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highneſſe ſettle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it:
I thinke *Camillo.*

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid my dignity would laſt
But till 'twer knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th earth together,
And marre the ſeeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my ſucceſſion wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reaſon:
If not, my ſences better pleas'd with madneſſe,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate (ſir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs muſt thinke it honeſty. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombes, or the profound ſeas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſſe me, as (in faith I meane not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſailes
Vpon his paſsion: Let my ſelfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on ſhore:
And moſt opportune to her neede, I haue
A Veſſell rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſigne. What courſe I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for aduice,
Or ſtronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Reſolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to ſerue my turne,
Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchaſe the ſight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſſe, that
I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore ſeruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deſeru'd: It is my Fathers Muſicke
To ſpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleaſe to thinke I loue the King,
And through him, what's neereſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled proiect
May ſuffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you ſhall haue ſuch receiuing
As ſhall become your Highneſſe, where you may
Enioy your Miſtris; from the whom, I ſee
There's no diſiunction to be made, but by
(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my beſt endeuours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontenting Father, ſtriue to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almoſt a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more then man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, ſo we profeſſe
Our ſelues to be the ſlaues of chance, and flyes
Of euery winde that blowes.

Cam, Then liſt to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpoſe
But vndergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there preſent your ſelfe, and your fayre Princeſſe,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;

Shee

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th'Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.
Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this.
Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.
Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th'reare 'our Birth.
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.
Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.
Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (*Camillo*)
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.
Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole Army.
Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.
Flo. And those that you'le procure from King *Leontes*?
Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.
Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire.
Cam. Who haue we here?
Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide.
Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging.
Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.
Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.
Cam. Why, be so still: here's nobody will steale that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.
Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)
Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: The Gentleman is halfe fled already.
Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)
Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.
Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.
Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd.
Perd. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part.
Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.
Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)
Aut. Adieu, Sir.
Flo. O *Perdita*: what haue we twaine forgot?

'Pray

'Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, ſhall be to tell the King
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo preuaile,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall re-view *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight,
I haue a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed vs:
Thus we ſet on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I vnderſtand the buſineſſe, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a Cut-purſe; a good Noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out worke for th'other Sences. I ſee this is the time that the vniuſt man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himſelfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (ſtealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honeſtie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aſide, aſide, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Seſſion, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See, ſee: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood ha's not offended the King, and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her (thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whiſtle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheſt off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him ſcratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at 'Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Ruſtiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worſhip.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, diſcouer?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradeſ-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with ſtamped Coyne, not ſtabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your ſelfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it lke me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the ayre of the Court, in theſe enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the meaſure of the Court? Receiues not thy Noſe Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baſeneſſe, Court-Contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, at toaze from thee thy Buſineſſe, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will eyther puſh-on, or pluck-back, thy Buſineſſe there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Buſineſſe, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Aduocate ha'ſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: ſay you haue none.

Shep. None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple men?
Yet Nature might haue made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdaine.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeemes to be the more Noble, in being fantaſticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none muſt know but the King, and which hee ſhall know within this houre, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himſelfe: for if thou bee'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid (Sir:) about his Sonne, that ſhould haue marryed a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-faſt, let him flye; the Curſes he ſhall haue, the Tortures he ſhall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monſter.

Clo. Thinke you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone ſhall ſuffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are Iermaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) ſhall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is neceſſarie. An old Sheepe-whiſtiing Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some ſay hee ſhall be ſton'd: but that death is too ſoft for him (ſay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who ſhall be flayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, ſet on the head of a Waſpes Neſt, then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or ſome other hot Infuſion: then, raw as he is (and in the hoteſt day Prognoſtication proclaymes) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capitall? Tell

Tell me (for you seeme to be honeſt plaine men) what you haue to the King: being ſomething gently conſider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfes; and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man ſhall doe it.

Clow. He ſeemes to be of great authoritie: cloſe with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a ſtubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Noſe with Gold: ſhew the in-ſide of your Purſe to the out-ſide of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ſton'd, and flay'd aliue.

Shep. And't pleaſe you (Sir) to vndertake the Buſineſſe for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I haue done what I promiſed?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Buſineſſe?

Clow. In ſome ſort, Sir: but though my caſe be a pittifull one, I hope I ſhall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Siſter: wee are gone elſe. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Buſineſſe is performed, and remaine (as he ſayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walke before toward the Seaſide, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clow. We are bleſs'd, in this man: as I may ſay, euen bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer mee: ſhee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Maſter good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring theſe two Moales, theſe blind-ones, aboord him: if he thinke it fit to ſhoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being ſo farre officious, for I am proofe againſt that Title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence, then done treſpas: At the laſt
Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,
With them, forgiue your ſelfe.

Leo. Whileſt I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill thinke of
The wrong I did my ſelfe: which was ſo much,
That Heire-leſſe it hath made my Kingdome, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke ſomething good,
To make a perfect Woman; ſhe you kill'd,
Would be vnparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke ſo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might haue ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſſe better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe
Would haue him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his moſt Soueraigne Name: Conſider little,
What Dangers, by his Highneſſe faile of Iſſue,
May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?
What holyer, then for Royalties repayre,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſſe the Bed of Maieſtie againe
With a ſweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Reſpecting her that's gone:) beſides the Gods
Will haue fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* ſaid?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not haue an Heire,
Till his loſt Child be found? Which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our humane reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did periſh with the Infant. 'Tis your councell,
My Lord ſhould to the Heauens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills. Care not for Iſſue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthieſt: ſo his Succeſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina,*
Who haſt the memorie of *Hermione*
I know in honor: O, that euer I
Had ſquar'd me to thy councell: then, euen now,
I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,
Haue taken Treaſure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worſe,
And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe poſſeſſe her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had iuſt ſuch cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murther her I marryed.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the Ghoſt that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then Il'd ſhrieke, that euen your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes elſe, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile haue no Wife, *Paulina.*
Paul. Will you ſweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?
Leo. Neuer (*Paulina*) ſo be bleſs'd my Spirit.
*Paul.*Then good my Lords, beare witneſſe to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much.
Paul. Vnleſſe another,
As like *Hermione,* as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
To chuſe you a Queene: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former: but ſhe ſhall be ſuch
As (walk'd your firſt Queenes Ghoſt) it ſhould take ioy
To ſee her in your armes.
Leo. My true *Paulina,*
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidſt vs.
Paul. That
Shall be when your firſt Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himſelfe Prince *Florizell,*
Sonne of *Polixenes,* with his Princeſſe (ſhe
The faireſt I haue yet beheld) deſires acceſſe
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatneſſe: his approach
(So out of circumſtance, and ſuddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?
Ser. But few,
And thoſe but meane.
Leo. His Princeſſe (ſay you) with him?
Ser. I: the moſt peereleſſe peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione,*
As euery preſent Time doth boaſt it ſelfe
Aboue a better, gone; ſo muſt thy Graue
Giue way to what's ſeene now. Sir, you your ſelfe
Haue ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: ſhe had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verſe
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you haue ſeene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almoſt forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when ſhe ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would ſhe begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Profeſſors elſe; make Proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will loue her, that ſhe is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all Women.
Leo. Goe *Cleomines,*
Your ſelfe (aſſiſted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange,
He thus ſhould ſteale vpon vs. *Exit.*
Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) ſeene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.
Leo. 'Prethee no more; ceaſe: thou know'ſt
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: ſure
When I ſhall ſee this Gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Vnfurniſh me of Reaſon. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was moſt true to Wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is ſo hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I ſhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and ſpeake of ſomething wildly
By vs perform'd before. Moſt dearely welcome,
And your faire Princeſſe (Goddeſſe) oh: alas,
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loſt
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Miſerie) I deſire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia,* and from him
Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can ſend his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits vpon worne times) hath ſomething ſeiz'd,
His wiſh'd Abilitie, he had himſelfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Meaſur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
(He bad me ſay ſo) more then all the Scepters,
And thoſe that beare them, liuing.
Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, ſtirre
Afreſh within me: and theſe thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſſe. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vſage
(At leaſt vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune,*
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much leſſe,
Th'aduenture of her perſon?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia.*
Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
Flo. Moſt Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whoſe Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A proſperous South-wind friendly) we haue croſs'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For viſiting your Highneſſe: My beſt Traine
I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores diſmiſs'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not onely my ſucceſſe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in ſafetie
Here, where we are.
Leo. The bleſſed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whileſt you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon

(So

(So facred as it is) I haue done finne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Iffue-leffe: and your Father's blefs'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his Goodneffe. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moft Noble Sir,
That which I fhall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofe fo nigh. Pleafe you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himfelfe, by me:
Defires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both caft off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? fpeake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I fpeake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Meffage. To your Court
Whiles he was haftning (in the Chafe, it feemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this feeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;
Whofe honor, and whofe honeftie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't fo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir:) I fpake with him: who now
Ha's thefe poore men in queftion. Neuer faw I
Wretches fo quake: they kneele, they kiffe the Earth;
Forfweare themfelues as often as they fpeake:
Bohemia ftops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen fets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marryed?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I fee) will kiffe the Valleyes firft:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once fhe is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I fee) by your good Fathers fpeed,
Will come-on very flowly. I am forry
(Moft forry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as forry,
Your Choife is not fo rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though *Fortune*, vifible an Enemie,
Should chafe vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath fhe to change our Loues. Befeech you (Sir)
Remember, fince you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of fuch Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your requeft,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe fo, I'ld beg your precious Miftris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, fhe was more worth fuch gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in thefe Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-anfwer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your defires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Befeech you (Sir) were you prefent at this Relation?

*Gent.*1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazedneffe) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard fay, he found the Child.

Aut. I would moft gladly know the iffue of it.

*Gent.*1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Bufineffe; but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they feem'd almoft, with ftaring on one another, to teare the Cafes of their Eyes. There was fpeech in their dumbneffe, Language in their very gefture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ranfom'd, or one deftroyed: a notable paffion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wifeft beholder, that knew no more but feeing, could not fay, if th'importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it muft needs be. *Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, *Rogero*.

*Gent.*2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: fuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreffe it. *Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, hee can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is fo like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in ftrong fufpition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

*Gent.*3. Moft true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumftance: That which you heare, you'le fweare you fee, there is fuch vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones*: her Iewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maieftie of the Creature, in refemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleneffe, which Nature fhewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you fee the meeting of the two Kings?

*Gent.*2. No.

*Gent.*3. Then haue you loft a Sight which was to bee feene, cannot bee fpoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, fo and in fuch manner, that it feem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was cafting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of fuch diftraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.

Our King being ready to leape out of himfelfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Loffe, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes *Bohemia* forgiueneffe, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which ftands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of fuch another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's defcription to doe it.

*Gent.*2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

*Gent.*3. Like an old Tale ftill, which will haue matter to rehearfe, though Credit be afleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which feemes much) to iuftifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the fame inftant of their Mafters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: fo that all the Inftruments which ayded to expofe the Child, were euen then loft, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loffe of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princeffe from the Earth, and fo locks her in embracing, as if fhee would pin her to her heart, that fhee might no more be in danger of loofing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by fuch was it acted.

*Gent.*3. One of the prettyeft touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fifh) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how fhee came to't, brauely confefs'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiueneffe wounded his Daughter, till (from one figne of dolour to another) fhee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine fay, bleed Teares; for I am fure, my heart wept blood. Who was moft Marble, there changed colour: fome fwownded, all forrowed: if all the World could haue feen't, the Woe had beene vniuerfall.

*Gent.*1. Are they returned to the Court?

*Gent.*3. No: The Princeffe hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian Mafter, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himfelfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Cuftome, fo perfectly he is her Ape: He fo neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they fay one would fpeake to her, and ftand in hope of anfwer. Thither (with all greedineffe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

*Gent.*2. I thought fhe had fome great matter there in hand, for fhee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer fince the death of *Hermione*, vifited that remoued Houfe. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing?

*Gent.*1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Acceffe? euery winke of an Eye, fome new Grace will be borne: our Abfence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the dafh of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (fo he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-fick, and himfelfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Myfterie remained vndifcouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue rellifh'd among my other difcredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come thofe I haue done good to againft my will, and alreadie appearing in the bloffomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am paft moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, becaufe I was no Gentleman borne. See you thefe Clothes? fay you fee them not, and thinke me ftill no Gentleman borne: You were beft fay thefe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been fo any time thefe foure houres.

Shep. And fo haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princeffe (my Sifter) call'd my Father, Father; and fo wee wept: and there was the firft Gentleman-like teares that euer we fhed.

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to fhed many more.

Clow. I: or elfe 'twere hard luck, being in fo prepofterous eftate as we are.

Aut. I humbly befeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worfhip, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Mafter.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we muft be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worfhip.

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will fweare to the Prince, thou art as honeft a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia.*

Shep. You may fay it, but not fweare it.

Clow. Not fweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins fay it, Ile fweare it.

Shep. How if it be falfe (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're fo falfe, a true Gentleman may fweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile fweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile fweare it, and I would thou would'ft be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue fo (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'ft venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, truft me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to fee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Mafters. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.

Leo. O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I haue had of thee?

Cc *Paul.* What

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answere.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liu'd peerelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence.
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liu'd now.

Leo. As now she might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warme Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'l'd not haue shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.

Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines
Did verily beare blood?

Pol. 'Masterly done:
The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues.

Leo. O sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:
No setled Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe *Paulina*:
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne
With Oyly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres.

Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbeare,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolue you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?

Leo. Oh she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If ſhe pertaine to life, let her ſpeake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifeſt where ſhe ha's liu'd,
Or how ſtolne from the dead ?

Paul. That ſhe is liuing,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale : but it appeares ſhe liues,
Though yet ſhe ſpeake not. Marke a little while:
Pleaſe you to interpoſe (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers bleſſing : turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your ſacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head : Tell me (mine owne)
Where haſt thou bin preſeru'd ? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court ? For thou ſhalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that rhe Oracle
Gaue hope thou waſt in being, haue preſeru'd
My ſelfe, to ſee the yſſue.

Paul. There's ttme enough for that,
Leaſt they deſire (vpon this puſh) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all : your exultation
Partake to euery one : I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am loſt.

Leo. O peace *Paulina* :
Thou ſhouldſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd : for I ſaw her
(As I thought) dead : and haue (in vaine) ſaid many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not ſeeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand : whoſe worth, and honeſty
Is richly noted : and heere iuſtified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What ? looke vpon my Brother : both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill ſuſpition : This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leyſurely
Each one demand, and anſwere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
We were diſſeuer'd : Haſtily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo. }
Antigonus. } *Foure*
Cleomines. } *Lords of Sicillia.*
Dion. }
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shepheardeſſes.

FINIS.

The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scœna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France.

King Iohn.

NOw ſay *Chatillion*, what would *France* with vs?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) ſpeakes the King of France,
In my behauiour to the Maieſty,
The borrowed Maieſty of *England* heere.

Elea. A ſtrange beginning: borrowed Maieſty?

K.Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embaſſie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceaſed brother, *Geffreyes* ſonne,
Arthur Plantaginet, laies moſt lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland, Poyctiers, Aniowe, Torayne, Maine*,
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword
Which ſwaies vſurpingly theſe ſeuerall titles,
And put the ſame into yong *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

K. Iohn. What followes if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce theſe rights, ſo forcibly with-held,

K.Io. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: ſo anſwer *France*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my Embaſſie.

K.Iohn. Beare mine to him, and ſo depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France*;
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon ſhall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your owne decay:
An honourable conduct let him haue,
Pembroke looke too't: farewell *Chattillion*.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Ele. What now my ſonne, haue I not euer ſaid
How that ambitious *Constance* would not ceaſe
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her ſonne.
This might haue beene preuented, and made whole
With very eaſie arguments of loue,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes muſt
With fearefull bloudy iſſue arbitrate.

K.Iohn. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for vs.

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſiō much more then your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me,
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your eare,
Which none but heauen, and you, and I, ſhall heare.

Enter a Sheriffe.

Essex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controuerſie
Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
That ere I heard: ſhall I produce the men?

K.Iohn. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories ſhall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull ſubiect, I a gentleman,
Borne in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſonne
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.

K.Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The ſon and heire to that ſame *Faulconbridge*.

K.Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it ſeemes.

Philip. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the cerraine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, ẙ doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I haue no reaſon for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can proue, a pops me out,
At leaſt from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere:
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K.Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he ſlanderd me with baſtardy:
But where I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be Iudge your ſelfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this ſonne like him:
O old ſir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I giue heauen thankes I was not like to thee.

K.Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Elen. He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Doe you not read ſome tokens of my ſonne
In the large compoſition of this man?

a *K.Iohn.*

K.Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: firra fpeake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.
Philip. Becaufe he hath a half-face like my father?
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.
Phil. Well fir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale muft be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once difpatch'd him in an Embaffie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'aduantage of his abfence tooke the King,
And in the meane time foiourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I fhame to fpeake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of feas and fhores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father fpeake himfelfe
When this fame lufty gentleman was got:
Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers fonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the courfe of time:
Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
K.Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if fhe did play falfe, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you fay, tooke paines to get this fonne,
Had of your father claim'd this fonne for his,
Infooth, good friend, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Infooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refufe him: this concludes,
My mothers fonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre muft haue your fathers land.
Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To difpoffeffe that childe which is not his.
Phil. Of no more force to difpoffeffe me fir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadft thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enioy thy land:
Or the reputed fonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy prefence, and no land befide.
Baft. Madam, and if my brother had my fhape
And I had his, fir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two fuch riding rods,
My armes, fuch eele-skins ftuft, my face fo thin,
That in mine eare I durft not fticke a rofe,
Left men fhould fay, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his fhape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer ftirre from off this place,
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
It would not be fir nobbe in any cafe.
Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forfake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.
Baft. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
Yet fell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.
Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.
Baft. Our Country manners giue our betters way.
K.Iohn. What is thy name?
Baft. *Philip* my Liege, fo is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldeft fonne.
K.Iohn. From henceforth beare his name
Whofe forme thou beareft:
Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rife more great,
Arife Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
Baft. Brother by th'mothers fide, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
Now bleffed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
Ele. The very fpirit of *Plantaginet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me fo.
Baft. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or elfe ore the hatch:
Who dares not ftirre by day, muft walke by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is ftill well fhot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.
K.Iohn. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now haft thou thy defire,
A landleffe Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we muft fpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.
Baft. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou waft got i'th way of honefty.
Exeunt all but baftard.

Baft. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of land the worfe.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis two refpectiue, and too fociable
For your conuerfion, now your traueller,
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worfhips meffe,
And when my knightly ftomacke is fuffis'd,
Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I fhall befeech you; that is queftion now,
And then comes anfwer like an Abfey booke:
O fir, fayes anfwer, at your beft command,
At your employment, at your feruice fir:
No fir, faies queftion, I fweet fir at yours,
And fo ere anfwer knowes what queftion would,
Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,
It drawes toward fupper in conclufion fo.
But this is worfhipfull fociety,
And fits the mounting fpirit like my felfe;
For he is but a baftard to the time
That doth not fmoake of obferuation,
And fo am I whether I fmacke or no:
And not alone in habit and deuice,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, fweet, fweet poyfon for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceiue,
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;
For it fhall ftrew the footfteps of my rifing:
But who comes in fuch hafte in riding robes?

What

What woman poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlaue thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour vp and downe.
Baſt. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* ſonne:
Colbrand the Gyant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Roberts* ſonne that you ſeeke ſo?
Lady. Sir *Roberts* ſonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir *Roberts* ſonne? why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Roberts* ſonne, and ſo art thou.
Baſt. Iames Gournie, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?
Gour. Good leaue good *Philip.*
Baſt. Philip, ſparrow, *Iames*,
There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.
Exit Iames.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confeſſe
Could get me ſir *Robert* could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for theſe limmes?
Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine ſhouldſt defend mine honor?
What meanes this ſcorne, thou moſt vntoward knaue?
Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Baſiliſco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my ſhoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
I haue diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
Lady. Haſt thou denied thy ſelfe a *Faulconbridge*?
Baſt. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.
Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgreſſion to my charge,
That art the iſſue of my deere offence
Which was ſo ſtrongly vrg'd paſt my defence.
Baſt. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wiſh a better father:
Some ſinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And ſo doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
Againſt whoſe furie and vnmatched force,
The awleſſe Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May eaſily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, Ile ſend his ſoule to hell.
Come Lady I will ſhew thee to my kinne,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſayd him nay, it had beene ſinne;
Who ſayes it was, he lyes, I ſay twas not.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Austria, Conſtance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met braue *Auſtria*,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in *Paleſtine*,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue:
And for amends to his poſteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To ſpread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vſurpation
Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, Engliſh *Iohn*,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.
Arth. God ſhall forgiue you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you giue his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerleſſe hand,
But with a heart full of vnſtained loue,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Auſt. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kiſſe,
As ſeale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, ſtill ſecure
And confident from forreine purpoſes,
Euen till that vtmoſt corner of the Weſt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.
Conſt. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall helpe to giue him ſtrength,
To make a more requitall to your loue.
Auſt. The peace of heauen is theirs ỳ lift their ſwords
In ſuch a iuſt and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to worke our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the browes of this reſiſting towne,
Call for our cheefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt aduantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it ſubiect to this boy.
Con. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt vnaduis'd you ſtaine your ſwords with bloud,
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
And then we ſhall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhedde.
Enter Chattilion.
King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wiſh
Our Meſſenger *Chattilion* is arriu'd,
What *England* ſaies, ſay breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee, *Chatilion* ſpeake,
Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtirre them vp againſt a mightier taske:
England impatient of your iuſt demands,
Hath put himſelfe in Armes, the aduerſe windes

a 2 Whoſe

Whose leisure I haue staid, haue giuen him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
And all th'vnsetled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haue sold their fortunes at their natiue homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottomes haue waft o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,
Drum beats.
To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.

Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.

Aust. By how much vnexpected, by so much
We must awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. Iohn. Peace be to *France*: If France in peace permit
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that *Englands* sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweat:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing *England* art so farre,
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest?

K. Iohn. From whom hast thou this great commission *France*,
To draw my answer from thy Articles?

Fra. Frō that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
In any beast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and staines of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. Iohn. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.

Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper *France*?

Const. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.

Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.

Con. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy father

Const. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Aust. What the deuill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the deuill sir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as sightly on the backe of him
As great *Alcides* shooes vpon an Asse:
But Asse, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King *Iohn*, this is the very summe of all:
England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

Iohn. My life as soone: I doe defie thee *France*,
Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Cons. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes.

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee

Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles frō his poor eies,
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd
To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

Con. Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy ſinnes are viſited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Remoued from thy ſinne-conceiuing wombe.
John. Bedlam haue done.
Con. I haue but this to ſay,
That he is not onely plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſinne and her, the plague
On this remoued iſſue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her ſinne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her ſinne,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.
Que. Thou vnaduiſed ſcold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy ſonne.
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.
Fra. Peace Lady, pauſe, or be more temperate,
It ill beſeemes this preſence to cry ayme
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet ſummon hither to the walles
Theſe men of Angiers, let vs heare them ſpeake,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*.

Trumpet ſounds.
Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
Fra. 'Tis France, for England.
John. England for it ſelfe:
You men of Angiers, and my louing ſubiects.
Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* ſubiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
Iohn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs firſt:
Theſe flagges of France that are aduanced heere
Before the eye and proſpect of your Towne,
Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainſt your walles:
All preparation for a bloody ſiedge
And merciles proceeding, by theſe French.
Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte doth girdle you about
By the compulſion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin diſhabited, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to ruſh vppon your peace.
But on the ſight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To ſaue vnſcratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchſafe a parle,
And now inſteed of bulletts wrapt in fire
To make a ſhaking feuer in your walles,
They ſhoote but calme words, folded vp in ſmoake,
To make a faithleſſe errour in your eares,
Which truſt accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeede,
Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.
France. When I haue ſaide, make anſwer to vs both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt diuinely vow'd vpon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, theſe greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeale,
In the releefe of this oppreſſed childe,
Religiouſly prouokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Saue in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th'inuolnerable clouds of heauen,
And with a bleſſed and vn-vext retyre,
With vnhack'd ſwords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,
We will beare home that luſtie blood againe,
Which heere we came to ſpout againſt your Towne,
And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſſe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our meſſengers of Warre,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we giue the ſignall to our rage,
And ſtalke in blood to our poſſeſſion?
Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands ſubiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we ramm'd vp our gates againſt the world.
Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witneſſes
Twice fifteene thouſand hearts of Englands breed.
Baſt. Baſtards and elſe.
Iohn. To verifie our title with their liues.
Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as thoſe.
Baſt. Some Baſtards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.
Cit. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
Iohn. Then God forgiue the ſinne of all thoſe ſoules,
That to their euerlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of euening fall, ſhall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon,
And ere ſince ſit's on's horſebacke at mine Hoſteſſe dore
Teach vs ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den ſirrah, with your Lionneſſe,
I would ſet an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monſter of you.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.
Iohn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take aduantage of the field.
Fra. It ſhall be ſo, and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand, God and our right, *Exeunt*
Heere after excurſions, Enter the Herald of France
with Trumpets to the gates.
F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an Englifh mother,
Whofe fonnes lye fcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband groueling lies,
Coldly embracing the difcoloured earth,
And victorie with little loffe doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly difplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter Englifh Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *Iohn*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence fo filuer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There ftucke no plume in any Englifh Creft,
That is remoued by a ftaffe of France:
Our colours do returne in thofe fame hands
That did difplay them when we firft marcht forth:
And like a iolly troope of Huntfmen come
Our luftie Englifh, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying flaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From firft to laft, the on-fet and retyre
Of both yonr Armies, whofe equality
By our beft eyes cannot be cenfured: (blowes:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue anfwerd
Strength matcht with ftrength, and power confronted power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One muft proue greateft. While they weigh fo euen,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at feuerall doores.

Iohn. France, haft thou yet more blood to caft away?
Say, fhall the currant of our right rome on,
Whofe paffage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore-fwell
with courfe difturb'd euen thy confining fhores,
Vnleffe thou let his filuer Water, keepe
A peacefull progreffe to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou haft not fau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather loft more. And by this hand I fweare
That fwayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iuft-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainft whom thefe Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the fcroule that tels of this warres loffe,
With flaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baft. Ha Maiefty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is fet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with fteele,
The fwords of fouldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feafts, moufing the flefh of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why ftand thefe royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry hauocke kings, backe to the ftained field
You equall Potents, fierie kindled fpirits,
Then let confufion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whofe party do the Townefmen yet admit?

Fra. Speake Citizens for England, whofe your king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.

Iohn. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare poffeffion of our Perfon heere,
Lord of our prefence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former fcruple in our ftrong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares refolu'd
Be by fome certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Baft. By heauen, thefe fcroyles of Angiers flout you (kings,
And ftand fecurely on their battelments,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induftrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall prefences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ierufalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
Your fharpeft Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By Eaft and Weft let France and England mount,
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their foule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play inceffantly vpon thefe Iades,
Euen till vnfenced defolation
Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, differer your vnited ftrengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune fhall cull forth
Out of one fide her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour fhe fhall giue the day,
And kiffe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counfell mighty States,
Smackes it not fomething of the policie.

Iohn. Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well. France, fhall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who fhall be king of it?

Baft. And if thou haft the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuifh Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, againft thefe fawcie walles,
And when that we haue dafh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our felues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be fo: fay, where will you affault?

Iohn. We from the Weft will fend deftruction
Into this Cities bofome.

Auft. I from the North.

Fran. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Baft. O prudent difcipline! From North to South:
Auftria and France fhoot in each others mouth.
Ile ftirre them to it: Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchfafe awhile to ftay
And I fhall fhew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without ftroke, or wound,
Refcue thofe breathing liues to dye in beds,
That heere come facrifices for the field.
Perfeuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

Iohn. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
If luftie loue fhould go in queft of beautie,

Where

Where ſhould he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch*:
If zealous loue ſhould go in ſearch of vertue,
Where ſhould he finde it purer then in *Blanch*?
If loue ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhee,
And ſhe againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not hee:
He is the halfe part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhee,
And ſhe a faire diuided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſſe of perfection lyes in him.
O two ſuch ſiluer currents when they ioyne
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreames made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vnion ſhall do more then batterie can
To our faſt cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And giue you entrance: but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not halfe ſo deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himſelfe
In mortall furie halfe ſo peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.
Baſt. Heeres a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carkaſſe of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That ſpits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and ſeas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this luſtie blood,
He ſpeakes plaine Cannon fire, and ſmoake, and bounce,
He giues the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fiſt of France:
Zounds, I was neuer ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt cal'd my brothers father Dad.
Old Qu. Son, liſt to this coniunction, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tye
Thy now vnſur d aſſurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy ſhall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiſeth a mightie fruite.
I ſee a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whiſper, vrge them while their ſoules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Leaſt zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of ſoft petitions, pittie and remorſe,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.
Hub. Why anſwer not the double Maieſties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.
Fra. Speake England firſt, that hath bin forward firſt
To ſpeake vnto this Cittie: what ſay you?
Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely ſonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie ſhall weigh equall with a Queene:
For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we vpon this ſide the Sea,
(Except this Cittie now by vs beſiedg'd)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As ſhe in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princeſſe of the world.
Fra. What ſai'ſt thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.
Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſonne,
Becomes a ſonne and makes your ſonne a ſhadow:
I do proteſt I neuer lou'd my ſelfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.
Whiſpers with Blanch.
Baſt. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth eſpie
Himſelfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there ſhould be
In ſuch a loue, ſo vile a Lout as he.
Blan. My vnckles will in this reſpect is mine,
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſee's which moues his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeake more properly,
I will enforce it eaſlie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I ſee in you,
Though churliſh thoughts themſelues ſhould bee your Iudge,
That I can finde, ſhould merit any hate.
Iohn. What ſaie theſe yong-ones? What ſay you my Neece?
Blan. That ſhe is bound in honor ſtill to do
What you in wiſedome ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.
Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this Ladie?
Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,
For I doe loue her moſt vnfainedly.
Iohn. Then do I giue *Volqueſſen*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Poyctiers, and *Aniow*, theſe fiue Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Markes of Engliſh coyne:
Phillip of France, if thou be pleaſ'd withall,
Command thy ſonne and daughter to ioyne hands.
Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: cloſe your hands
Auſt. And your lippes too, for I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo when I was firſt aſſur'd.
Fra. Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell preſently,
The rights of marriage ſhallbe ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie *Conſtance* in this troope?
I know ſhe is not for this match made vp,
Her preſence would haue interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſonne, tell me, who knowes?
Dol. She is ſad and paſsionate at your highnes Tent.
Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will giue her ſadneſſe very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, haue turn d another way,
To our owne vantage.
Iohn. We will heale vp all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repaire
To our ſolemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill vp the meaſure of her will)
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exc'amation,
Go we as well as haſt will ſuffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*

Baſt. Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition:
Iohn to ſtop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne ſouldier, rounded in the eare,
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſlye diuel,
That Broker, that ſtill breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to looſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it ſelfe is peyſed well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a reſolu'd and honourable warre,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would ſalute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to ſweare a peace?
Falſe blood to falſe blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* thoſe Prouinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well aduiſ'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'ſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſicke, and capeable of feares,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, ſubiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confeſſe thou didſt but ieſt
With my vext ſpirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou meane by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou looke ſo ſadly on my ſonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breaſt of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,
Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſignes confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them falſe,
That giue you cauſe to proue my ſaying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the furie of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry *Blaunch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy ſight,
This newes hath made thee a moſt vgly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But ſpoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it ſelfe ſo heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that ſpeake of it.

Ar. I do beſeech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and ſlandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleaſing blots, and ſightleſſe ſtaines,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the halfe-blowne Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourely with thy Vnckle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire reſpect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maieſtie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that vſurping *Iohn*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forſworne?
Euvenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maiſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee,
I will inſtruct my ſorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner ſtoope,
To me and to the ſtate of my great greefe,
Let kings aſſemble: for my greefe's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and ſorrowes ſit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in *France* shall be kept festiuall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Const. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloudy spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, y^u^ coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou euer strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st neuer fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art periur'd too,
And sooth'st vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.

Aus. O that a man should speake those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs

Aus. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs.

Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;
To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Archbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuise a name
So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are supreame head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Cons. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of *France*, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of *France* vpon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.

Elea. Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Looke to that Deuill, lest that *France* repent,
And

And by diſioyning hands hell loſe a ſoule.
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinall.
Baſt. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.
Auſt. Well ruffian, I muſt pocket vp theſe wrongs,
Becauſe,
Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
Iohn. *Philip*, what ſaiſt thou to the Cardinall?
Con. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinall?
Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heauy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſſe of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the eaſier.
Bla. That s the curſe of *Rome*.
Con. O *Lewis*, ſtand faſt, the deuill tempts thee heere
In likeneſſe of a new vntrimmed Bride.
Bla. The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
That need, muſt needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
Iohn. The King is moud, and anſwers not to this.
Con. O be remou'd from him, and anſwere well.
Auſt. Doe ſo king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a Calues skin moſt ſweet lout.
Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pan. What canſt thou ſay, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt?
Fra. Good reuerend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the coniunction of our inward ſoules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religous ſtrength of ſacred vowes,
The lateſt breath that gaue the ſound of words
Was deepe-ſworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall ſelues,
And euen before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heauen knowes they were beſmear'd and ouer-ſtaind
With ſlaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands ſo lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly ioyn'd in loue? ſo ſtrong in both,
Vnyoke this ſeyſure, and this kinde regreete?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo ieſt with heauen,
Make ſuch vnconſtant children of our ſelues
As now againe to ſnatch our palme from palme:
Vn-ſweare faith ſworne, and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoaſt,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deuiſe, ordaine, impoſe
Some gentle order, and then we ſhall be bleſt
To doe your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All forme is formeleſſe, Order orderleſſe,
Saue what is oppoſite to *Englands* loue.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mothers curſe, on her reuolting ſonne:
France, thou maiſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed Lion by the mortall paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.
Fra. I may diſ-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a ciuill warre ſetſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O let thy vow
Firſt made to heauen, firſt be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What ſince thou ſworſt, is ſworne againſt thy ſelfe,
And may not be performed by thy ſelfe,
For that which thou haſt ſworne to doe amiſſe,
Is not amiſſe when it is truely done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done not doing it:
The better Act of purpoſes miſtooke,
Is to miſtake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falſhood, falſhood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the ſcorched veines of one new burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou haſt ſworne againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt,
And mak'ſt an oath the ſuretie for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth, thou art vnſure
To ſweare, ſweares onely not to be forſworne,
Elſe what a mockerie ſhould it be to ſweare?
But thou doſt ſweare, onely to be forſworne,
And moſt forſworne, to keepe what thou doſt ſweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelfe rebellion to thy ſelfe:
And better conqueſt neuer canſt thou make,
Then arme thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curſes light on thee
So heauy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off
But in deſpaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Baſt. Wil't not be?
Will not a Calues-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Armes.
Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums
Clamors of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Againſt mine Vncle.
Conſt. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.
Blan. Now ſhall I ſee thy loue, what motiue may
Be ſtronger with thee, then the name of wife?
Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.
Dolph. I muſe your Maieſty doth ſeeme ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects doe pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curſe vpon his head.
Fra. Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I will fall frõ thee.
Conſt. O faire returne of baniſh'd Maieſtie.
Elea. O foule reuolt of French inconſtancy.
Eng. *France*, ỳ ſhalt rue this houre within this houre.

Baſt.

Bast. Old Time the clocke fetter, ỳ bald fexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Bla. The Sun's orecaſt with bloud: faire day adieu,
Which is the ſide that I muſt goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
They whurle a-ſunder, and diſmember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maiſt winne:
Vncle, I needs muſt pray that thou maiſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thriue:
Who-euer wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſſe, before the match be plaid.
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.
Iohn. *Coſen*, goe draw our puiſance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereſt valued bloud of *France*.
Fra. Thy rage ſhall burne thee vp, & thou ſhalt turne
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Looke to thy ſelfe, thou art in ieopardie.
Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts hie.
Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Allarums, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's head.

Baſt. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,
And pour's downe miſchiefe. *Auſtrias* head lye there,
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.
While *Philip* breathes.
Iohn. *Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make vp,
My Mother is aſſayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare.
Baſt. My Lord I reſcued her,
Her Highneſſe is in ſafety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*

Alarums, excurſions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Baſtard, Hubert, Lords.

Iohn. So ſhall it be: your Grace ſhall ſtay behinde
So ſtrongly guarded: Coſen, looke not ſad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.
Iohn. Coſen away for *England*, haſte before,
And ere our comming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, impriſoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vſe our Commiſſion in his vtmoſt force.
Baſt. Bell, Booke, & Candle, ſhall not driue me back,
When gold and ſiluer becks me to come on.
I leaue your highneſſe: Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire ſafety: ſo I kiſſe your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Coſen.
Iohn. Coz, farewell.
Ele. Come hether little kinſman, harke, a worde.
Iohn. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this boſome, deerely cheriſhed.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By heauen *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I haue of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Maieſty.
Iohn. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt haue: and creepe time nere ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs:
Or if that ſurly ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which elſe runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And ſtraine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A paſſion hatefull to my purpoſes:
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull ſound of words:
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy boſome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
By heauen I would doe it.
Iohn. Doe not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And wherefoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: doſt thou vnderſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And Ile keepe him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Maieſty.
Iohn. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
Iohn. A Graue.
Hub. He ſhall not liue.
Iohn. Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee.
Well, Ile not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
Ile ſend thoſe powers o're to your Maieſty.
Ele. My bleſſing goe with thee.
Iohn. For *England* Coſen, goe.
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With al true duetie: On toward *Callice*, hoa.
Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempeft on the flood,
A whole Armado of conuicted faile
Is fcattered and dif-ioyn'd from fellowfhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all fhall yet goe well.
Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne fo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loft?
Arthur tane prifoner? diuers deere friends flaine?
And bloudy *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption fpight of *France*?
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a fpeed, with fuch aduice difpos'd,
Such temperate order in fo fierce a caufe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praife,
So we could finde fome patterne of our fhame:
Enter Conftance.
Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a foule,
Holding th'eternall fpirit againft her will,
In the vilde prifon of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
Con. Lo; now: now fee the iffue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Conftance.*
Con. No, I defie all Counfell, all redreffe,
But that which ends all counfell, true Redreffe:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous ftench: found rottenneffe,
Arife forth from the couch of lafting night,
Thou hate and terror to profperitie,
And I will kiffe thy deteftable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring thefe fingers with thy houfhold wormes,
And ftop this gap of breath with fulfome duft,
And be a Carrion Monfter like thy felfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou fmil'ft,
And buffe thee as thy wife: Miferies Loue,
O come to me.
Fra. O faire affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paffion would I fhake the world,
And rowze from fleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which fcornes a moderne Inuocation.
Pand. Lady, you vtter madneffe, and not forrow.
Con. Thou art holy to belye me fo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Conftance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my fonne, and he is loft:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I fhould forget my felfe:
O, if I could, what griefe fhould I forget?
Preach fome Philofophy to make me mad,
And thou fhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but fenfible of greefe,
My reafonable part produces reafon
How I may be deliuer'd of thefe woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my felfe:
If I were mad, I fhould forget my fonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.
Fra. Binde vp thofe treffes: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of thofe her haires;
Where but by chance a filuer drop hath falne,
Euen to that drop ten thoufand wiery fiends
Doe glew themfelues in fociable griefe,
Like true, infeparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.
Con. To *England*, if you will.
Fra. Binde vp your haires.
Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that thefe hands could fo redeeme my fonne,
As they haue giuen thefe hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Becaufe my poore childe is a prifoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you fay
That we fhall fee and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I fhall fee my boy againe;
For fince the birth of *Caine*, the firft male-childe
To him that did but yefterday fufpire,
There was not fuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud,
And chafe the natiue beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoft,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And fo hee'll dye: and rifing fo againe,
When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I fhall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Muft I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too heynous a refpect of greefe.
Conft. He talkes to me, that neuer had a fonne.
Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.
Con. Greefe fils the roome vp of my abfent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembets me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reafon to be fond of griefe?
Fareyouwell: had you fuch a loffe as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is fuch diforder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire fonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my forrowes cure. *Exit.*
Fra. I feare fome out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowfie man;
And bitter fhame hath fpoyl'd the fweet words tafte,
That it yeelds nought but fhame and bitterneffe.
Pand. Before the curing of a ftrong difeafe,
Euen in the inftant of repaire and health,
The fit is ftrongeft: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, moft of all fhew euill:
What haue you loft by lofing of this day?
Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happineffe.
Pan. If you had won it, certainely you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men moft good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis ftrange to thinke how much King *Iohn* hath loft
In this which he accounts fo clearely wonne:

Are not you grieu'd that *Arthur* is his prifoner?
Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heare me fpeake with a propheticke fpirit:
For euen the breath of what I meane to fpeake,
Shall blow each duft, each ftraw, each little rub
Out of the path which fhall directly lead
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
John hath feiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The mif-plac'd-*Iohn* fhould entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of reft.
A Scepter fnatch'd with an vnruly hand,
Muft be as boyfteroufly maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that ftands vpon a flipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to ftay him vp:
That *Iohn* may ftand, then *Arthur* needs muft fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but fo.
Dol. But what fhall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
Pan. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.
Dol. And loofe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pan. How green you are, and frefh in this old world?
John layes you plots: the times confpire with you,
For he that fteepes his fafetie in true blood,
Shall finde but bloodie fafety, and vntrue.
This act fo euilly borne fhall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none fo fmall aduantage fhall ftep forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherifh it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No fcope of Nature, no diftemper'd day,
No common winde, no cuftomed euent,
But they will plucke away his naturall caufe,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and fignes,
Abbortiues, prefages, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon *Iohn.*
Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himfelfe fafe in his prifonment.
Pan. O Sir, when he fhall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people fhall reuolt from him,
And kiffe the lippes of vnacquainted change,
And picke ftrong matter of reuolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *Iohn.*
Me thinkes I fee this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I haue nam'd. The Baftard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ranfacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thoufand Englifh to their fide;
Or, as a little fnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their difcontent,
Now that their foules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.
Dol. Strong reafons makes ftrange actions: let vs go,
If you fay I, the King will not fay no. *Exennt.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me thefe Irons hot, and looke thou ftand
Within the Arras: when I ftrike my foot
Vpon the bofome of the ground, rufh forth
And binde the boy, which you fhall finde with me
Faft to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
Hub. Vncleanly fcruples feare not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I haue to fay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert.*
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, hauing fo great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are fad.
Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier.
Art. 'Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body fhould be fad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as fad as night
Onely for wantonneffe: by my Chriftendome,
So I were out of prifon, and kept Sheepe
I fhould be as merry as the day is long:
And fo I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practifes more harme to me:
He is affraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* fonne?
No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your fonne, fo you would loue me, Hubert:
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be fodaine, and difpatch.
Ar. Are you ficke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Infooth I would you were a little ficke,
That I might fit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.
Hub. His words do take poffeffion of my bofome.
Reade heere yong *Arthnr.* How now foolifh rheume?
Turning difpitious torture out of doore?
I muft be breefe, leaft refolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanifh teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?
Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for fo foule effect,
Muft you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
Hub. Yong Boy, I muft.
Art. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Art. Haue you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The beft I had, a Princeffe wrought it me)
And I did neuer aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans fonne would haue lyen ftill,
And nere haue fpoke a louing word to you:
But you, at your ficke feruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heauen be pleas'd that you muſt vſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I haue ſworne to do it:
And with hot Irons muſt I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it ſelfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere theſe eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more ſtubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell ſhould haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts.*

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.

Art. O ſaue me *Hubert,* ſaue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierce lookes of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Giue me the Iron I ſay, and binde him heere.

Art. Alas, what neede you be ſo boiſtrous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone ſtill:
For heauen ſake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert,* driue theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not ſtirre, nor winch, nor ſpeake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go ſtand within: let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deede.

Art. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a ſterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaſſion may
Giue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your ſelfe.

Art. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a duſt, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boyſterous there,
Your vilde intent muſt needs ſeeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your toong

Art. Hubert, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,
Muſt needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert,*
Or *Hubert,* if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes,
Though to no vſe, but ſtill to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold,
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Art. No, in good ſooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vndeſerued extreames: See elſe your ſelfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert:*
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould vſe to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treaſure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I ſworne, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like *Hubert.* All this while
You were diſguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle muſt not know but you are dead.
Ile fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe reports:
And, pretty childe, ſleepe doubtleſſe, and ſecure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O Heauen! I thanke you *Hubert.*

Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.

Iohn. Heere once againe we ſit: once againſt crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with cheerefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once ſuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere ſtained with reuolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To ſeeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garniſh,
Is waſtefull, and ridiculous exceſſe.

Pem. But that your Royall pleaſure muſt be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being vrged at a time vnſeaſonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a ſhifted winde vnto a ſaile,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights conſideration:
Makes ſound opinion ſicke, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen ſtriue to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in couetouſneſſe,
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by th'excuſe:
As patches ſet vpon a little breach,
Diſcredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your Higneſſe will.

Iohn

Ioh. Some reasons of this double Corronation
I haue posseſt you with, and thinke them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong, then leſſer is my feare
I ſhall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requeſts.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
Both for my ſelfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your ſafety: for the which, my ſelfe and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies, heartily requeſt
Th'infranchiſement of *Arthur*, whoſe reſtraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in reſt you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they ſay) attend
The ſteppes of wrong, ſhould moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinſman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich aduantage of good exerciſe,
That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occaſions: let it be our ſuite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.
Enter Hubert.
Iohn. Let it be ſo: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?
Pem. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Liues in his eye: that cloſe aſpect of his,
Do ſhew the mood of a much troubled breſt,
And I do fearefully beleeue 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes ſet:
His paſsion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt breake.
Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will iſſue thence
The foule corruption of a ſweet childes death.
Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities ſtrong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The ſuite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ſickneſſe was paſt cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himſelfe felt he was ſicke:
This muſt be anſwer'd either heere, or hence.
Ioh. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of deſtiny?
Haue I commandement on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis ſhame
That Greatneſſe ſhould ſo groſſely offer it;
So thriue it in your game, and ſo farewell.
Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This muſt not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our ſorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt*
Io. They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Meſ.*
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood:
No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou haſt. Where is that blood,
That I haue ſeene inhabite in thoſe cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a ſtorme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?
Meſ. From France to England, neuer ſuch a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leuied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your ſpeede is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.
Ioh. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my Mothers care?
That ſuch an Army could be drawne in France,
And ſhe not heare of it?
Meſ. My Liege, her eare
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or falſe I know not.
Iohn. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadfull Occaſion:
O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
My diſcontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Eſtate in France?
Vnder whoſe conduct came thoſe powres of France,
That thou for truth giu'ſt out are landed heere?
Meſ. Vnder the Dolphin.
Enter Baſtard and Peter of Pomfret.
Ioh. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tydings: Now? What ſayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeeke to ſtuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be a-feard to heare the worſt,
Then let the worſt vn-heard, fall on your head.
Iohn. Beare with me Coſen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, ſpeake it of what it will.
Baſt. How I haue ſped among the Clergy men,
The ſummes I haue collected ſhall expreſſe:
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people ſtrangely fantaſied,
Poſſeſt with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh ſounding rimes,
That ere the next Aſcenſion day at noone,
Your Highnes ſhould deliuer vp your Crowne.
Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
Iohn. *Hubert*, away with him: impriſon him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he ſayes
I ſhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to ſafety, and returne,
For I muſt vſe thee. O my gentle Coſen,
Hear'ſt thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?
Baſt. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
Beſides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeeke the graue
Of *Arthur*, whom they ſay is kill'd to night, on your (ſuggeſtion.
Iohn. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thy ſelfe into their Companies,

I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seeke them out.
Iohn. Nay, but make haste: the better foote before.
O, let me haue no subiect enemies,
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion.
Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit*
Iohn. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.
Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.
Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say fiue Moones were seene to (night:
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about
The other foure, in wondrous motion.
Ioh. Fiue Moones?
Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously:
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
Io. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why vrgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?
Iohn. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.
Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
Ioh. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against vs to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord.
Ioh. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my sight, and neuer see me more:
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.
Hub. Arme you against your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is aliue: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoeuer rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.
Iohn. Doth *Arthur* liue? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,
I coniure thee but slowly: run more fast. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones. *Dies*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury,*
It is our safetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.
Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then these lines import.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.
Enter Bastard.
*Bast.*Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossest himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-bestained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were best.
Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priuiledge.
Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.
Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?
*P.*Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almost thinke, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this obiect
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The heighth, the Crest: or Crest vnto the Crest
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest Sauagery, the vildest stroke
That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the teares of soft remorse.
Pem. All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:
And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable,
Shall giue a holinesse, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times;
And proue a deadly blood-shed, but a iest,
Exampled by this heynous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracelesse action of a heauy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:
It is the shamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuersant with Ease, and Idlenesse,
Till I haue set a glory to this hand,
By giuing it the worship of Reuenge.
Pem. Big. Our soules religiously confirme thy words.
Enter Hubert.
Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
Arthur doth liue, the king hath sent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?
Hu. I am no villaine. *Sal.* Must I rob
Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it vp againe.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.
Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say:
By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.
I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.
Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Do not proue me so:
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to peeces.
Bast. Keepe the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge.*
Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hastie spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
Or Ile so maule you, and your tosting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his sweete liues losse.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme
Like Riuers of remorse and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
Th'vncleanly sauours of a Slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.
Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.
*P.*There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex.Lords.*
*Ba.*Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art y^u damn'd *Hubert.*
Hub Do but heare me sir.
Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.
Hub. Vpon my soule.
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That euer Spider twisted from her wombe
Will serue to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.
I do suspect thee very greeuously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.
Bast. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* vp ,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen : and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcamble, and to part by th'teeth
The vn-owed intereſt of proud ſwelling State :
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maieſty,
Doth dogged warre briſtle his angy creſt ,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
Now Powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line : and vaſt confuſion waites
As doth a Rauen on a ſicke-falne beaſt,
The iminent decay of wreſted pompe.
Now happy he, whoſe cloake and center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with ſpeed : Ile to the King :
A thouſand buſineſſes are briefe in hand ,
And heauen it ſelfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants.

K.Iohn. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatneſſe and authoritie.
Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holineſſe vſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd :
Our diſcontented Counties doe reuolt :
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of ſoule
To ſtranger-bloud, to forren Royalty ;
This inundation of miſtempred humor ,
Reſts by you onely to be qualified.
Then pauſe not : for the preſent time's ſo ſicke ,
That preſent medcine muſt be miniſtred ,
Or ouerthrow incureable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempeſt vp,
Vpon your ſtubborne vſage of the Pope :
But ſince you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh againe this ſtorme of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluſtring land :
On this Aſcention day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of ſeruice to the Pope ,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*
Iohn. Is this Aſcenſion day ? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion day at noone,
My Crowne I ſhould giue off? euen ſo I haue :
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint ,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. All Kent hath yeelded : nothing there holds out
But Douer Caſtle : London hath receiu'd
Like a kinde Hoſt, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer ſeruice to your enemy :
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.
Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliue ?
Bast. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By ſome damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.
Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue.
Baſt. So on my ſoule he did, for ought he knew :
But wherefore doe you droope ? why looke you ſad ?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought :
Let not the world ſee feare and ſad diſtruſt
Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye :
Be ſtirringas the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror : So ſhall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great ,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſſe ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field :
Shew boldneſſe and aſpiring confidence :
What, ſhall they ſeeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
Oh let it not be ſaid : forrage, and runne
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the dores ,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nye.
Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him ,
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſſe the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.
Baſt. Oh inglorious league :
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Armes Inuaſiue ? Shall a beardleſſe boy,
A cockred-ſilken wanton braue our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warre-like ſoyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idlely ſpred,
And finde no checke ? Let vs my Liege to Armes :
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace ;
Or if he doe, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
Iohn. Haue thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſt. Away then with good courage : yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin , Salisbury , Meloone , Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it ſafe for our remembrance :
Returne the preſident to theſe Lords againe ,
That hauing our faire order written downe ,
Both they and we, peruſing ore theſe notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.
Sal. Vpon our ſides it neuer ſhall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we ſweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings : yet beleeue me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of Time
Should ſeeke a plaſter by contemn'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By making many: Oh it grieues my foule,
That I muft draw this mettle from my fide
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable refcue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of *Salisbury*.
But fuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Phyficke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of fterne Iniuftice, and confufed wrong:
And is't not pitty, (oh my grieued friends)
That we, the fonnes and children of this Ifle,
Was borne to fee fo fad an houre as this,
Wherein we ftep after a ftranger, march
Vpon her gentle bofom, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I muft withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the fpot of this inforced caufe,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldft remoue,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy felfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan fhore,
Where thefe two Chriftian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to fpend it fo vn-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper doft thou fhew in this,
And great affections wraftling in thy bofome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat haft fought
Between compulfion, and a braue refpect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That filuerly doth progreffe on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effufion of fuch manly drops,
This fhowre, blowne vp by tempeft of the foule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I feene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore wirh burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned *Salisburie*)
And with a great heart heaue away this ftorme:
Commend thefe waters to thofe baby-eyes
That neuer faw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feafts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goffipping:
Come, come; for thou fhalt thruft thy hand as deepe
Into the purfe of rich profperity
As *Lewis* himfelfe: fo (Nobles) fhall you all,
That knit your finewes to the ftrength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And euen there, methinkes an Angell fpake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions fet the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
Himfelfe to *Rome*, his fpirit is come in,
That fo ftood out againft the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,
And tame the fauage fpirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion foftered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in fhewe.

Dol. Your Grace fhall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high-borne to be proportied
To be a fecondary at controll,
Or vfefull feruing-man, and Inftrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath firft kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chaftiz'd kingdome and my felfe,
And brought in matter that fhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that fame weake winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereft to this Land,
Yea, thruft this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, muft I backe,
Becaufe that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Romes* flaue? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men prouided? What munition fent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-goe this charge? Who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this bufineffe, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard thefe Iflanders fhout out
Viue le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Haue I not heere the beft Cards for the game
To winne this eafie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And fhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my foule it neuer fhall be faid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-fide of this worke.

Dol. Out-fide or in-fide, I will not returne
Till my attempt fo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promifed,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd thefe fiery fpirits from the world
To out-looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death:
What lufty Trumpet thus doth fummon vs?

Enter Baftard.

Baft. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am fent to fpeake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him:
And, as you anfwer, I doe know the fcope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull oppofite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly faies, hee ll not lay downe his Armes.

Baft. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,
The youth faies well. Now heare our *Englifh* King,
For thus his Royaltie doth fpeake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reafon to he fhould,
This apifh and vnmannerly approach,
This harnefs'd Maske, and vnaduifed Reuell,
This vn-heard fawcineffe and boyifh Troopes,
The King doth fmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfifh warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ftrength, euen at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your ftable plankes,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chefts and truncks,
To hug with fwine, to feeke fweet fafety out
In vaults and prifons, and to thrill and fhake,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Engliſhman.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chafticement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To fowffe annoyance that comes neere his Neft;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blufh for fhame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vifag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canft out-fcold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be fpent
With fuch a brabler.

Pan. Giue me leaue to fpeake.

Baft. No, I will fpeake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our intereft, and our being heere.

Baft. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
And fo fhall you, being beaten: Do but ftart
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That fhall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another fhall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trufting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for fport, then neede)
Is warlike *Iohn*: and in his fore-head fits
A bare-rib'd death, whofe office is this day
To feaft vpon whole thoufands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Baft. And thou fhalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiefty?

Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me fo long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is ficke.

Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. My Lord: your valiant kinfman *Falconbridge*,
Defires your Maieftie to leaue the field,
And fend him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinfted*, to the Abbey there.

Mef. Be of good comfort: for rhe great fupply
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* fands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themfelues.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinfted:* to my Litter ftraight,
Weakneffe poffeffeth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King fo ftor'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: put fpirit in the French,
If they mifcarry: we mifcarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,
In fpight of fpight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They fay King *Iohn* fore fick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone.*

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble Englifh, you are bought and fold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe difcarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he fworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S. *Edmondsbury*,
Euen on that Altar, where we fwore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlafting loue.

Sal. May this be poffible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
Refolueth from his figure 'gainft the fire?
What in the world fhould make me now deceiue,
Since I muft loofe the vfe of all deceite?
Why fhould I then be falfe, fince it is true
That I muft dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I fay againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forfworne, if ere thofe eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the Eaft:
But euen this night, whofe blacke contagious breath
Already fmoakes about the burning Creft
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing fhall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If *Lewis*, by your afsiftance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The loue of him, and this refpect befides
(For that my Grandfire was an Englifhman)
Awakes my Confcience to confeffe all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noife and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my foule
With contemplation, and deuout defires.

Sal. We do beleeue thee, and befhrew my foule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this moft faire occafion, by the which
We will vntread the fteps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our rankneffe and irregular courfe,
Stoope lowe within thofe bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn*.
My arme fhall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do ſee the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newneſſe, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The *S*un of heauen (me thought) was loth to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the Weſterne Welkin bluſh,
When Engliſh meaſure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſſe ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toile, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt Lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?
Dol. Heere: what newes?
Meſ. The Count *Meloone* is ſlaine: The Engliſh Lords
By his perſwaſion, are againe falne off,
And your ſupply, which you haue wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunke on *Goodwin* ſands.
Dol. Ah fowle, ſhrew'd newes. Beſhrew thy very (hart:
I did not thinke to be ſo ſad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King *Iohn* did flie an houre or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our wearie powres?
Meſ. Who euer ſpoke it, it is true my Lord.
Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day ſhall not be vp ſo ſoone as I,
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Baſtard and Hubert, ſeuerally.

Hub. Whoſe there? Speake hoa, ſpeake quickely, or I ſhoote.
Baſt. A Friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Baſt. Whether doeſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?
Baſt. *Hubert*, I thinke.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well beleeue
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Baſt. Who thou wilt: and if thou pleaſe
Thou maiſt be-friend me ſo much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*
Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
Haue done me ſhame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine eare.
Baſt. Come, come: ſans complement, What newes abroad?
Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.
Baſt. Breefe then: and what's the newes?
Hub. O my ſweet ſir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortleſſe, and horrible.
Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not ſwound at it.
Hub. The King I feare is poyſon'd by a Monke,
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſſe, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the ſodaine time,
Then if you had at leiſure knowne of this.
Baſt. How did he take it? Who did taſte to him?
Hub. A Monke I tell you, a reſolued villaine
Whoſe Bowels ſodainly burſt out: The King
Yet ſpeakes, and peraduenture may recouer.
Baſt. Who didſt thou leaue to tend his Maieſty?
Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maieſtie.
Baſt. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power.
Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Paſsing theſe Flats, are taken by the Tide,
Theſe Lincolne-Waſhes haue deuoured them,
My ſelfe, well mounted, hardly haue eſcap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoules fraile dwelling houſe)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highneſſe yet doth ſpeak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poiſon which aſſayleth him.
Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he ſtill rage?
Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; euen now he ſung.
Hen. Oh vanity of ſickneſſe: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themſelues.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them inuiſible, and his ſeige is now
Againſt the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies,
Which in their throng, and preſſe to that laſt hold,
Counfound themſelues. 'Tis ſtrange ẏ death ſhold ſing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety ſings
His ſoule and body to their laſting reſt.
Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To ſet a forme vpon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſſe, and ſo rude.

Iohn brought in.

Iohn. I marrie, now my ſoule hath elbow roome,

It

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiesty?

Ioh. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their course
Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releeue you.

Iohn. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.

Iohn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should saile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the *Washes* all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.
To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leaue this warre.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selues well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices
And true subiection euerlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make
To rest without a spot for euermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes.
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true. *Exeunt.*

The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scœna Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.
OLd *Iohn of Gaunt*, time-honoured Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold ſon:
Heere to make good y^e boiſtrous late appeale,
Which then our leyſure would not let vs heare,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?
Gaunt. I haue my Liege.
King. Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him.
Gaunt. As neere as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aym'd at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.
Kin. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelues will heare
Th'accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake;
High ſtomack d are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea; haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege.
Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coofin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?
Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendering the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to rhis Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* doe I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawn ſword may proue
Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, vntill it had return'd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſhman durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.
*Bul.*Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then ſtoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoken, or thou canſt deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniuſtly fight.
*King.*What doth our Coſin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
*Bul.*Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall proue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiu'd eight thouſand Nobles,
In

In name of lendings for your Highneffe Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a falfe Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.
Befides I fay, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elfewhere to the furtheft Verge
That euer was furuey'd by Englifh eye,
That all the Treafons for thefe eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from falfe *Mowbray* their firft head and fpring.
Further I fay, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glouſters death,
Suggeft his foone beleeuing aduerfaries,
And confequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent foule through ftreames of blood:
Which blood, like facrificing *Abels* cries,
(Euen from the toonglelle cauernes of the earth)
To me for iuftice, and rough chafticement:
And by the glorious worth of my difcent,
This arme fhall do it, or this life be fpent.

King. How high a pitch his refolution foares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what fayeft thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this flander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate fo foule a lyar.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers fonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneffe to our facred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vn-ftooping firmeneffe of my vpright foule.
He is our fubiect (*Mowbray*) fo art thou,
Free fpeech, and feareleffe, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falfe paffage of thy throat; thou lyeft:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburft I to his Highneffe fouldiers;
The other part referu'd I by confent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since laft I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now fwallow downe that Lye. For Glouſters death,
I flew him not; but (to mine owne difgrace)
Neglected my fworne duty in that cafe:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancafter*,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambufh for your life,
A trefpaffe that doth vex my greeued foule:
But ere I laft receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confeffe it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reft appeal'd,
It iffues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moft degenerate Traitor,
Which in my felfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my felfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beft blood chamber'd in his bofome.
In haft whereof, moft heartily I pray
Your Highneffe to affigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prefcribe, though no Phyfition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incifion.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors fay, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your fon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace fhall become my age,
Throw downe (my fonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I fhould not bid agen.

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is no boote.

Mow. My felfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou fhalt command, but not my fhame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Defpight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke difhonours vfe, thou fhalt not haue.
I am difgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the foule with flanders venom'd fpeare:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyfon.

King. Rage muft be withftood:
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mo. Yea, but not change his fpots: take but my fhame,
And I refigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The pureft treafure mortall times afford
Is fpotleffe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Cheft,
Is a bold fpirit, in a loyall breft.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Coofin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heauen defend my foule from fuch foule fin.
Shall I feeme Creft-falne in my fathers fight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd daftard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with fuch feeble wrong;
Or found fo bafe a parle: my teeth fhall teare
The flauifh motiue of recanting feare,
And fpit it bleeding in his high difgrace,
Where fhame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to fue, but to command,
Which fince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues fhall anfwer it)
At Couentree, vpon S. *Lamberts* day:
There fhall your fwords and Lances arbitrate
The fwelling difference of your fetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you fhall fee
Iuftice defigne the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marfhall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct thefe home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheffe of Gloucefter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glouſters blood,
Doth more folicite me then your exclaimes,
To ftirre againft the Butchers of his life.

But

But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeuen ſonnes (whereof thy ſelfe art one)
Were as ſeuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dride by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouſter,
One Violl full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leafes all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that ſelfe-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is diſpaire,
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breſts:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my Glouſters death.
Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens ſubſtitute
His Deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his Miniſter.
Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my ſelfe?
Gau. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'ſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Coſine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O ſit my husbands wrongs on Herfords ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breſt:
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carreere,
Be Mowbrayes ſinnes ſo heauy in his boſome,
That they may breake his foaming Courſers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coſine Herford:
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, muſt end her life.
Gau. Siſter farewell: I muſt to Couentree,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with mee.
Dut. Yet one wotd more: Greefe boundeth where it (falls,
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For ſorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſit mee.
Alacke, and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee
But empty lodgings, and vnfurniſh'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden ſtones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence, and dye,
The laſt leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marſhall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, ſprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the ſummons of the Appealants Trumpet.
Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Maieſties approach. *Flouriſh.*

Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marſhall, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, ſay who yͧ art,
And why thou com'ſt thus knightly clad in Armes?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As ſo defend thee heauen, and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marſhall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comſt yͧ hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Liſts?
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heauen.
Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready heere do ſtand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Liſtes,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

c Then

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our feuerall friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kiffe your hand, and take his leaue.
Rich. We will defcend, and fold him in our armes.
Cofin of Herford, as thy caufe is iuft,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou fhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* fpeare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Againft a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ficke, although I haue to do with death,
But luftie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Englifh Feafts, fo I regreete
The daintieft laft, to make the end moft fweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whofe youthfull fpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde proofe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy blefsings fteele my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furnifh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Euen in the lufty hauiour of his fonne.
Gaunt. Heauen in thy good caufe make thee profp'rous
Be fwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thriue.
Mow. How euer heauen or fortune caft my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iuft, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Caft off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchifement,
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate
This Feaft of Battell, with mine Aduerfarie.
Moft mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wifh of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to ieft,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breft.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, fecurely I efpy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marfhall, and begin.
Mar. Harrie of *Herford, Lancafter*, and *Derby*,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke.
1.*Har. Harry* of *Herford, Lancafter*, and *Derbie*,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himfelfe,
On paine to be found falfe, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to fet forwards to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here ftandeth *Tho: Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found falfe and recreant,
Both to defend himfelfe, and to approue
Henry of *Herford, Lancafter*, and *Derby*,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him difloyall:
Couragioufly, and with a free defire
Attending but the fignall to begin. *A charge founded*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and fet forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found,
While we returne thefe Dukes what we decree.
A long Flourifh.
Draw neere and lift
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth fhould not be foyld
With that deere blood which it hath foftered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire afpect
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors fwords,
Which fo rouz'd vp with boyftrous vntun'd drummes,
With harfh refounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating fhocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banifh you our Territories.
You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But treade the ftranger pathes of banifhment.
Bul. Your will be done: This muft my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, fhall fhine on me:
And thofe his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banifhment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe,
Which I with fome vnwillingneffe pronounce,
The flye flow houres fhall not determinate
The dateleffe limit of thy deere exile:
The hopeleffe word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I againft thee, vpon paine of life.
Mow. A heauy fentence, my moft Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highneffe mouth:
A deerer merit, not fo deepe a maime,
As to be caft forth in the common ayre
Haue I deferued at your Highneffe hands.
The Language I haue learn'd thefe forty yeares
(My natiue Englifh) now I muft forgo,
And now my tongues vfe is to me no more,
Then an vnftringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Inftrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly percullift with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurfe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy fentence then, but fpeechleffe death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
Rich, It boots thee not to be compafsionate,
After our fentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in folemne fhades of endleffe night.
Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall fword, your banifht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banifh with your felues)
To keepe the Oath that we adminifter:
You neuer fhall (fo helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in banifhment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

Bull. I ſweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this fraile ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.

Mow. No *Bullingbroke:* If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way. *Exit.*

Rich. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy greeued heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home, from baniſhment.

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton ſprings
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby.
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſſe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my ſonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeeres to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue;
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſudden ſorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Ric. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?

Gau. Things ſweet to taſt, proue in digeſtion ſowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.

Rich, Coſine farewell: and Vncle bid him ſo:
Six yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Au. Coſine farewell: what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hord thy words,
That thou teturnſt no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy abſence for a time.

Bull. Ioy abſent, greefe is preſent for that time.

Gau. What is ſixe Winters, they are quickely gone?

Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gau. Call it a trauell that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.

Bul. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteppes
Eſteeme a foyle, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſtie *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feaſt?
Or Wallow naked in December ſnow
by thinking on fantaſticke ſummers heate?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gau. Come, come (my ſon) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: ſweet ſoil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurſe, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-borne Engliſhman.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obſerue. Coſine *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him ſo)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?

Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeaſt wind
Which then grew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepie rhewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What ſaid our Coſin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell: and for my hart diſdained y^t^ my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſsion of ſuch greefe,
That word ſeem'd buried in my ſorrowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of Farwels,
but ſince it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Coſin (Coſin) but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelfe, and *Buſhy*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Obſeru'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble, and familiat courteſie,
What reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues;
Wooing poore Crafteſ-men, with the craft of ſoules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
*E*xpedient manage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leyſure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highneſſe loſſe.
Ric. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof ſhall furniſh vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come ſhort
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall haue Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.
Enter Buſhy.
Buſhy, what newes?
Bu. Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſit him.
Ric. Where lyes he?
Bu. At Ely houſe.
Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Phyſitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heauen we may make haſt, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his vnſtaid youth?
Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.
Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.
Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort,
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradiſe,
This Fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſeruice, and true Chiualrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the Worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* Sonne.
This land of ſuch deere ſoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?
Ri. What comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.
Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter thofe that liue?
Gau. No, no, men liuing flatter thofe that dye.
Rich. Thou now a dying, fayft thou flatter'ft me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dyeft, though I the ficker be.
Rich. I am in health, I breath, I fee thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I fee thee ill:
Ill in my felfe to fee, and in thee, feeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leffer then the Land,
Wherein thou lyeft in reputation ficke,
And thou too care-leffe patient as thou art,
Commit'ft thy'anointed body to the cure
Of thofe Phyfitians, that firft wounded thee.
A thoufand flatterers fit within thy Crowne,
Whofe compaffe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in fo fmall a Verge,
The wafte is no whit leffer then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his fonnes fonne, fhould deftroy his fonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy fhame,
Depofing thee before thou wert poffeft,
Which art poffeft now to depofe thy felfe.
Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a fhame to let his Land by leafe:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then fhame, to fhame it fo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ftate of Law, is bondflaue to the law,
And———
Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Prefuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dar'ft with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood
With fury, from his natiue refidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieftie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* fonne,
This tongue that runs fo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent fhoulders.
Gau. Oh fpare me not, my brothers *Edwards* fonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* fonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haft tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother Gloucefter, plaine well meaning foule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongft happy foules)
May be a prefident, and witneffe good,
That thou refpect'ft not fpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the prefent fickneffe that I haue,
And thy vnkindneffe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Liue in thy fhame, but dye not fhame with thee,
Thefe words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*
Rich. And let them dye, that age and fullens haue,
For both haft thou, and both become the graue.
Yor. I do befeech your Maieftie impute his words
To wayward fickleneffe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.
Rich. Right, you fay true: as *Herfords* loue, fo his;
As theirs, fo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieftie.
Rich. What fayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is faid:
His tongue is now a ftringleffe inftrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancafter hath fpent.
Yor. Be Yorke the next, that muft be bankrupt fo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
Rich. The ripeft fruit firft fals, and fo doth he,
His time is fpent, our pilgrimage muft be:
So much for that. Now for our Irifh warres,
We muft fupplant thofe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which liue like venom, where no venom elfe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for thefe great affayres do aske fome charge
Towards our afsiftance, we do feize to vs
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ftand poffeft.
Yor. How long fhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me fuffer wrong?
Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banifhment,
Nor *Gauntes* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne difgrace
Haue euer made me fowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laft of noble *Edwards* fonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firft,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou haft, for euen fo look'd he
Accomplifh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againft the French,
And not againft his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did fpend: and fpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
Or elfe he neuer would compare betweene.
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafe, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to feize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banifh'd Herford?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuft? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deferue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deferuing fonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuftomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then infue to day,
Be not thy felfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire fequence and fuccefsion?
Now afore God, God forbid I fay true,
If you do wrongfully feize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atrurneyes generall, to fue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thoufand dangers on your head,
You loofe a thoufand well-difpofed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thofe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.
Ric. Thinke what you will: we feife into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will enſue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is iuſt, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*

Manet North. Willoughby, & Roſſ.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſ. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennew.
Nor. Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.
*Roſſ.*My heart is great: but it muſt break with ſilence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
*Nor.*Nay ſpeake thy mind: & let him ne'r ſpeak more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to do thee harme.
*Wil.*Tends that thou'dſt ſpeake to th'Du. of Hereford,
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſ. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute
'Gainſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſ. The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wil. And daily new exactions are deuis'd,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not waſted it, for war'd he hath not.
But baſely yeelded vpon comprimize,
That which his Anceſtors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.
Roſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the realme in Farme.
Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach, and diſſolution hangeth ouer him.
Roſ. He hath not monie for theſe Iriſh warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoid the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore vpon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo: euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I haue from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Rainſton*,
Sir *Iohn Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlauiſh yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemiſh'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Rauenspurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will go.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, vrge doubts to them ỳ feare.
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Buſhy, and Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your Maieſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heauineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I did: to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne ſorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward ſoule
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a greefe hath twenty ſhadows
Which ſhewes like greefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweet Maieſtie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde ſhapes of greefe, more then himſelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but ſhadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrowes eie, (ſeene;
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo: but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heauy ſad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and ſhrinke.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Queene.

Qu. 'Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore-father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething greefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heauen ſaue your Maieſty, and wel met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland. (men:
Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? Tis better hope he is:
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Gre. That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
and driuen into diſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Rauenſpurg*.
Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.
Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. Northumberland, his yong ſonne *Henrie Percie*,
The Lords of *Roſſe*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.
Buſh. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolted faction, Traitors?
Gre. We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And al the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*
Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my ſorrowes diſmall heyre:
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioyn'd.
Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.
Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Qu. With ſignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vncle, for heauens ſake ſpeake comfortable words:
Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe:
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a ſeruant.

Ser. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.
Yor. He was: why ſo: go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare reuolt on Herfords ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall greeue you to report the reſt.
Yor. What is't knaue?
Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.
Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heauen
(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter (Cozen I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, pouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: th'other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: Come Cozen,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter vp your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too: but time will not permit,
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at ſix and ſeuen. *Exit*
Buſh. The winde ſits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes: For vs to leuy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſsible.
Gr. Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of thoſe loue not the King.
Ba And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſh. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd
Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we haue beene euer neere the King.
Gr. Well: I will for refuge ſtraight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wiltſhire is alreadie there.
Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſtie:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe.
Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbroke*
Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes
Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well, we may meete againe.
Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

*Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northum-
berland.*

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?
Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger heere in Glouſterſhire,
Theſe high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them weariſome:
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,

Mak in

Making the hard way ſweet and delectable :
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenſpurgh to Cottſhold will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The tedioufneſſe, and proceſſe of my trauell :
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to haue
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe ;
And hope to ioy, is little leſſe in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd : By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much leſſe value is my Companie,
Then your good words : but who comes here ?
Enter H. Percie.
North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worceſter* : Whence ſoeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle ?
Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queene ?
Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſehold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon ?
He was not ſo reſolu'd, when we laſt ſpake together.
Percie. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenſpurgh,
To offer ſeruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me ouer by Barkely, to diſcouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)
Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember : to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now : this is the Duke.
Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes ſhall ripen, and confirme
To more approued ſeruice, and deſert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends :
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to Barkely ? and what ſtirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre ?
Percie. There ſtands the Caſtle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of Name, and noble eſtimate.
Enter Roſſe and Willoughby.
North. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fierie red with haſte.
Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traytor ; all my Treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.
Roſſ. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt Noble Lord.
Willo. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie : but who come here ?
Enter Barkely.
North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheſſe.
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meſſage is to you.
Bull. My Lord, my Anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that Name in England,
And I muſt finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our Natiue Peace with ſelfe-borne Armes.
Enter Yorke.
Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My Noble Vnckle.
York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe dutie is deceiuable, and falſe.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle.
York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle ; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why haue theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Duſt of Englands Ground ?
But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull Boſome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes ?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence ?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my ſelfe
Reſcued the *Black Prince* that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French :
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now Priſoner to the Palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy Fault.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition ſtands it, and wherein ?
York. Euen in Condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon :
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes againſt thy Soueraigne.
Bull. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And Noble Vnckle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond ; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpſtart Vnthrifts ? Wherefore was I borne ?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He ſhould haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Liuerie here,
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue :
My Fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſſe imployd.

What

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Diſcent.
North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Roſſ. It ſtands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.
York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Coſens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The Noble Duke hath ſworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayd,
And let him neu'r ſee Ioy, that breakes that Oath.
York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Armes,
I cannot mend it, I muſt needes confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Night.
Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:
But wee muſt winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Briſtow Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie, Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue ſworne to weed, and plucke away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawſe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelues: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſtie Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey are all wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to looſe what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnreſt:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,
Roſſe, Percie, Willoughby, with Buſhie
and Greene Priſoners.

Bull. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhie and *Greene*, I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies)
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:
You haue in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn frõ her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him miſ-interprete me,
Haue ſtoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forreſt Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Houſehold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſſe, leauing me no ſigne,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To ſhew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: ſee them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.
Buſhie. More welcome is the ſtroake of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our ſoules,
And plague Iniuſtice with the paines of Hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd:
Vnckle, you ſay the Queene is at your Houſe,
For Heauens ſake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.
York. A Gentleman of mine I haue diſpatch'd
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.
Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday.
Exeunt.

Scœna

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weepe for ioy
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenous fence:
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
Mock not my fencelesse Coniuration, Lords;
This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.
Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the prowd tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?
Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?
Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to serue our turne.
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*
Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.
Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?
Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,
Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.
Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares:
So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
Thy very Beadf-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.
Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?

That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Meafure our Confines with fuch peacefull fteps?
If we preuaile, their heads fhall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke.*

Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, eafily woon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that fting my heart,
Three Iudaffes, each one thrice worfe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their fpotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I fee) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the fowreft, and moft deadly hate:
Againe vncurfe their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: thofe whom you curfe
Haue felt the worft of Deaths deftroying hand,
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Bufhie, Greene,* and the Earle of Wiltfhire dead?

Scroope. Yea, all of them at Briftow loft their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man fpeake:
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duft our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bofome of the Earth.
Let's chufe Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not fo; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depofed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that fmall Modell of the barren Earth,
Which ferues as Pafte, and Couer to our Bones:
For Heauens fake let vs fit vpon the ground,
And tell fad ftories of the death of Kings:
How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghofts they haue depos'd,
Some poyfon'd by their Wiues, fome fleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique fits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infufing him with felfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Flefh, which walls about our Life,
Were Braffe impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the laft, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Caftle Walls, and farwell King.
Couer your heads, and mock not flefh and blood
With folemne Reuerence: throw away Refpect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miftooke me all this while:
I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,
Tafte Griefe, need Friends: fubiected thus,
How can you fay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their prefent woes,
But prefently preuent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, fince feare oppreffeth ftrength,
Giues in your weakeneffe, ftrength vnto your Foe;
Feare, and be flaine, no worfe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death deftroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death feruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'ft me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An eafie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
Speake fweetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The ftate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to fay:
I play the Torturer, by fmall and fmall
To lengthen out the worft, that muft be fpoken.
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caftles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou haft faid enough.
Befhrew thee Coufin, which didft lead me forth
Of that fweet way I was in, to defpaire:
What fay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlaftingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caftle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes flaue, fhall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, difcharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath fome hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man fpeake againe
To alter this, for counfaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Difcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are difpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With fome few priuate friends, vpon this Coaft.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would befeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To fay King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,
When fuch a facred King fhould hide his head.

North. Your Grace miftakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath beene,
Would you haue beene fo breefe with him, he would
Haue beene fo briefe with you, to fhorten you,
For taking fo the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Miftake not (Vnckle) farther then you fhould.

York. Take not (good Coufin) farther then you fhould.
Leaft you miftake the Heauens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppofe not my felfe
Againft their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percie.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Caftle yeeld?

Per. The Caftle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againft thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-

Bull. Royally ? Why, it containes no King ?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King : King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence ; who, I cannot learne.
North. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of Carlile.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer :
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand, and ſends allegeance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Perſon : hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Prouided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be freely graunted :
If not, Ile vſe th'aduantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen ;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Goe ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this Plaine :
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meet
With no leſſe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen :
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water ;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.
Parle without, and anſwere within : then a Flouriſh. Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.
See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
York. Yet lookes he like a King : behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maieſtie : alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew.
Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King :
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our preſence ?
If we be not, ſhew vs the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſ'd vs from our Stewardſhip,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the ſacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends :
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your Vaſſall Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That euery ſtride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon : He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre ;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſſe with faithfull Engliſh Blood.
North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be ruſh'd vpon : Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your Royall Grandſires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne, or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees :
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to'Ruſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie :
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince, is iuſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus : The King returnes,
His Noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debaſe our ſelfe (Couſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire ?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor, and ſo die ?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpeful Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond prowd man, ſhould take it off againe
With words of ſooth : Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now :
Swell'ſt thou prowd heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since Foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke.*
Rich. What muſt the King doe now ? muſt he ſubmit ?
The King ſhall doe it : Muſt he be depos'd ?
The King ſhall be contented : Muſt he looſe
The Name of King ? o'Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Iewels for a ſett of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obfure Graue.
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileft I liue;
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ft (my tender-hearted Coufin)
Wee'le make foule Weather with defpifed Teares:
Our fighes, and they, fhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
Or fhall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make fome prettie Match, with fhedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them ftill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes
Two Kinfmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I fee
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
Moft mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What fayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maieftie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* fayes I.

North. My Lord, in the bafe Court he doth attend
To fpeake with you, may it pleafe you to come downe.

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the bafe Court? bafe Court, where Kings grow bafe,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the bafe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls fhrike, where moūting Larks fhould fing.

Bull. What fayes his Maieftie?

North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him fpeake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And fhew faire dutie to his Maieftie.
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Coufin,
You debafe your Princely Knee,
To make the bafe Earth prowd with kiffing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,
Then my vnpleas'd Eye fee your Courtefie.
Vp Coufin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at leaft, although your Knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my moft redoubted Lord,
As my true feruice fhall deferue your loue.

Rich. Well you deferu'd:
They well deferue to haue,
That know the ftrong'ft, and fureft way to get.
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares fhew their Loue, but want their Remedies.
Coufin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we muft, what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London:
Coufin, is it fo?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I muft not fay, no.

Flourifh. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What fport fhall we deuife here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againft the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no meafure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no meafure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) fome other fport.

La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of eyther, Madame.

Qu. Of neyther, Girle.
For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile fing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou haft caufe:
But thou fhould'ft pleafe me better, would'ft thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could fing, would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But ftay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's ftep into the fhadow of thefe Trees.
My wretchedneffe, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State: for euery one doth fo,
Againft a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppreffion of their prodigall weight:
Giue fome fupportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too faft growing fprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muft be euen, in our Gouernment.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noyfome Weedes, that without profit fucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholefome flowers.

Ser. Why fhould we, in the compaffe of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Eftate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her faireft Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diforder'd, and her wholefome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath fuffer'd this diforder'd Spring,
Hath now himfelfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-fpreading Leaues did fhelter,
That feem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltfhire, *Bufhie*, *Greene*.

d *Ser.* What,

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* haſt ſeiz'd the waſtefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not ſo trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?

Gar. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.

Qu. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh rude tongue ſound this vnpleaſing (newes
What Eue? what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſte you to London, and you'l finde it ſo,
I ſpeake no more, then euery one doth know.

Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my ſad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt, may neuer grow. *Exit.*

G Poore Queen, ſo that thy State might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, ſowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy minde,
What thou do'ſt know of Noble Glouſters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timeleſſe end.

Bag. Then ſet before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bul. Coſin, ſtand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnſay, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when Glouſters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonor my faire Starres,
On equall termes to giue him chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honor ſoyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his ſland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.

Bul. *Bagot* forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mou'd me ſo.

Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathize:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay (and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble Glouſters death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) liue to ſee the day.

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. *Aumerle*, Thou lye'ſt: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water*:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me, this is true.

Surrey. As falſe, by heauen,
As Heauen it ſelfe is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyeſt.

Surrey. Diſhonourable Boy;
That Lye, ſhall lie ſo heauy on my Sword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz-

Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpurre a forward Horſe?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him, whileſt I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intend to thriue in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And (though mine Enemie) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norforlke* fought
For Ieſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norfolke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham.*
Lords Appealants, your differēces ſhal all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard,* who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henry,* of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name, Ile aſcend the Regall Throne.
Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.
Worſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard:* then true Nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refin'de
Should ſhew ſo heynous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to Subiects, and a Subiect ſpeakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the wofulleſt Diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed Earth.
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, Woe.
North. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard,* that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
Without ſuſpition.
Yorke. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The fauors of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thouſand, none.
God ſaue the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prieſt, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what ſeruice, am I ſent for hither?
Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maieſtie did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke.*
*Rich.*Giue me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize ÿ Crown:
Here Couſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil'ſt you mount vp on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſigne.
Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bull. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares ſet vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay:
Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I muſt nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I reſigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I waſh away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath releaſe all dutious Oathes;
All Pompe and Maieſtie I doe forſweare:
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchieu'd.
Long may'ſt thou liue in *Richards* Seat to ſit,
And ſoone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God ſaue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* ſayes,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sunne-ſhine dayes.
What more remaines?

North. No more: but that you reade
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grieuous Crymes,
Committed by your Perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confeſſing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My weau'd-vp follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and looke vpon me,
Whil'ſt that my wretchedneſſe doth bait my ſelfe,
Though ſome of you, with *Pilate*, waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliuer'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.

North. My Lord diſpatch, reade o're theſe Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-Water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt:
For I haue giuen here my Soules conſent,
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;
Prowd Maieſtie, a Subiect; State, a Peſant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vſurpt: alack the heauie day,
That I haue worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maieſtie.

Bull. Goe ſome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.

North. Read o're this Paper, while yͤ Glaſſe doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeede,
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe.

Enter one with a Glaſſe.

Giue me that Glaſſe, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow ſtrucke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glaſſe,
Like to my followers in proſperitie,
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That euery day, vnder his Houſe-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thouſand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd ſo many follyes,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhiuers.
Marke ſilent King, the Morall of this ſport,
How ſoone my Sorrow hath deſtroy'd my Face.

Bull. The ſhadow of your Sorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And theſe externall manner of Laments,
Are meerely ſhadowes, to the vnſeene Griefe,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the ſubſtance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'ſt
Me cauſe to wayle, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Couſin.

Rich. Faire Couſin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but ſubiects; being now a ſubiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I haue no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And ſhall I haue?

Bull. You ſhall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

Bull. Goe ſome of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your ſelues. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A woefull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as Thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but alſo to effect

What

What euer I shall happen to deuise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by prowd *Bullingbrooke.*
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the senselesse Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deserued Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.
Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.
Part vs, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Qu. And must we be diuided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart frõ heart.

Qu. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, ỹ Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:
One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude misf-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head.

Yorke. Then, as I faid, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke,*
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his afpiring Rider feem'd to know,
With flow, but ftately pace, kept on his courfe:
While all tongues cride, God faue thee *Bullingbrooke.*
You would haue thought the very windowes fpake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Cafements darted their defiring eyes
Vpon his vifage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had faid at once,
Iefu preferue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke.*
Whil'ft he, from one fide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Befpake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:
And thus ftill doing, thus he paft along.
Dutch. Alas poore *Richard,* where rides he the whilft?
Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen fo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did fcowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God faue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But duft was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
Which with fuch gentle forrow he fhooke off,
His face ftill combating with teares and fmiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for fome ftrong purpofe) fteel'd
The hearts of men, they muft perforce haue melted,
And Barbarifme it felfe haue pittied him.
But heauen hath a hand in thefe euents,
To whofe high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke,* are we fworne Subiects now,
Whofe State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my fonne *Aumerle.*
Yor. Aumerle that was,
But that is loft, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muft call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lafting fealtie to the new-made King.
Dut. Welcome my fonne: who are the Violets now,
That ftrew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.
*Yorke.*Well, beare you well in this new-fpring of time
Leaft you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? Hold thofe Iufts & Triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not, I purpofe fo.
*Yor.*What Seale is that that hangs without thy bofom?
Yea, look'ft thou pale? Let me fee the Writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who fees it,
I will be fatisfied, let me fee the Writing.
Aum. I do befeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of fmall confequence,
Which for fome reafons I would not haue feene.
Yorke. Which for fome reafons fir, I meane to fee:
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What fhould you feare?
'Tis nothing but fome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, againft the Triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himfelfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.
Boy, let me fee the Writing.
Aum. I do befeech you pardon me, I may not fhew it.
Yor. I will be fatisfied: let me fee it I fay. *Snatches it*
Treafon, foule Treafon, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.
Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horfe.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my boots, I fay: Saddle my horfe:
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolifh Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life muft anfwer.
Dut. Thy life anfwer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.
Dut. Strike him *Aumerle.* Poore boy, yͧ art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my fight.
Yor. Giue me my Boots, I fay.
Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trefpaffe of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?
Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Confpiracy?
A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably fet downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He fhall be none:
Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my Son, I would appeach him.
Dut. Hadft thou groan'd for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldeft be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'ft fufpect
That I haue bene difloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Baftard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, fweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way, vnruly Woman. *Exit*
Dut. After *Aumerle.* Mount thee vpon his horfe,
Spurre poft, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accufe thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faft as Yorke:
And neuer will I rife vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes fince I did fee him laft.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongft the Tauernes there:

For there (they fay) he dayly doth frequent,
With vnreftrained loofe Companions,
Euen fuch (they fay) as ftand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our paffengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to fupport
So diffolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, fome two dayes fince I faw the Prince,
And told him of thefe Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what faid the Gallant?

Per. His anfwer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'ft creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorfe the luftieft Challenger.

Bul. As diffolute as defp'rate, yet through both,
I fee fome fparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes our Cofin, that hee ftares
And lookes fo wildely?

Aum. God faue your Grace. I do befeech your Maiefty
To haue fome conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your felues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleffe a Pardon, ere I rife, or fpeake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the firft, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale be done.

Bul. Haue thy defire. *Yorke withiu.*

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy felfe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy prefence there.

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee fafe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haft no caufe
to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, fecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue fpeake treafon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) fpeak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Perufe this writing heere, and thou fhalt know
The reafon that my hafte forbids me fhow.

Aum. Remember as thou read'ft, thy promife paft:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did fet it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bofome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, leaft thy pitty proue
A Serpent, that will fting thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, ftrong, and bold Confpiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou fheere, immaculate, and filuer fountaine,
From whence this ftreame, through muddy paffages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himfelfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodneffe fhall excufe
This deadly blot, in thy digreffing fonne.

Yorke. So fhall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he fhall fpend mine Honour, with his Shame;
As thriftleffe Sonnes, their fcraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor liues, when his difhonor dies,
Or my fham'd life, in his difhonor lies:
Thou kill'ft me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheffe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens fake let me in.

Bul. What fhrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a ferious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,
I know fhe's come, to pray for your foule fin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whofoeuer pray,
More finnes for this forgiueneffe, profper may.
This fefter'd ioynt cut off, the reft refts found,
This let alone, will all the reft confound.

Enter Dutcheffe.

Dut. O King, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, louing not it felfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what doft y^u make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rife vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee befeech.
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,
And neuer fee day, that the happy fees,
Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my tranfgreffing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Againft them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earneft? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in ieft:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breft.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and foule, and all befide:
His weary ioynts would gladly rife, I know,
Our knees fhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falfe hypocrifie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt ftand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not fay ftand vp.
But Pardon firft, and afterwards ftand vp.
And if I were thy Nurfe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon fhould be the firft word of thy fpeach.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is fhort: but not fo fhort as fweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's fo meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) fay *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Doft thou teach pardon, Pardon to deftroy?
Ah my fowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That fet's the word it felfe, againft the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderftand.
Thine eye begins to fpeake, fet thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearfe.

Bul. Good Aunt, ftand vp.

Dut. I do not fue to ftand,
Pardon is all the fuite I haue in hand.

Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen ſhall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order ſeuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Coſin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.
Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray heauen make thee new.
Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ext. Didſt thou not marke the King what words hee ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his very words.
Ex. Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he ſpake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wer't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the World:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my ſelfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penurie,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſick*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it ſeemes, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapeſt of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (ſometimes Royall) maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride muſt haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vſurpe his backe?
Forgiueneſſe horſe: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe,

And yet I beare a burthen like an Aſſe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing *Bullingbrooke.*

Enter Keeper with a Diſh.

Keep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord, wilt pleaſe you to fall too?
Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaſter, and thee;
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude aſſalt?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths inſtrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton ſtrikes him downe.

That hand ſhall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. *Exton,* thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, ſtain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is vp on high,
Whil'ſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downward, heere to dye.
Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the reſt, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scœna Quinta.

Flouriſh. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue conſum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Glouceſterſhire,
But whether they be tane or ſlaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?
Nor. Firſt to thy Sacred State, wiſh I all happineſſe:
The next newes is, I haue to London ſent
The heads of *Salsbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent:*
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper heere.
Bul. We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford ſent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traitors,
That ſought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.
Bul. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* ſhall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conſpirator, Abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clog of Conſcience, and ſowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But heere is *Carlile*, liuing to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.
Bul. *Carlile*, this is your doome:
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerend roome
More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, dye free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemy, thou haſt euer beene,
High ſparkes of Honor in thee haue I ſeene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
Bul. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.
Bul. They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.
With *Caine* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on ſullen Blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath ſhortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Subſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beſeeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace theſe Pagans in thoſe holy Fields,
Ouer whoſe Acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe.
But this our purpoſe is a tweluemonth old,
And bootleſſe 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Couſin Weſtmerland,
What yeſternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weſt. My Liege: This haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the Charge ſet downe
But yeſternight: when all athwart there came
A Poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
Whoſe worſt was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
And a thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corpes there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſſe transformation,
By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) re-told or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy land.

Weſt. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
At *Holmeden* met, where they did spend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillerie,
And ſhape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,
Strain'd with the variation of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcomes newes.
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Priſoners, *Hotſpurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Coſin, is it not? Infaith it is.

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, & mak'ſt me ſin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'ſt a Groue, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'ſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See Ryot and Diſhonor ſtaine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That ſome Night-tripping Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

Then

Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Priſoners
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriz'd,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſends me word
I ſhall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worceſter
Maleuolent to you in all Aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of Youth againſt your Dignity.

King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwer this:
And for this cauſe a-while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.
Coſin, on Wedneſday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windſor, and ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and ſleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a diuell haſt thou to do with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the ſignes of Leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon, why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſo ſuperfluous, to demaund the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purſes, go by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight ſo faire. And I prythee ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace, Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilte haue none.

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not ſo much as will ſerue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights Bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtris the Moone, vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prin. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purſe of Gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday Morning; got with ſwearing, Lay by: and ſpent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou ſay'ſt true Lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid al there.

Prin. Yea and elſewhere, ſo farre as my Coine would ſtretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee ſweet Wag, ſhall there be Gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſtie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane, thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſuites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnſhire Bagpipe.

Prin. What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauoury ſmiles, and art indeed the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you ſir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Prin. Thou didſt well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haſt done much harme vnto me *Hall*, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man ſhold ſpeake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*: 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now ſhall wee know if Gads hill haue ſet a Watch. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Pointz.

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the diuel ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Elſe he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke Supper to morrow in Eaſtcheape; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your Purſes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir *Iohn*, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, maiſt thou haue the Spirit of perſwaſion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue; and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good ſweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe, Haruey, Roſſill,* and *Gads-hill,* ſhall robbe thoſe men that wee haue already way-layde, your ſelfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prin. But how ſhal we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poyn. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit rhemſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but wee'l ſet vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Poy. Tut our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and ſirrah, I haue Caſes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſwear Armes. The vertue of this Ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the ieſt.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſup. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Pointz*

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idleneſſe:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious cloudes
To ſmother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaies,
To ſport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed;
By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a ſullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as Oyle, ſoft as yong Downe,
And therefore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone: for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you.
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſſe demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were (as he ſayes) not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As was deliuered to your Maieſty:
Who either through enuy, or miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Priſoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathleſſe, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt;
Freſh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a ſtubble Land at Harueſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon
He gaue his Noſe, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe: And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome Coarſe
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady tearme
He queſtion'd me: Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all-ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay)
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Anſwer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He ſhould, or ſhould not: For he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God ſaue the marke;
And telling me, the Soueraign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe:
And that it wa s great pitty, ſo it was,
That villanous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmleſſe Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for theſe vile Gunnes,
He would himſelfe haue beene a Souldier.
This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anſwer indirectly (as I ſaid.)
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accuſation,
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What euer *Harry Percie* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably dye, and neuer riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet doth deny his Priſoners,
But with Prouiſo and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His Brother-in-Law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who (in my ſoule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did leade to Fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower*:
Whoſe daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treaſon? and indent with Feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeyted themſelues.
No: on the barren Mountaine let him ſterue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one peny coſt
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes ſiedgie banke,
In ſingle Oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of ſwift Seuernes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did baſe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſland'red with Reuolt.
King. Thou do'ſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him;
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*:
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We Licenſe your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your Priſoners, or you'l heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo: for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choller? ſtay & pauſe awhile,
Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worceſter.*
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all theſe Veines,
And ſhed my deere blood drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forſooth) haue all my Priſoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranſom once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandaliz'd, and fouly ſpoken of.

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my Brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard*, that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say———
Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.
Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
Bnt not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while,
And list to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.
Ile keepe them, by this Hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said, he would not ransome *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*.
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla *Mortimer*.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.
Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.
Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.
Nor. At Barkley Castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
Wee'l stay your leysure.
Hot. I haue done insooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbishop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroope*.
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.
Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:
Ile steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust.

Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. *exit*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1.*Car.* Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. *Charles waine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1.*Car.* I prethee Tom, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2.*Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes: This house is turned vpside downe since *Robin* the Ostler dyed.

1.*Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1.*Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the first Cocke.

2.*Car.* Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1.*Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come away.

2.*Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse.

1.*Car.* The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued. What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gelding in the stable.

1.*Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2.*Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2.*Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge. *Exeunt*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-Hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *Iohn* hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that $\overset{u}{y}$ dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receit of Fernseede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand.
Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe.

Gad. Goe too: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remoued *Falſtafs* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hang'd *Poines.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Raſcall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe.

Fal. What *Poines. Hal?*

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that Theefe company: that Raſcall hath remoued my Horſe, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be elſe: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal,* a Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: Ile ſtarue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threeſcore & ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another. *They Whiſtle.*
Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horſe you Rogues: giue me my Horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'ſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal,* help me to my horſe, good Kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when a ieſt is ſo forward & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: *Bardolfe,* what newes?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *Iohn* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gaunt* your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the proofe.

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horſe ſtands behinde the hedg, when thou need'ſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him. Farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now my Maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I: euery man to his buſineſſe.

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy ſhall leade our Horſes downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and eaſe our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Ieſu bleſſe vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorſon Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your ſtore were heere. On Bacons on, what ye knaues? Yong men muſt liue, you are Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poynes. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſſe before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the Prince *and* Poynes *ſet vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to Horſe: The Theeues are ſcattred, and poſſeſt with fear ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned, Falſtaffe* ſweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpurre ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you vndertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendour*? Is there not besides, the *Dowglas*? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?
And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?
In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,
Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;
And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath
On some great sodaine hast, O what portents are these?
Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it: else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses frō the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go——

Hot. So farre afoot, I shall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,
And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.
What say'st thou *Kate*? what wold'st thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,
I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare
I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate*,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me,
Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.
Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will beleeue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know,
And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where hast bene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheads. I haue sounded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom, Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Falstaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and sixpence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shril addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee do thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

Poines. *Francis*.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. *Poines*.

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselues humors, since the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life. I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*, sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a Cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolsacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and *Poines* there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you

that

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinkes.*

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Iack?* where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Doest thou heare me, *Hal?*

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack.*

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hose.

Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason *Iack*, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke Iacke.

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou louest me.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hosteſſe, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hosteſſe. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would ſpeake with you: hee ſayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falſt. What manner of man is hee?

Hosteſſe. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke.*

Falſt. 'Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I ſaw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. Oh Villaine, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore: thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe Meteors? doe you behold theſe Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne Knee?

Falſt. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waſte, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you muſt goe to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croſſe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower.*

Falſt. *Owen, Owen*; the ſame, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runnes a Horſe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeede, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Raſcall art thou then, to prayſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Cappes more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffetting hold, wee ſhall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſſe Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three ſuch Enemyes againe, as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falſt. Shall I? content: This Chayre ſhall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Hoſteſſe. This is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſt. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hoſteſſe. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falſt. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queen, For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoſteſſe. Oh rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Falſt. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? Shall the bleſſed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a queſtion not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe*: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuft Cloake-bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poines*: but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, kinde *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iack Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie; banish plumpe *Iacke*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke: what's the matter?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal*, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your *Maior*: if you will deny the Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,
For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:
And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to answere thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:
And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyly Rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe*? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets. He

He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's ſee, what be they? reade them.

Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.

Item, Sawce. iiii.d.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.

Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.

Item, Bread. ob.

Prince. O monſtrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is elſe, keepe cloſe, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: Wee muſt all to the Warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-ſcore. The Money ſhall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotſpurre, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hotſp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit downe?
And Vnckle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Couſin *Percy*, ſit good Couſin *Hotſpurre*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a riſing ſigh,
He wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hotſp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotſp. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelfe had neuer beene borne.

Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hotſp. And I ſay the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotſp. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke
To ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe
teeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glend. Couſin: of many men
I doe not beare theſe Croſſings: Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my Life doe ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotſp. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better Welſh:
Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſtie Deepe.

Hotſp. Why ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Couſin, to command the Deuill.

Hotſp. And I can teach thee, Couſin, to ſhame the Deuil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and ſhame the Deuill.*
If thou haue power to rayſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him
Bootleſſe home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotſp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How ſcapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
Shall wee diuide our Right,
According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All Weſtward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne ſhore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A Buſineſſe that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth,
To meete your Father, and the Scottiſh Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,
Nor ſhall wee neede his helpe theſe foureteene dayes:
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a World of Water ſhed,

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.
Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,
And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and euenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,
And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes straight and euen.

Hotsp. Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Dittie, louely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land
To any well-deseruing friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,
You may away by Night:
Ile haste the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my Father.

Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:
I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your speede;
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,
Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answeres him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desperate heere:
A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answere thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rauishing Diuision to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

Glend. Doe so:
And those Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hotsp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hotsp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Would'st haue thy Head broken?

Hotsp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hotsp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?
You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-brest teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within these two howres: and so come in, when yee will. *Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
Others would say; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,
And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,
My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,
As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou:
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is awearie of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh;
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou, the shadow of Succession;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
To bloody Battailes, and to brusing Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned *Dowglas*? whose high Deedes,
Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars*, in swathing Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:
And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske:
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-praysed Knight,
And your vnthought-of *Harry* chance to meet:
For euery Honor sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery Glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:
The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,
I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:
Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? thy Lookes are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:
With him my sonne, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, wee our selues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you shall march

f Through

Through Glocestershire: by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. *Bardolph*, am I not falne away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn*. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you must needes bee out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before.

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse: *Bardolph* was shau'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *Iohn*, you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn*: I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *Iohn*, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistresse *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Iacke*?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Falst. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Host. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, sir *John*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art vniust man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue.

Host. Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should. how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imbost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Reckning, *Memorandums* of Bawdie-houses, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Do'st thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgiue thee:
Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,
Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests:
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason:
Thou seest, I am pacified still.
Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe:
I must still be good Angell to thee.
The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with vnwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. *Bardolph.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster
To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Westmerland,
Go *Peto*, to horse: for thou, and I,
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue
Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percie* stands on hye,
And either they, or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world.
Hostesse, my breakfast, come:
Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe,
Should go so generall currant through the world.
By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place
In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor:
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there?
I can but thanke you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himselfe?

Mes. He cannot come, my Lord,
Hee is greeuous sicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now,
In such a iustling time? Who leades his power?
Vnder whose Gouernment come they along?

Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?
Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.
Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.
Hotsp. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainely possest
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.
Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,
The very List, the very vtmost Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith, and so wee should,
Where now remaines a sweet reuersion.
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.
Hotsp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuision: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisedome, loyaltie, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:
For well you know, wee of the offring side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:
This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of.
Hotsp. You strayne too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse:
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We shall o're-turne it topsie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke:
There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *Iohn.*
Hotsp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.
Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe?
Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegasus*,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.
Hotsp. No more, no more,
Worse then the Sunne in March:
This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power these foureteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.
Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of vs, may serue so great a day.
Come, let vs take a muster speedily:
Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.
Exeunt Omnes.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a sowc't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Caliuer, worse then a struck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dis-carded vniust Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Iack*? how now Quilt?

Falst. What *Hal*? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night.

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, *Iack*, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

Westm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falst. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field.

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

Westm. Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee shall stay too long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotsp. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counsaile well:
You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no slander, *Dowglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-respected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.
Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being mẽ of such great leading as you are
That you fore-see not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your Vnckle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemie
In generall iourney bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.
Hotſp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:*
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemie.
Blunt. And Heauen defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſtie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the Breſt of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all ſpeed
You ſhall haue your deſires, with intereſt;
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein mis-led, by your ſuggeſtion.
Hotſp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ſtood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as Greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh:
And now (forſooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This ſeeming Brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Fauorites, that the abſent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
When hee was perſonall in the Iriſh Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hotſp. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his Kinſman *March*,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without ranſome, to lye forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This Head of ſafetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the King?
Hotſp. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*.
Wee'le with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the Morning early ſhall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpoſe: and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Hotſp. And't may be, ſo wee ſhall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhall,
This to my Couſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haſte.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I gueſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayſed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*: and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Power was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mic. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriuals, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, Sir *Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not, ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make hast, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir *Michell.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.
The Trumpet sounds.
Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turn your lookes
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poasted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head,
And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.
Kin. These things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly-burly Innouation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percie*: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do

Do make againſt it: No good Worſter, no,
We loue our people well; euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your Couſins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Couſin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they ſhall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly.
Exit Worceſter.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpurre* both together,
Are confident againſt the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their anſwer will we ſet on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falſtaffe.

Fal. *Hal*, if thou ſee me downe in the battell,
And beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that frendſhip
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'ſt heauen a death.

Falſt. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee ſo forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour ſet too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wedneſday. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not ſuffer it, therfore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worceſter, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who ne're ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his Anceſtors:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feede like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Ptiuiledge,
A haire-brain'd *Hotſpurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile ſay 'tis ſo.
Heere comes your Coſin.

Enter Hotſpurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Vnkle, what newe-?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*: Go you and tell him ſo.

Dow. Marry and ſhall, and verie willingly.
Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
How ſhew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe, and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with ſuch a Grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his Wantonneſſe.

Hot. Couſin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better conſider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an howre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his beſt. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of Warre,
And by that Muſicke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.

They embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entereth with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus y^u^ croſſeſt me?
What honor doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe: for inſted of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlaine, then enters Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy ſoule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haſt thou bought too deere.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*

Alarum, and enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot heere: here's no ſcoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? Lend me thy ſword,
Many a Nobleman likes ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are vnreueng'd. Prethy lend me thy ſword

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile: Turke *Gregory* neuer did ſuch deeds in Armes, as I haue done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Falſt. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* bee aliue, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Giue mee life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an end. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, go you with him.

P.Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp,
Leaſt you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmerland leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Ioh. We breath too long: Come coſin Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens ſake come.

Prin. By heauen thou haſt deceiu'd me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe: who *Dowglas* grieues at hart
So

So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe about the Field:
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: ſo defend thy ſelfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*

Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* ſtraight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to mee.

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much iniury,
That euer ſaid I hearkned to your death.
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue bene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous Potions in the world,
And ſau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gauſey*. *Exit*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

Prin. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harrie Percie.*

Prin. Why then I ſee a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Creſt,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falſtaffe, who fals down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt wonne of me,
They wound my thoghts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes ſuruey of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could Propheſie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art duſt
And food for———

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe fayre Rites of Tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtrucke ſo fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*

Falſtaffe riſeth vp.

Falſt. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow. 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him ſure: yea, and Ile ſweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee riſe as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie ſees me. Therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me. *Takes Hotſpurre on his backe.*

Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht thy Maiden ſword.

John. But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percie* himſelfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man vvere aliue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my ſword.

John. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.
A Retreat is sounded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow lesse? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

Scœna Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester & Vernon Prisoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt out Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.
Exit Worcester and Vernon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when hee saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace.
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:
His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries.

King. Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,
Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

INDVCTION.

Enter Rumour.

OPen your Eares: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the winde my Poſt-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with falſe Reports:
I ſpeake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the ſmile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the ſterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmiſes, Ielouſies, Coniectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotſpurre*, aud his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? My Office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotſpurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peaſant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty ſicke. The Poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe then True-wrongs. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.
L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and heauen will.
L.Bar. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* ſlaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*,
And Weſtmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*)
Is priſoner to your Sonne. O, ſuch a Day,
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſars* Fortunes.
Nor. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt, to liſten after Newes.

Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you?

Tra.

Tra. My Lord, Sir *Iohn Vmfreuill* turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came ſpurring head
A Gentleman (almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed)
That ſtopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horſe.
He ask'd the way to Cheſter: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horſe the head,
And bending forwards ſtrooke his able heeles
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong *Harrie Percyes* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a ſilken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
Giue then ſuch inſtances of Loſſe?

L.Bar. Who, he?
He was ſome hielding Fellow, that had ſtolne
The Horſe he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſt Vſurpation.
Say *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt Maske
To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt; and the whiteneſſe in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Dowglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to ſtop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. *Dowglas* is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet ſpeake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percies* dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Feare, or Sinne,
To ſpeake a truth. If he be ſlaine, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which ſayes the dead is not aliue:
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a looſing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your ſon is dead.

Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to beleeue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not ſeene.
But theſe mine eyes, ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Henrie Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few; his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt Peazant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelues, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greateſt ſpeede,
So did our Men, heauy in *Hotſpurres* loſſe,
Lend to this weight, ſuch lightneſſe with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worceſter
Too ſoone ta'ne priſoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Dowglas*) whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The ſumme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaſter
And Weſtmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I ſhall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyſon, there is Phyſicke: and this newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me ſicke,
Being ſicke, haue in ſome meaſure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feauer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: Euen ſo, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thrice themſelues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A ſcalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Muſt gloue this hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoiſe,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with Conqueſt, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kiſſe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one ſpirit of the Firſt-borne *Caine*

g Reigne

Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And darkenesse be the burier of the dead.

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisedom from your (Honor.

Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you giue-o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your presurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

Mor.'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King *Richard*, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, vnder great *Bullingbrooke*,
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell euery man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

*Fal.*Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?

Pag. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The *Iuuenall* (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assurance, then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*; a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch.Iust. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*.

Iust. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

Iust. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir *Iohn*.

*Fal.*What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack subiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on

on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to begge, then to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miſtake me Sir.

Fal. Why ſir? Did I ſay you were an honeſt man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldierſhip aſide, I had lyed in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then ſet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ſhip aſide, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you ſay I am any other then an honeſt man.

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me ſo? I lay-aſide that which growes to me? If thou get'ſt any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'ſt leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would ſpeake with you.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordſhip good time of the day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay your Lordſhip was ſicke. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by aduiſe. Your Lordſhip (though not clean paſt your youth) hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome relliſh of the ſaltneſſe of Time, and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, I ſent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I heare his Maieſtie is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Iuſt. I talke not of his Maieſty: you would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreouer, his Highneſſe is falne into this ſame whorſon Apoplexie. (you.

Iuſt. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a ſleeping of the blood, a horſon Tingling.

Iuſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from ſtudy and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cauſe of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafeneſſe.

Iuſt. I thin e you are falne into the diſeaſe: For you heare not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't pleaſe you) it is the diſeaſe of not Liſtning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iuſt. To puniſh you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Phyſitian

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not ſo Patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the Potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of Pouertie: but how I ſhould bee your Patient, to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeede, a ſcruple it ſelfe.

Iuſt. I ſent for you (when there were matters againſt you for your life) to come ſpeake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduiſed by my learned Councel, in the lawes of this Land-ſeruice, I did not come.

Iuſt. Wel, the truth is (ſir *Iohn*) you liue in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cānot liue in leſſe.

Iuſt. Your Meanes is very ſlender, and your waſt great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Iuſt. You haue miſled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath miſled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iuſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your daies ſeruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-poſting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe.

Iuſt. But ſince all is wel, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Waſſell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iuſt. There is not a white haire on your face, but ſhould haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iuſt. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell.

Fal. Not ſo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe Coſtor-mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, and hath his quicke wit waſted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age ſhapes them) are not woorth a Gooſeberry. You that are old, conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you meaſure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe, are wagges too.

Iuſt. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Haue you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde ſhort? your wit ſingle? and euery part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your ſelfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & ſomthing a round belly. For my voice, I haue loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thouſand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in aſhes and ſacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iuſt. Wel, heauen ſend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen ſend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iuſt. Well, the King hath ſeuer'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty ſweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiſſe my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer ſpit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Well, I cannot laſt euer.

Iuſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heauen bleſſe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend mee a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Iuſt. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare croſſes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Coſin Weſtmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more ſeparate Age and Couetouſneſſe, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the

 one,

one, and the pox pinches the other ; and ſo both the Degrees preuent my curſes. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seuen groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this Conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaſter, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Weſtmerland, and this to old Miſtris *Vrſula*, whome I haue weekly ſworne to marry, ſince I perceiu'd the firſt white haire on my chin. About it : you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe : for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe : It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Penſion ſhall ſeeme the more reaſonable. A good wit will make vſe of any thing : I will turne diſeaſes to commodity. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbiſhop, Haſtings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our cauſes, & kno our Means:
And my moſt noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt (Lord Marſhall) what ſay you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occaſion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we ſhould aduance our ſelues
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puiſance of the King.

Haſt. Our preſent Muſters grow vpon the File
To fiue and twenty thouſand men of choice :
And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſome burnes
With an incenſed Fire of Iniuries.

L.Bar. The queſtion then (Lord *Haſtings*) ſtandeth thus
Whether our preſent fiue and twenty thouſand
May hold-vp-head, without Northumberland :

Haſt. With him, we may.

L.Bar. I marry, there's the point :
But if without him we be thought to feeble,
My iudgement is, we ſhould not ſtep too farre
Till we had his Aſsiſtance by the hand.
For in a Theame ſo bloody fac'd, as this,
Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmiſe
Of Aydes incertaine, ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
It was yong *Hotſpurres* caſe, at Shrewsbury.

L.Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promiſe of Supply,
Flatt'ring himſelfe with Proiect of a power,
Much ſmaller, then the ſmalleſt of his Thoughts,
And ſo with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L.Bar. Yes, if this preſent quality of warre,
Indeed the inſtant action : a cauſe on foot,
Liues ſo in hope : As in an early Spring,
We ſee th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,
Hope giues not ſo much warrant, as Diſpaire
That Froſts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We firſt ſuruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at leaſt, deſiſt
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almoſt) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And ſet another vp) ſhould we ſuruey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell ;
Conſent vpon a ſure Foundation :
Queſtion Surueyors, know our owne eſtate,
How able ſuch a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh againſt his Oppoſite? Or elſe,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Vſing the Names of men, inſtead of men :
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a houſe
Beyond his power to builde it ; who (halfe through)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Coſt
A naked ſubiect to the Weeping Clouds,
And waſte, for churliſh Winters tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be ſtill-borne : and that we now poſſeſt
The vtmoſt man of expectation :
I thinke we are a Body ſtrong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L.Bar. What is the King but fiue & twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To vs no more : nay not ſo much Lord *Bardolf.*
For his diuiſions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads : one Power againſt the French,
And one againſt *Glendower* : Perforce a third
Muſt take vp vs : So is the vnfirme King
In three diuided : and his Coffers ſound
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptineſſe.

Ar. That he ſhould draw his ſeuerall ſtrengths togither
And come againſt vs in full puiſſance
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles : neuer feare that.

L.Bar. Who is it like ſhould lead his Forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmerland :
Againſt the Welſh himſelfe, and *Harrie Monmouth.*
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on :
And publiſh the occaſion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is ſicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath ſurfetted :
An habitation giddy, and vnſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beate heauen with bleſſing *Bullingbrooke*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne deſires,
Thou (beaſtly Feeder) art ſo full of him,
That thou prouok'ſt thy ſelfe to caſt him vp.
So, ſo, (thou common Dogge) did'ſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſome of the Royall *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'ſt to finde it. What truſt is in theſe Times?
They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
Thou that threw'ſt duſt vpon his goodly head
When through proud London he came ſighing on,
After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*,
Cri'ſt now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
" *Past, and to Come, seemes best*; *things Present, worst.*
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. *Fang*, haue you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Hostesse. I, I, good M. *Snare*..

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*

Host. I good M. *Snare*, I haue enter'd him, and all.

*Sn.*It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab

Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Host. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M. *Fang* hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'doff, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.* Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

*Fal.*How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *Iohn*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. *Quickly.*

Falst. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

*Host.*Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

*Falst.*Keep them off, *Bardolfe.* *Fang.*A rescu, a rescu.

Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

*Page.*Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter. Ch. Iustice.*

Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.

Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.

*Ch. Iust.*How now sir *Iohn*? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. *Ch. Iust.*For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.

Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch: Iust. How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?

Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, & the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a singing man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst ỹ deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quickly*? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs, she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby ỹ didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did'st ỹ not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may haue redresse against them.

Iust. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes in troth my Lord.

*Iust.*Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remẽbred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.

Iust. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.

Falst. Come hither Hostesse. *Enter M. Gower*

Ch. Iust. Now Master *Gower*; What newes?

*Gow.*The King (my Lord) and *Henrie* Prince of Wales
Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

Falst. As I am a Gentleman.

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it

Host. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dyning Chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty ſlight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thouſand of theſe Bed-hangings, and theſe Fly-bitten Tapiſtries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canſt.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou muſt not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Prethee (Sir *Iohn*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other ſhift: you'l be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hoſt. Will you haue *Doll Teare-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her.

Ch.Iust. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch.Iu. Where lay the King laſt night?

Meſ. At Baſingſtoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch.Iuſt. Come all his Forces backe?

Meſ. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horſe
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch.Iuſt. You ſhall haue Letters of me preſently.
Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre.*

Fal. My Lord.

Ch.Iuſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gowre,* ſhall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I muſt waite vpon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you, good Sir *Iohn.*

Ch.Iuſt. Sir *Iohn,* you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, Maſter *Gowre?*

Ch.Iuſt. What fooliſh Maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *Iohn?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower,* if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and ſo part faire.

Ch.Iuſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attach'd one of ſo high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſſe to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vildely in me, to deſire ſmall Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a Compoſition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede theſe humble conſiderations make me out of loue with my Greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk ſtockings y^u haſt? (Viz. theſe, and thoſe that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other, for vſe. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'ſt not Racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy Low Countries, haue made a ſhift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talke ſo idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do ſo, their Fathers lying ſo ſicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz?*

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I ſhould be ſad now my Father is ſicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon ſuch a ſubiect.

Prin. Thou think'ſt me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falſtaffe,* for obduracie and perſiſtencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ſo ſicke: and keeping ſuch vild company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me, all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poin. The reaſon?

Prin. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a moſt Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought: and thou art a bleſſed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought to thinke ſo?

Poin. Why, becauſe you haue beene ſo lewde, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaffe.*

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well ſpoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and thoſe two things I confeſſe I canot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe.*

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue *Falſtaffe,* he had him from me Chriſtian, and ſee if the fat villain haue not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, moſt Noble *Bardolfe.*

Poin. Come you pernitious Aſſe, you baſhfull Foole, muſt you be bluſhing? Wherefore bluſh you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window:

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Altheas* dreame, away.

Prin. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was deliuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes shall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph?*

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian: but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin.Letter. John Falstaffe Knight: (Euery man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch it from *Japhet.* But to the Letter: ——*Sir Iohn Falstaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, *for hee misuses thy Fauours so much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him. Iacke Falstaffe *with my Familiars:* Iohn *with my Brothers and Sister.* & *Sir* Iohn, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vse me thus *Ned?* Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I neuer said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and M. *Doll Teare-sheet.*

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prin. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you Boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Teare-sheet* should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned.* *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more,
Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-*Harry*,
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselues.
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:
And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For those that could speake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,
To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In dis-aduantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspurs* Name
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotspurs* Necke)
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beshrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worse prouided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolue for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these sixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; Mistris *Teare-sheet* would faine haue some Musique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master *Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Vtis*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulsidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. *When Arthur first in Court*--(emptie the Iordan) *and was a worthy King*: How now Mistris *Dol*?

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris *Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistoll* is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

Host. 'Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir *Iohn*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falst. Do'st

Falst. Do'ſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally (Sir *Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Maſter *Tiſick* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee ſaid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wedneſday laſt: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee;) Maſter *Dombe*, our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee) receiue thoſe that are Ciuill; for (ſayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for (ſayes hee) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Gueſts you receiue: Receiue (ſayes hee) no ſwaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would bleſſe you to heare what hee ſaid. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falſt. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hoſteſſe:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may ſtroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not ſwagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwagger: Feele Maſters, how I ſhake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aſpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Piſt. 'Saue you, Sir *Iohn.*

Falſt. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol.* Here (*Piſtol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you diſcharge vpon mine Hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

Falſt. She is Piſtoll-proofe (Sir) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drink no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorne you (ſcuruie Companion) what? you poore, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtris *Dorothie.*

Dol. Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thruſt my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the ſawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Basket-hilt ſtale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoſt. No, good Captaine *Piſtol*: not heere, ſweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy houſe? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie ſtew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? Theſe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither, Miſtris *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde alſo. Hold Hooke and Line, ſay I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captaine *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Aſia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: ſhall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoſt. By my troth Captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piſt. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word (Captaine) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis.*) Come, giue me ſome Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contente.* Feare wee broad-ſides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Giue me ſome Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy Neaffe: what? wee haue ſeene the ſeuen Starres.

Dol. Thruſt him downe ſtayres, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

Piſt. Thruſt him downe ſtayres? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, hee ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe ſtayres.

Piſt. What? ſhall wee haue Inciſion? ſhall wee embrew? then Death rocke me aſleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grieuous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Siſters three: Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Host. Here's good ſtuffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe ſtayres.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forſweare keeping houſe, before Ile be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Iack* be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee made a ſhrewd Thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raſcall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A Raſcall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth fiue of *Agamemnon*, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-siluer.

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois.*

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-liue performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not lisping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Busses.

Dol. Nay truely, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that I euer dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

Prin.Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Host. Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to disprayse me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuse (*Hal*:) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answere thou dead Elme, answere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells against.

Host. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.
Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:
Falstaffe, good night. *Exit.*

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently,
A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falst. Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol*. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vndeseruer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst.— Well (sweete *Iacke*) haue a care of thy selfe.

Falst. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-Time: but an honester, and truer-hearted man---- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistris *Teare-sheet*.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris *Teare-sheet* come to my Master.

Host. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol*.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit.*
How many thousand of my poorest Subiects
Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs,
Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,
And huisht with buffing Night, flyes to thy slumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde,
In loathsome beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneasie lies the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good aduice, and little Medicine:
My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the reuolution of the Times
Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to see
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,
This *Percie* was the man, neerest my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:
Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*
Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin *Neuil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse :)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption : so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amitie.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd :
The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreasured :
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time ;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities ?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities ;
And that same word, euen now cryes out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord :)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd
A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead.
Your Maiestie hath beene this fort-night ill,
And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile :
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence : with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir ; giue mee your Hand, Sir : an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence ?*

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow ? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen ?*

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow.*)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William* is become a good Scholler ? hee is at Oxford still, is hee not ?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly : I was once of *Clements* Inne ; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing : and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-sal-man, you had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe : And I may say to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was *Iacke Falstaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers ?

Shal. The same Sir *Iohn*, the very same: I saw him breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent ! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead ?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine : 'tis certaine : very sure, very sure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre ?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne liuing yet ?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead ? See, see : hee drew a good Bow : and dead ? hee shot a fine shoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead ? hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead ?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falstaffes* Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow* ?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you : my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* : a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well : (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight ? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon : a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir ; and it is well said, indeede, too : Better accommodated ? it is good, yea indeede is it : good phrases are surely, and euery where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo :* very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase call you it ? by this Day, I know not the Phrase : but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word , and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated : that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated : or, when a man is, being

whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir *Iohn.* Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. *Robert Shallow*: Master *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No sir *Iohn*, it is my Cosin *Silence*: in Commission with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is *Mouldie*?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fellow: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vse: very singular good. Well saide Sir *Iohn*, very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir *Iohn*: Let me see: *Simon Shadow.*

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Heere sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shal. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Falst. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir *Iohn*?

Falst. Shadow will serue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falst. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir.

Falst. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir *Iohn*?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir: you can doe it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble.*

Feeble. Heere sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, sir?

Fal. You may:
But if he had beenea mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can haue no more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylour well Master *Shallow*, deepe Maister *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that yu might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble.* Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene.

Falst. Yea marry, let vs see *Bulcalfe.*

Bul. Heere sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bulcalfe* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. O sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow.*

Shal. O sir *Iohn*, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S. Georges Field.

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Nightworke* aliue?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow.*

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could not abide M. *Shallow.*

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a *Bona-Roba.* Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow.*

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be

old: certaine ſhee's old: and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeene that, that this Knight and I haue ſeene: hah, Sir *Iohn*, ſaid I well?

Falſt. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue ſeene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Maſter Corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne ſhillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, ſir, I had as liefbe hang'd ſir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, ſir, I do not care; but rather, becauſe I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a deſire to ſtay with my friends: elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine owne part, ſo much.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Mould. And good Maſter Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and ſhe is old, and cannot helpe her ſelfe: you ſhall haue fortie, ſir.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a baſe minde: if it be my deſtinie, ſo: if it be not, ſo: no man is too good to ſerue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no baſe minde.

Falſt. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Falſt. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, ſir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue?

Falſt. Doe you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Falſt. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe*: for you *Mouldie*, ſtay at home, till you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelyeſt men, and I would haue you ſeru'd with the beſt.

Falſt. Will you tell me (Maſter *Shallow*) how to chuſe a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the ſtature, bulke, and bigge aſſemblance of a man? giue mee the ſpirit (Maſter *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: hee ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, ſwifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this ſame halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, giue me this man: hee preſents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerſe: thus, thus, thus.

Falſt. Come, manage me your Calyuer: ſo: very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well ſaid *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Teſter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-maſter, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee ſay, Bownce would hee ſay, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I ſhall neuer ſee ſuch a fellow.

Falſt. Theſe fellowes will doe well, Maſter *Shallow*. Farewell Maſter *Silence*, I will not vſe many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I muſt a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Heauen bleſſe you, and proſper your Affaires, and ſend vs Peace. As you returne, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falſt. I would you would, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too: I haue ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Falſt. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off theſe Iuſtices: I doe ſee the bottome of Iuſtice *Shallow*. How ſubiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This ſame ſtaru'd Iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildeneſſe of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-ſtreet, and euery third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheeſe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radiſh, with a Head fantaſtically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was ſo forlorne, that his Dimenſions (to any thicke ſight) were inuincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Faſhion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if hee had beene ſworne Brother to him: and Ile be ſworne hee neuer ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burſt his Head, for crowding among the Marſhals men. I ſaw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truſs'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Caſe of a Treble Hoeboy was a Manſion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it ſhall goe hard, but I will make him a Philoſophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the Law of Nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-biſhop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Coleuile.

Biſh. What is this Forreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gualtree Forreſt, and't ſhall pleaſe your Grace.

Biſh. Here ſtand (my Lords) and ſend diſcouerers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. Wee

Haſt. Wee haue ſent forth alreadie.
Biſh. 'Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in theſe great Affaires)
I muſt acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland:*
Their cold intent, tenure, and ſubſtance thus.
Here doth hee wiſh his Perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Oppoſite.
Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And daſh themſelues to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now? what newes?
Meſſ. Weſt of this Forreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thouſand.
Mow. The iuſt proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs ſway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Biſh. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Weſt. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of Lancaſter.
Biſh. Say on (my Lord of Weſtmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?
West. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addreſſe
The ſubſtance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it ſelfe, in baſe and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appeare,
In his true, natiue, and moſt proper ſhape,
You (Reuerend Father, and theſe Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dreſſe the ougly forme
Of baſe, and bloodie Inſurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-biſhop,
Whoſe Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whoſe Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white Inueſtments figure Innocence,
The Doue, and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boyſtrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
Biſh. Wherefore doe I this? ſo the Queſtion ſtands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfetting, and wanton howres,
Haue brought our ſelues into a burning Feuer,
And wee muſt bleede for it: of which Diſeaſe,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my moſt Noble Lord of Weſtmerland)
I take not on me here as a Phyſician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,
Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, ſicke of happineſſe,
And purge th' obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I haue in equall ballance iuſtly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
Wee ſee which way the ſtreame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occaſion,
And haue the ſummarie of all our Griefes
(When time ſhall ſerue) to ſhew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd acceſſe vnto his Perſon,
Euen by thoſe men, that moſt haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whoſe memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of euery Minutes inſtance (preſent now)
Hath put vs in theſe ill-beſeeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
Weſt. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What Peere hath beene ſuborn'd, to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeale this lawleſſe bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
Biſh. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.
Weſt. There is no neede of any ſuch redreſſe:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
And ſuffer the Condition of theſe Times
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?
Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the Times to their Neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the preſent Time,
That you ſhould haue an ynch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loſt,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
Being mounted, and both rowſed in their Seates,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire, ſparkling through ſights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue ſtay'd
My Father from the Breaſt of *Bullingbrooke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himſelfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue ſince miſ-carryed vnder *Bullingbrooke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue ſmil'd?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were ſet on *Herford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
It ſhall appeare, that your demands are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.

Weſt. Mowbray, you ouer-weene to take it ſo:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vſe of Armes,
Our Armor all as ſtrong, our Cauſe the beſt;
Then Reaſon will, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee ſhall admit no Parley.

West. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten Caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *Iohn* a full Commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee ſhall ſtand vpon?

Weſt. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a Queſtion.

Biſh. Then take (my Lord of Weſtmerland) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Grieuances:
Each ſeuerall Article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our Cauſe, both here, and hence,
That are inſinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purpoſes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the Generall. Pleaſe you Lords,
In ſight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen ſo frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which muſt decide it.

Biſh. My Lord, wee will doe ſo.

Mow. There is a thing within my Boſome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can ſtand.

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our Conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our Peace ſhall ſtand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe-deriued Cauſe,
Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reaſon,
Shall, to the King, taſte of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a winde,
That euen our Corne ſhall ſeeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Biſh. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and ſuch picking Grieuances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Hiſtorie his loſſe,
To new remembrance. For full well he knowes,
Hee cannot ſo preciſely weede this Land,
As his miſ-doubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,
Hee doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd Correction in the Arme,
That was vprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Inſtruments of Chaſticement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleſſe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Biſh. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd (my good Lord Marſhal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it ſo:
Heere is return'd my Lord of Weſtmerland.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, iuſt diſtance 'tweene our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Biſh. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are wel encountred here (my coſin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (aſſembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your expoſition on the holy Text,
Then now to ſee you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that ſits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-ſhine of his fauor,
Would hee abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Miſchiefes might hee ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſſe? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is euen ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it ſelfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall beleeue,
But you miſ-vſe the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a falſe Fauorite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes diſ-honorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
The Subiects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Haue here vp-swarmed them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
With graunt of our most iust and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hast. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Iohn. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,
To found the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
And some, about him, haue too lauishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

Iohn. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.
High thee Captaine. *Exit.*

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bish. I doe not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray.*

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

West. Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow
Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

Bish. Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they showt.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie looser.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by vs, that we may peruse the men *Exit.*
Wee should haue coap'd withall.

Bish. Goe, good Lord *Hastings:*
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

Iohn. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

Iohn. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray,*
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grieuances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Colleuile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Colleuile* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Colleuile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colleuile* shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be still *Colleuile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *Iohn Falstaffe?*

Falst. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obseruance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falstaffe,* & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Weſtmerland.

Iohn. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Couſin *Weſtmerland.*
Now *Falstaffe,* where haue you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake ſome Gallowes back.

Falſt. I would bee ſorry (my Lord) but it ſhould bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt ynch of poſſibilitie. I haue fowndred nine ſcore and odde Poſtes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *Iohn Colleuile* of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee ſaw mee, and yeelded: that I may iuſtly ſay with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, ſaw, and ouer-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courteſie, then your deſeruing.

Falſt. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the reſt of this dayes deedes; or I ſweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Colleuile* kiſſing my foot:) To the which courſe, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-ſhine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which ſhew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let deſert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falſt. Let it ſhine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Falſt. Let it doe ſomething (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name *Colleuile?*

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou *Colleuile.*

Falſt. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You ſhould haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falſt. I know not how they ſold themſelues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'ſt thy ſelfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and Execution ſtay'd.

Iohn. Send *Colleuile,* with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to preſent Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
Exit with Colleuile.
And now diſpatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father, is ſore ſicke.
Our Newes ſhall goe before vs, to his Maieſtie,
Which (Couſin) you ſhall beare, to comfort him:
And wee with ſober ſpeede will follow you.

Falſt. My Lord, I beſeech you, giue me leaue to goe through Glouceſterſhire: and when you come to Court, ſtand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, *Falstaffe:* I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeake of you, then you deſerue. *Exit.*

Falſt. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of theſe demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth ſo ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fiſh-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-ſickneſſe: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which ſome of vs ſhould be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it aſcends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehenſiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable ſhapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and ſetled) left the Liuer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Puſillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muſter me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puſt vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act, and vſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, ſtirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand Sonnes, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſweare thinne Potations, and to addict themſelues to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.*
How now *Bardolph?*

Bard. The Armie is diſcharged all, and gone.

Falſt. Let them goe: Ile through Glouceſterſhire, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow,* Eſquire: I haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him. Come away.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Glouceſter.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue ſucceſſefull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addreſſed, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inueſted,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wiſh;
Onely wee want a little perſonall Strength:
And pawſe vs, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maieſtie
Shall ſoone enioy.

King. Hum-

King. *Humphrey* (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas.*)
Thou hast a better place in his Affection,
Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)
And Noble Offices thou may'st effect
Of Mediation (after I am dead)
Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,
Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace,
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd:
Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,
As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:
Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,
When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:
But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,
Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)
Confound themselues with working. Learne this *Thomas*,
And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
That the vnited Vessell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong
As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Thomas*?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanyed? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With *Pointz*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:
And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe
Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,
And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,
When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his Companions,
Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,
'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word
Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memorie
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,
By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,
Turning past-euills to aduantages.

King. 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe
In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere? *Westmerland*?

West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.
Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kiss your Graces Hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scroope*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where:
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,
With euery course, in his particular.

King. O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:
And when they stand against you, may they fall,
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,
With a great Power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet (please it you) containes at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes
Make me sicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?
Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)
I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie.

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.
Stand from him, giue him ayre:
Hee'le straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue
Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere
Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did so, a little time before
That our great Grand-sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recceuers.
Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.
King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber: softly 'pray.
Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.
War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.
King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.
War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.
P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?
Glo. Exceeding ill.
P.Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?
Tell it him.
Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.
P.Hen. If hee be sicke with Ioy,
Hee'le recouer without Physicke.
War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince speake lowe.
The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.
Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.
War. Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs?
P.Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,
Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?
O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,
Yet not so sound, and halfe so deepely sweete,
As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!
When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not:
Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne
Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd
So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)
Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,
Which Heauen shall guard:
And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,
As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. *Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.*
Clar. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your Grace?
King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)
Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you.
King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee see him.
War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.
Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayd.
King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?
War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.
King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Goe seeke him out.
Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose
My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
With my disease, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
When Gold becomes her Obiect?
For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers
Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.
For this, they haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inuest
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.
King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (*Harry.*)
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone. *Exit.*
P.Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.
King. Thy wish was Father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.
Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,
That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!
Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee.
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.
Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,
And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,
To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.
What? canst thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsailors, hence:
And to the English Court, assemble now
From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Haue you a Ruffian that swill sweare? drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd Licence pluckes
The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge
Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The most Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,
And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,
How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,
And neuer liue, to shew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I haue purposed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
Hast eate the Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Giue entertainment to the might of it,
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither *Harrie*, sit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well
How troublesome it sate vpon my head.
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the soyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their Assistances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
Wounding supposed Peace.
All these bold Feares,
Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st successiuely.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my *Harrie*)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,
Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaster:

Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace (Sonne *Iohn*:
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight
My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heauen:
Euen there my life must end.
It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,
I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dauie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What *Dauy*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, M. *Robert Shallow.*

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serue: you shall not be excus'd.
Why *Dauie.*

Dauie. Heere sir.

Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see (*Dauy*) let me see: *William* Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn,* you shal not be excus'd.

Dauy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate *Dauy.* But for *William* Cook: are there no yong Pigeons?

Dauy. Yes Sir.
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
and Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *Iohn*, you shall not be excus'd.

Dauy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley* Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:
Some Pigeons *Dauy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell *William* Cooke.

Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

Shal. Yes *Dauy*:
I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dauy*, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dauy. No worse then they are bitten. sir: For they haue maruellous fowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited *Dauy*: about thy Businesse, *Dauy.*

Dauy. I beseech you sir,
To countenance *William Visor* of Woncot, against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints *Dauy*, against that *Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.

Dauy. I (graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir:) But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue seru'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,
I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dauy.*
Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.
Giue me your hand M. *Bardolfe.*

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thanke thee, will all my heart, kinde Master *Bardolfe*: and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come Sir *Iohn.*

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow. Bardolfe*, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermites staues, as Master *Shallow.* It is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are so married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with Maister *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with *Interuallums.* O it is much that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir *Iohn.*

Falst. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow.* *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whether away?

Ch.Iust. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Ch.Iust. I hope, not dead.

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he liues no more.

Ch.Iust. I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,
The seruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
Ch.Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harrie*:
O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?
Ch.Iust. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.
Iohn. Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.
Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Cosin.
Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.
Ioh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy
Ch.Iust. Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.
Iohn. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.
Cla. Wel, you must now speake Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.
Ch.Iust. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th' Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.
If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.
War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch.Iust. Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* succeeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that *Horrie*'s dead, and so will I.
But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares
By number, into houres of Happinesse.
Iohn, &c. We hope no other from your Maiesty.
Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you most,
You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.
Ch.Iust. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.
Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
Th' immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Ch.Iust. I then did vse the Person of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.
Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vse the same
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.
And Princes all, beleeue me, I beseech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the beſt gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) ſhall haue formoſt hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, ſhall haue iuſt cauſe to ſay,
Heauen ſhorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Piſtoll.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a laſt yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a diſh of Carrawayes, and ſo forth (Come Coſin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *Iohn*: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, ſpread *Dauie*: Well ſaid *Dauie.*

Falſt. This *Dauie* ſerues you for good vſes: he is your Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *Iohn*: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now ſit downe, now ſit downe: Come Coſin.

Sil. Ah ſirra (quoth-a) we ſhall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praiſe heauen for the merrie yeere: when fleſh is cheape, and Females deere, and luſtie Lads rome heere, and there: ſo merrily, and euer among ſo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. *Silence*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M. *Bardolfe*: ſome wine, *Dauie.*

Da. Sweet ſir, ſit: Ile be with you anon: moſt ſweete ſir, ſit. Maſter Page, good M. Page, ſit: Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M. *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both ſhort, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M. *Silence* had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Dauy. There is a diſh of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Dauie.*

Dau. Your Worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight. A cup of Wine, ſir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, M. *Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. *Silence.*

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'ſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M. *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

Dau. I hope to ſee London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might ſee you there, *Dauie.*

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M. *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile ſticke by him, ſir.

Shal. Why there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo.* Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? Why then ſay an old man can do ſomwhat.

Dau. If it pleaſe your Worſhippe, there's one *Piſtoll* come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piſtoll.

How now Piſtoll?

Piſt. Sir *Iohn*, 'ſaue you ſir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Piſtoll?

Piſt. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, ſweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barſon.

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, moſt recreant Coward baſe. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Piſtoll, and thy Friend: helter skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this World.

Piſt. A footra for the World, and Worldlings baſe,
I ſpeake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Couitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Piſt. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?
And ſhall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Piſtoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honeſt Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.
If ſir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in ſome Authority.

Piſt. Vnder which King?
Bezonian, ſpeake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry.*

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I ſpeake the truth.
When Piſtoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.
The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Sadle my Horse,
Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll: Away *Bardolfe*: Come Pistoll, vtter more to mee: and withall deuise something to do thy selfe good. Boote, boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles.

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee: and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.

Host. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions againe, you haue but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pistoll beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd, Ile forsweare halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel of sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iustice.

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.
2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice.
1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit. Groo.*

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistol*, stand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*: for *obsque hoc nihil est.* 'Tis all in euery part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoghts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thither by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Pistol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Falst. Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.

Pist. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine man.

Ch.Iust. Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue

I haue long dream'd of ſuch a kinde of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dreame.
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Ieſt,
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (ſo ſhall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I thoſe that kept me Companie.
When thou doſt heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the reſt of my Miſleaders,
Not to come neere our Perſon, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your ſelues,
We will according to your ſtrength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To ſee perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beſeech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow*, do not you grieue at this: I ſhall be ſent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnleſſe you ſhould giue me your Doublet, and ſtuffe me out with Straw. I beſeech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let mee haue fiue hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I ſhall be ſent for ſoone at night.

Ch.Iuſt. Go carry Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch.Iuſt. I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone:
Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento.

Exit. Manet Lancaſter and Chiefe Iuſtice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are baniſht, till their conuerſations
Appeare more wiſe, and modeſt to the world.

Ch.Iuſt. And ſo they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch.Iuſt. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe Muſicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence?

Exeunt

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtſie: last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displeaſure: My Curtſie, my Dutie: And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to ſay, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe. Heere I promiſt you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vſe my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience, will make any poſsible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewowen, which was neuer ſeene before, in ſuch an Aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn *in it) and make you merry, with faire* Katherine *of* France: *where (for any thing I know)* Falſtaffe *ſhall dye of a ſweat, vnleſſe already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For* Old-Caſtle *dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.*

THE
ACTORS
NAMES.

RVMOVR the Prefentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.

Prince *Iohn* of Lancafter.
Humphrey of Gloucefter.
Thomas of Clarence.
} Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.

Northumberland.
The Arch-Byfhop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Haftings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coleuile.
} Oppofites againft King *Henrie* the Fourth.

Warwicke.
Weftmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iuftice.
} Of the Kings Partie.

Pointz.
Falftaffe.
Bardolphe.
Piftoll.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humorifts.

Shallow.
Silence.
} Both Country Iuftices.

Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants

Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bullcalfe.
} Country Soldiers

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hofteffe Quickly.
Doll Teare-fheete.
Epilogue.

The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heauen of Inuention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, *like himselfe,*
Assume the Port of Mars, *and at his heeles*
(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnraysed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th'receiuing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus *to this Historie;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. *Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.
MY Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleueñth yere of ye last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?
Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe.
Bish. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
Bish. Ely. But what preuention?
Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
Bish. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.
Bish. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
T'inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currance scowring faults:
Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.
Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.

Turne him to any Caufe of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloofe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he fpeakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is ftill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To fteale his fweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Muft be the Miftreffe to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace fhould gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courfes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and fhallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any ftudie,
Any retyrement, any fequeftration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berryes thriue and ripen beft,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of bafer qualitie:
And fo the Prince obfcur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildneffe, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, fafteft by Night,
Vnfeene, yet creffiue in his facultie.

B.Cant. It muft be fo; for Miracles are ceaft:
And therefore we muft needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maieftie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He feemes indifferent:
Or rather fwaying more vpon our part,
Then cherifhing th'exhibiters againft vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maieftie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Caufes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predeceffors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer feeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maieftie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The feueralls and vnhidden paffages
Of his true Titles to fome certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embaffador vpon that inftant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embaffie:
Which I could with a ready gueffe declare,
Before the Frenchman fpeake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in prefence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Weftm. Shall we call in th'Ambaffador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Coufin: we would be refolu'd,
Before we heare him, of fome things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bifhops.

B.Cant. God and his Angels guard your facred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iuftly and religioufly vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or fhould or fhould not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you fhould fafhion, wreft, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderftanding Soule,
With opening Titles mifcreate, whofe right
Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence fhall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perfon,
How you awake our fleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two fuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whofe guiltleffe drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainft him, whofe wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes fuch wafte in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, fpeake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you fpeake, is in your Confcience wafht,
As pure as finne with Baptifme.

B.Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your felues, your liues, and feruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make againft your Highneffe Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne fuccedaul,
No Woman fhall fucceed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French vniuftly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Floods of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles* the Great hauing fubdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and fettled certaine French:
Who holding in difdaine the German Women,
For fome difhoneft manners of their life,
Eftablifht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I faid) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meifen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuifed for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French poffeffe the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly fuppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie fix: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fiue. Befides, their Writers fay,
King *Pepin*, which depofed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being defcended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet alfo, who vfurpt the Crowne

Of

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, ſole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with ſome ſhewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himſelfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: alſo King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was ſole Heire to the Vſurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till ſatisfied,
That faire Queene *Iſabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his ſatisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highneſſe clayming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vſurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Biſh.Cant. The ſinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Deſcend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Anceſtors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandſires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his moſt mightie Father on a Hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble Engliſh, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe ſtand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Biſh. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you ſit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterpriſes.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you ſhould rowſe your ſelfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;

West. They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and
So hath your Highneſſe: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whoſe hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

Biſh.Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayſe your Highneſſe ſuch a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.

King. We muſt not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

Biſh. Can. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courſing ſnatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you ſhall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurniſht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſſe of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Aſſayes,
Girding with grieuous ſiege, Caſtles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B.Can. She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her ſelfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And ſhee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom ſhee did ſend to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayſe,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſſe Treaſuries.

Biſh.Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Neſt, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then ſhe can eate.

Exet. It followes then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſsity,
Since we haue lockes to ſafegard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduiſed head defends it ſelfe at home:
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like Muſicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The ſtate of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for ſo worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who buſied in his Maieſties ſurueyes
The ſinging Maſons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,
Deliuering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference
To one conſent, may worke contrariouſly,
As many Arrowes looſed ſeuerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many freſh ſtreames meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many Lynes cloſe in the Dials center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſſe and policie.

King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well reſolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble ſinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l ſit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay theſe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tombleſſe, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or elſe our graue
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall haue a tongueleſſe mouth,
Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our faire Coſin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Maieſtie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embaſsie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Vnto whoſe grace our paſsion is as ſubiect
As is our wretches fettred in our priſons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plaineſſe,
Tell vs the *Dolphins* minde.

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highneſſe lately ſending into France,
Did claime ſome certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claime, the Prince our Maſter
Sayes, that you ſauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore ſends you meeter for your ſpirit
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* ſpeakes.

King. What Treaſure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

Kin, We are glad the *Dolphin* is ſo pleaſant with vs,
His Preſent, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to theſe Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be diſturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderſtand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not meaſuring what vſe we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore ſeate of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our ſelfe
To barbarous licenſe: As 'tis euer common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin,* I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayle of Greatneſſe,
When I do rowſe me in my Throne of France.
For that I haue layd by my Maieſtie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ſtones, and his ſoule
Shall ſtand ſore charged, for the waſtefull vengeance
That ſhall flye with them: for many a thouſand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer hnsbands;
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mock Caſtles downe:
And ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhal haue cauſe to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whoſe name
Tel you the *Dolphin,* I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin,*
His Ieſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaſſadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.

King. We hope to make the Sender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue thoſe to God, that runne before our buſineſſe.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe Warres
Be ſoone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſſe adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes ſolely in the breaſt of euery man.
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heeles, as Engliſh *Mercuries.*
For now ſits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry,* and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneſſe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

What mightſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But ſee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſomes, which he filles
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the ſecond
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt dye.
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digeſt
Th'abuſe of diſtance; force a play:
The ſumme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, and the Scene
Is now tranſported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to France ſhall we conuey you ſafe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow ſeas
To giue you gentle Paſſe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one ſtomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we ſhift our Scene. *Exit*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What, are Ancient *Piſtoll* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerue, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron: it is a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſte Cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three ſworne brothers to France: Let't be ſo good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will liue ſo long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my reſt, that is the rendeuous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell. Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, kniues haue edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet ſhee will plodde, there muſt be Concluſions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Piſtoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaſte *Piſtoll*?

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, cal'ſt thou mee Hoſte, now by this hand I ſweare I ſcorne the terme: nor ſhall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue honeſtly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we ſhall ſee wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere.

Nym. Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iſland dogge: thou prickeard cur of Iſland.

Hoſt. Good Corporall *Nym* ſhew thy valor, and put vp your ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhogge off? I would haue you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The ſolus in thy moſt meruailous face, the ſolus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſtie mouth. I do retort the ſolus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtols* cocke is vp, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot coniure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Piſtoll, I will ſcoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I ſay: Hee that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.
Giue me thy fiſt, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy ſpirites are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Piſtoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the ſpittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Creſſids* kinde, *Doll Teare-ſheete*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I haue, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickely* for the onely ſhee: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoaſt *Piſtoll*, you muſt come to my Mayſter, and your Hoſteſſe: He is very ſicke, & would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoſt. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Huſband come home preſently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, ſhall I make you two friends. Wee muſt to France together: why the diuel ſhould we keep kniues to cut one anothers throats?

Piſt. Let floods ore-ſwell, and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at Betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhal compound: puſh home. *Draw*

Bard. By this ſword, hee that makes the firſt thruſt, Ile kill him: By this ſword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths muſt haue their courſe

Bar. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: prethee put vp.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou haue, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I giue to thee, and friendſhippe ſhall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* ſhall liue by me, is not this iuſt? For I ſhal Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall haue my Noble?
Piſt. In caſh, moſt iuſtly payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to ſir *John*: A poore heart, hee is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Piſt. Nym, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fra-cted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt bee as it may: he paſſes ſome humors, and carreeres.

Piſt. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Weſtmerland.

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and euen they do bear themſelues,
As if allegeance in their boſomes ſate
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he ſhould for a forraigne purſe, ſo ſell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now ſits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head aſſembled them.
Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.
King. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire conſent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wiſh
Succeſſe and Conqueſt to attend on vs.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maieſty; there's not I thinke a ſubiect
That ſits in heart-greefe and vneaſineſſe
Vnder the ſweet ſhade of your gouernment.
Kni. True: thoſe that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue ſteep'd their gauls in hony, and do ſerue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.
King. We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulnes,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſſe.
Scro. So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes toyle,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruices.
King. We Iudge no leſſe. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rayl'd againſt our perſon: We conſider
It was exceſſe of Wine that ſet him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.
Scro. That's mercy, but too mueh ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd Soueraigne, leaſt example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.
Kiug. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your Highneſſe, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. Sir, you ſhew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Oriſons 'gainſt this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge, Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preſeruation of our perſon
Wold haue him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highneſſe bad me aske for it to day.
Scro. So did you me my Liege.
Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthineſſe.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you looſe
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue ſo cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance.
Cam. I do confeſſe my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſſe mercy.
Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counſaile is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reaſons turne into your boſomes,
As dogs vpon their maiſters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
Theſe Engliſh monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furniſh with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworne vnto the practiſes of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leſſe for bounty bound to Vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworne. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, ſauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt beare the key of all my counſailes,
That knew'ſt the very bottome of my ſoule,
That (almoſt) might'ſt haue coyn'd me into Golde,
Would'ſt thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vſe?
May it be poſsible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one ſparke of euill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtands off as groſſe
As blacke and white, my eye will ſcarſely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murther, euer kept together,
As two yoake diuels ſworne to eythers purpoſe,
Working ſo groſſely in an naturall cauſe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainſt all proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to waite on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoeuer cunning fiend it was
That wrought vpon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other diuels that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand vp,
Gaue thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Vnleſſe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaſtie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A ſoule ſo eaſie as that Engliſhmans.
Oh, how haſt thou with iealouſie infected
The ſweetneſſe of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeeme they graue and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seeme they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſſe paſsion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſweruing with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged iudgement truſting neither,
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt indued
With ſome ſuſpition, I will weepe for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practiſes.

Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroope* of *Marſham*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scro. Our purpoſes, God iuſtly hath diſcouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beſeech your Highneſſe to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in ſufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull ſubiect more reioyce
At the diſcouery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my ſelfe,
Preuented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your ſentence
You haue conſpir'd againſt Our Royall perſon,
Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyu'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would haue ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to ſeruitude,
His Subiects to oppreſsion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into deſolation:
Touching our perſon, ſeeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruine you ſought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miſerable wretches) to your death:
The taſte whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
Now Lords for France: the enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euery Rubbe is ſmoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the ſignes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Piſtoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoſteſſe.

Hoſteſſe. 'Prythee honey ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Piſtoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, rowſe thy vaunting Veines: Boy, briſsle thy Courage vp: for *Falſtaffe* hee is dead, and wee muſt erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hoſteſſe. Nay ſure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Boſome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Boſome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chriſtome Child: a parted eu'n iuſt betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himſelfe with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoſteſſe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſteſſe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Deules incarnate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would haue him about Women.

Hoſteſſe. A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſticke vpon *Bardolphs* Noſe, and a ſaid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſeruice.

Nim. Shall wee ſhogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none; for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee thy Counſailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryſtalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horſe-

leeches

leeches my Boyes, to fucke, to fucke, the very blood to fucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholefome food, they fay.

Pift. Touch her foft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hofteffe.

Nim. I cannot kiffe, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pift. Let Hufwiferie appeare: keepe clofe, I thee command.

Hofteffe. Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt*

Flourifh.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the Englifh with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To anfwer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, fhall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all fwift difpatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the fucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected Englifh,
Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My moft redoubted Father,
It is moft meet we arme vs 'gainft the Foe:
For Peace it felfe fhould not fo dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in queftion)
But that Defences, Mufters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, affembled, and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I fay, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the fick and feeble parts of France:
And let vs doe it with no fhew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were bufied with a Whitfon Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, fhee is fo idly King'd,
Her Scepter fo phantaftically borne,
By a vaine giddie fhallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much miftaken in this King:
Queftion your Grace the late Embaffadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaffie,
How well fupply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modeft in exception; and withall,
How terrible in conftant refolution:
And you fhall find, his Vanities fore-fpent,
Were but the out-fide of the Roman *Brutus*,
Couering Difcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide thofe Roots
That fhall firft fpring, and be moft delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not fo, my Lord High Conftable.
But though we thinke it fo, it is no matter:
In cafes of defence, 'tis beft to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he feemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
Doth like a Mifer fpoyle his Coat, with fcanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* ftrong:
And Princes, looke you ftrongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene flefht vpon vs:
And he is bred out of that bloodie ftraine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:
Witneffe our too much memorable fhame,
When Creffy Battell fatally was ftrucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine ftanding
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and fmil'd to fee him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Natiue mightineffe and fate of him.

Enter a Meffenger.

Meff. Embaffadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maieftie.

King. Weele giue them prefent audience.
Goe, and bring them.
You fee this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and ftop purfuit: for coward Dogs
Moft fpend their mouths, whẽ what they feem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
Take vp the Englifh fhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not fo vile a finne,
As felfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieftie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,
That you deueft your felfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-ftretched Honors, that pertaine
By Cuftome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanifht dayes,
Nor from the duft of old Obliuion rakt,
He fends you this moft memorable Lyne,
In euery Branch truly demonftratiue;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him euenly deriu'd
From his moft fam'd, of famous Anceftors,
Edward the third; he bids you then refigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

King. Or elfe what followes?

Exe. Bloody conftraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempeft is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue*:
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaftie Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That fhall be fwallowed in this Controuerfie.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Meffage:
Vnleffe the Dolphin be in prefence here;
To whom expreffely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.
Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.
Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now: now he weighes Time
Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.
King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Flourish.
Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.
King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you haue seene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Bresting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Grandsires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choyse-drawne Caualiers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lyms were made in England; shew vs here
The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so meane and base,
That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pist. And

Pist. And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfepence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuersarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheshu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheshu* he is an Asse, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen.*

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *Iames.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Chrish saue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I sall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that sall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselues to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish saue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There-

Therefore to our beſt mercy giue your ſelues,
Or like to men prowd of deſtruction,
Defie vs to our worſt: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy ſhall be all ſhut vp,
And the fleſh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, ſhall raunge
With Conſcience wide as Hell, mowing like Graſſe
Your freſh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his ſmyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waſt and deſolation?
What i'st to me, when you your ſelues are cauſe,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedneſſe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootleſſe ſpend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their ſpoyle,
As ſend Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come aſhore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to ſee
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Defire the Locks of your ſhrill-ſhriking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the ſiluer Beards,
And their moſt reuerend Heads daſht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants ſpitted vpon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus deſtroy'd.

Enter Gouernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayſe ſo great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy ſoft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Vſe mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickneſſe growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Gueſt,
To morrow for the March are we addreſt.

Flouriſh, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as eſte en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Ie te prie m'enſigniez, il faut que ie apprend a parlen: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doyts.

Kat. Le doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt mays, ie me ſouemeray le doyts ie penſe qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier.

Kath. I'ay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois viſtement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'eſt bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de touts les mots que vous maves, apprins des a preſent.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie penſe.

Kath. Excuſe moy Alice eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots auſi droict, que le Natifs d' Angleterre.

Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'aue vos y deſia oublie ce que ie vous a enſignie.

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans voſtre honeus d' Elbow.

Kath. Ainſi de ie d' Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il ſont le mots de ſon mauvais corruptible groſſe & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'vſer: Ie ne voudray pronouncer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le Foot & le Count, neant moys, Ie recitera vn autrefoys ma lecon enſembe, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'eſt aſſes pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.

Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Conſtable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath paſt the Riuer Some.

Conſt. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu viuant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and ſauage Stock,
Spirt vp ſo ſuddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will ſell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a ſlobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-ſhotten Ile of Albion.

Conſt. Dieu de Battailes, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can ſodden Water,
A Drench for ſur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iſyckles
Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-ſtore France with Baſtard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and ſwift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt loftie Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montioy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames:
Barre *Harry* England, that ſweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruſh on his Hoaſt, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whoſe low Vaſſall Seat,
The Alpes doth ſpit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Priſoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His Souldiers ſick, and famiſht in their March:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the ſinck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranſome.

King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſt on *Montioy*,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not ſo, I doe beſeech your Maieſtie.

King. Be patient, for you ſhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaines, Engliſh and Welſh, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my ſoule, and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing, and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him doe as gallant ſeruice.

Gower. What doe you call him.

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſtoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Piſtoll*: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that ſhee is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe ſuffocate: but *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Piſtoll*, I doe partly vnderſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deſire the Duke to vſe his good pleaſure, and put him to execution; for diſcipline ought to be vſed.

Piſt. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raſcall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.

Flu. Ile aſſure you, a vtt'red as praue words at the Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ſerue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himſelfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and ſuch fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what termes the Enemy ſtood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phraſe of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mistooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praue passages: marry, th'athuersarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athuersarie hath beene very great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would haue all such offendors so cut off: and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mountioy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now we speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weakenesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthlesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master; so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountioy.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy*.
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so *Mountioy*, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your Highnesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our selues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my Horse haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.

Conſt. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deſerued prayſe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubiect for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orleance. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript prayſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conſt. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroſſers.

Conſt. You haue good iudgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as liue haue my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

Conſt. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vemiſſement eſt la leuye lauee au bourbier: thou mak'ſt vſe of any thing.

Conſt. Yet doe I not vſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Conſt. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deſert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paued with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Priſoners?

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph.'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

*Orleance.*The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the Engliſh.

Conſt. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conſt. Sweare by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is ſimply the moſt actiue Gentleman of France.

Conſt. Doing is actiuitie, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conſt. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name ſtill.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conſt. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Conſt. Marry hee told me ſo himſelfe, and hee ſayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will neuer ſayd well.

Conſt. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendſhip.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Conſt. Well plac't: there ſtands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is ſoone ſhot.

Const. You haue ſhot ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the firſt time you were ouer-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the Engliſh lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuiſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo farre out of his knowledge.

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare ſuch heauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleance. Fooliſh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian Beare, and haue their heads cruſht like rotten Apples: you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefaſt on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conſt. Iuſt, iuſt: and the men doe ſympathize with the Maſtiffes, in robuſtious and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beefe.

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army stilly sounds;
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the others vmber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye:
Where, O for pitty, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. *Gloster*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almightie,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowsie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble *Harry*. *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st chearefully. *Enter Pistoll.*

Pist. *Che vous la?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Euen so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy?* a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. *Dauies* day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, least he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinſman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*

King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.*

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Ieſu Chriſt, ſpeake fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the vniuerſall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you ſhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modeſtie of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee ſhould alſo, looke you, be an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee ſhall neuer ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine ſerue you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham.*

Williams. A good old Commander, and a moſt kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our eſtate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be waſht off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element ſhewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedneſſe he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they ſtoupe, they ſtoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the ſame relliſh as ours are: yet in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſſe him with any appearance of feare; leaſt hee, by ſhewing it, ſhould dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wiſh himſelfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, ſo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will ſpeake my conſcience of the King: I thinke hee would not wiſh himſelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poore mens liues ſaued.

King. I dare ſay, you loue him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone: howſoeuer you ſpeake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where ſo contented, as in the Kings company; his Cauſe being iuſt, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee ſhould ſeeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cauſe be not good, the King himſelfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all thoſe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, ſhall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at ſuch a place, ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a Surgean; ſome vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; ſome vpon the Debts they owe, ſome vpon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father ſent about Merchandize, doe ſinfully miſcarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedneſſe, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed vpon his Father that ſent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Maſters command, tranſporting a ſumme of Money, be aſſayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the buſineſſe of the Maſter the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not ſo: The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Maſter of his Seruant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſeruices. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe neuer ſo ſpotleſſe, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnſpotted Souldiers: ſome (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; ſome, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Boſome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if theſe men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Natiue puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee ſafe, they periſh. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore ſhould euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery ſicke man in his Bed, waſh euery Moth out of his Conſcience: and dying ſo, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gayned: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſinne to thinke, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outliue that day, to ſee his Greatneſſe, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to anſwer it.

Bates. I doe not deſire hee ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

King. I my ſelfe heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. I, hee ſaid ſo, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranſom'd, and wee ne're the wiſer.

King. If I liue to ſee it, I will neuer truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous ſhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeaſure can doe againſt a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le neuer truſt his word after; come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

King. Your reproofe is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I alſo weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and ſay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you Engliſh fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. *Exit Souldiers.*

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their ſhoulders: but it is no Engliſh Treaſon to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himſelfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We muſt beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneſſe,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whoſe ſence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?
And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, ſaue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worſhippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, ſhew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought elſe but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art leſſe happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, in ſtead of Homage ſweet,
But poyſon'd flatterie? O, be ſick, great Greatneſſe,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a Kings Repoſe.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Maſe, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tiſſued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farſed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he ſits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates vpon the high ſhore of this World:
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all theſe, lay'd in Bed Maieſticall,
Can ſleepe ſo ſoundly, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtreſſefull bread,
Neuer ſees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to Set,
Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,
Doth riſe and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horſe,
And followes ſo the euer-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, ſuch a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with ſleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in groſſe braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whoſe howres, the Peſant beſt aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abſence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, ſteele my Souldiers hearts,
Poſſeſſe them not with feare: Take from them now
The ſence of reckning of th'oppoſed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it haue beſtowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the ſad and ſolemne Prieſts ſing ſtill
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Glouceſters* voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things ſtay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horse, *Verlot Lacquay:* Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Via les ewes & terre.

Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph. Cein, Cousin *Orleance.* *Enter Constable.*

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horses blood?
How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.
Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band,
And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,
To giue each naked Curtleax a stayne,
That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.
'Tis positiue against all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pesants,
Who in vnnecessarie action swarme
About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;
Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,
Tooke stand for idle speculation:
But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let vs doe,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.
And their executors, the knauish Crowes,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
Description cannot sute it selfe in words,
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They haue said their prayers,
And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
And giue their fasting Horses Prouender,
And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vse it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaile.

West. Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's fiue to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salisb. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.
God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;
Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?
My Cousin *Westmerland.* No, my faire Cousin:
If we are markt to dye, we are enow
To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:
It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,
I am the most offending Soule aliue.
No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England:
Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more:
Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,
That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:
We would not dye in that mans companie,
That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian:*
He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the Name of *Crispian.*
He that shall see this day, and liue old age,
Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian.*
Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
But hee'le remember, with aduantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as houshold words,

Harry

Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloucester*,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are brauely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England, Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht fiue thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake prowdly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be leuyed.
Herauld, saue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King *Harry*. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue *Yorke*.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions.
Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. Ie pense que vous estes le Gentilhome de bon qualitee.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prennes miserecordie aye pitez de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

Pist. Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?

French. O perdonne moy.

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounsieur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. *Fer.*

Pist. M. *Fer:* Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounsieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppes vostre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, vnlesse thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Ie vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma pardonner, Ie suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cent escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to faue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good houfe, and for his ranfom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

Pift. Tell him my fury fhall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monfieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra fon Iurement, de pardonner aucune prifonner: neant-mons pour les efcues que vous layt a promets, il eft content a vous donnes le liberte le franchifement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux fe vous donnes milles remercious, et Ie me eftime heurex que Ie intombe, entre les main. d'vn Cheualier Ie peufe le plus braue valiant et tres diftinie fignieur d'Angleterre.

Pift. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thoufand thanks, and he efteemes himfelfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the moft braue, valorous and thrice-worthy figneur of England.

Pift. As I fucke blood, I will fome mercy fhew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?
I did neuer know fo full a voyce iffue from fo emptie a heart: but the faying is true, The empty veffel makes the greateft found, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and fo would this be, if hee durft fteale any thing adueuturoufly. I muft ftay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Conftable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O figneur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,
Reproach, and euerlafting fhame
Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A fhort Alarum.*
O mefchante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol, O perdurable fhame, let's ftab our felues:
Be thefe the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we fent too, for his ranfome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall fhame, nothing but fhame,
Let vs dye in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a bafe Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilft a bafe flaue, no gentler then my dogge,
His faireft daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diforder that hath fpoyl'd vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
To fmother vp the Englifh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
Let life be fhort, elfe fhame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prifoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiefty

King. Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre
I faw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the fpurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody fide,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke alfo lyes.
Suffolke firft dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
Comes to him, where in gore he lay infteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kiffes the gafhes
That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke,
My foule fhall thine keepe company to heauen:
Tarry (fweet foule) for mine, then flye a-breft:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chiualrie.
Vpon thefe words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He fmil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my feruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kift his lippes,
And fo efpous'd to death, with blood he feal'd
A Teftament of Noble-ending-loue:
The prettie and fweet manner of it forc'd
Thofe waters from me, which I would haue ftop'd,
But I had not fo much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I muft perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will iffue to. *Alarum*
But hearke, what new alarum is this fame?
The French haue re-enforc'd their fcatter'd men:
Then euery fouldiour kill his Prifoners,
Giue the word through. *Exit*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreffely againft the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knauery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Confcience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Rafcalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this flaughter: befides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King moft worthily hath caus'd euery foldiour to cut his prifoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great:

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrafe is a litle variations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon,* as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is

porne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparifons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the fituations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is alfo moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his difpleafures, and his indignations, and alfo being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his beft friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finifhed. I fpeak but in the figures, and comparifons of it : as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; fo alfo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iefts, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falftaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmonth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiefty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prifoners. Flourifh.

King. I was not angry fince I came to France,
Vntill this inftant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou vnto the Horfemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field : they do offend our fight.
If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as fwift as ftones
Enforced from the old Affyrian flings :
Befides, wee'l cut the throats of thofe we haue,
And not a man of them that we fhall take,
Shall tafte our mercy. Go and tell them fo.

Enter Montioy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowft thou not,
That I haue fin'd thefe bones of mine for ranfome?
Com'ft thou againe for ranfome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable Licenfe,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To fort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and foak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peafant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded fteeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead mafters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in fafety, and difpofe
Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horfemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praifed be God, and not our ftrength for it:
What is this Caftle call'd that ftands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crifpin Crifpianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't pleafe your Maiefty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a moft praue pattle here in France.

Kin. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maiefty fayes very true: If your Maiefties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good feruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the feruice: And I do beleeue your Maiefty takes no fcorne to weare the Leeke vppon S. Tauies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wafh your Maiefties Welch plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleffe it, and preferue it, as long as it pleafes his Grace, and his Maiefty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Iefhu, I am your Maiefties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confeffe it to all the Orld, I need not to be afhamed of your Maiefty, praifed be God fo long as your Maiefty is an honeft man.

King. Good keepe me fo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iuft notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you muft come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'ft thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't pleafe your Maiefty, tis the gage of one that I fhould fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin. An Englifhman?

Wil. And't pleafe your Maiefty, a Rafcall that fwagger'd with me laft night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue fworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can fee my Gloue in his cappe, which he fwore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil ftrike it out foundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this fouldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine elfe, and't pleafe your Maiefty in my confcience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the anfwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himfelfe, it is neceffary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (fee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Iacke fawce, as euer his blacke fhoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confcience law

King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'ft the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who feru'ft thou vnder?

Wil.

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. *Exit.*

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and ſticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanſon* and my ſelfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanſon*, and an enemy to our Perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, and thou do'ſt me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine ſee the man, that ha's but two legges, that ſhall find himſelfe agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine ſee it once, and pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

King. Know'ſt thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and pleaſe you.

King. Pray thee goe ſeeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heeles.
The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,
May haply purchaſe him a box a'th'eare.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine ſhould
Weare it my ſelfe. Follow good Couſin *Warwick*:
If that the Souldier ſtrike him, as I iudge
By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
Some ſodaine miſchiefe may ariſe of it:
For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,
And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an iniurie.
Follow, and ſee there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleaſure, Captaine, I beſeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. *Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuerſall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forſworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treaſon his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maieſties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanſons.*

Enter Warwick and Glouceſter.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayſed be God for it, a moſt contagious Treaſon come to light, looke you, as you ſhall deſire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maieſtie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's ſtrooke the Gloue which your Maieſtie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanſon.*

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maieſtie heare now, ſauing your Maieſties Manhood, what an arrant raſcally, beggerly, lowſie Knaue it is: I hope your Maieſtie is peare me teſtimonie and witneſſe, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanſon*, that your Maieſtie is giue me, in your Conſcience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike,
And thou haſt giuen me moſt bitter termes.

Flu. And pleaſe your Maieſtie, let his Neck anſwere for it, if there is any Marſhall Law in the World.

King. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maieſtie.

King. It was our ſelfe thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Maieſtie came not like your ſelfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſſe the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineſſe: and what your Highneſſe ſuffer'd vnder that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your Highneſſe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to ſerue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ſerue you to mend your ſhooes: come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhfull, your ſhooes is not ſo good: 'tis a good ſilling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the ſlaught'red French.

King. What Priſoners of good ſort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, beſides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thouſand French
That in the field lye ſlaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie ſix: added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and foure hundred: of the which,
Fiue hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in theſe ten thouſand they haue loſt,
There are but ſixteene hundred Mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
Iaques of Chatilion, Admirall of France,
The Maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, Lord *Ramburcs*,
Great Maſter of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of Alanſon, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And *Edward* Duke of Barr: of luſtie Earles,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But fiue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Aſcribe we all: when, without ſtratagem,
But in plaine ſhock, and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne ſo great and little loſſe?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that prayſe from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleaſe your Maieſtie, to tell how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie encloſ'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here preſented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there ſeene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whoſe ſhouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords deſire him, to haue borne
His bruiſed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
Being free from vain-neſſe, and ſelfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæſar* in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of Englands ſtay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelfe haue play'd
The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, ſtraight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Leeke to day? S. *Dauies* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you aſſe my friend, Captaine *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggerly, lowſie, pragging Knaue *Piſtoll*, which you and your ſelfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and ſault yeſterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo bold as to weare it in my Cap till I ſee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you aunchient *Piſtoll*: you ſcuruie lowſie Knaue, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlam? doeſt thou thirſt, baſe Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcuruie lowſie Knaue, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; becauſe, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your diſgeſtions doo's not agree with it, I would deſire you to eate it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
Will you be ſo good, ſcauld Knaue, as eate it?

Piſt. Baſe Troian, thou ſhalt dye.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will deſire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is ſawce for it. You call'd me yeſterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you

you to day a ſquire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue aſtoniſht him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eate ſome part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Piſt. Muſt I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of queſtion too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this Leeke, I will moſt horribly reuenge I eate and eate I ſweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue ſome more ſauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to ſweare by.

Piſt. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doſt ſee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you ſcald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occaſions to ſee Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu Yes verily, and in truth you ſhall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you ſhall eate.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you ſhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an honourable reſpect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceaſed valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue ſeene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeake Engliſh in the natiue garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh Cudgell: you finde it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welch correction, teach you a good Engliſh condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Piſt. Doeth fortune play the huſwife with me now? Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendeuous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and ſomething leane to Cut-purſe of quicke hand: To England will I ſteale, and there Ile ſteale:
And patches will I get vnto theſe cudgeld ſcarres,
And ſwore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and other Lords. At another, Queene Iſabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Siſter
Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wiſhes
To our moſt faire and Princely Coſine *Katherine*:
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriu'd,
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (Engliſh) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the Iſſue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
In them againſt the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Baſiliskes:
The venome of ſuch Lookes we fairely hope
Haue loſt their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You Engliſh Princes all, I doe ſalute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.
Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and ſtrong endeuors,
To bring your moſt Imperiall Maieſties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Mightineſſe on both parts beſt can witneſſe.
Since then my Office hath ſo farre preuayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourſe of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull Births,
Should not in this beſt Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her louely Viſage?
Alas, ſhee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
Like Priſoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth diſorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch Sauagery:
The euen Meade, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled Cowſlip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;
Conceiues by idleneſſe, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thiſtles, Kekſyes, Burres,
Looſing both beautie and vtilitie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneſſe.
Euen ſo our Houſes, and our ſelues, and Children,
Haue loſt, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that ſhould become our Countrey;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and ſterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And euery thing that ſeemes vnnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former fauour,
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell theſe inconueniences,
And bleſſe vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whoſe want giues growth to th'imperfections
Which you haue cited; you muſt buy that Peace
With full accord to all our iuſt demands,
Whoſe Tenures and particular effects
You haue enſchedul'd briefely in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anſwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before ſo vrg'd,
Lyes in his Anſwer.

France. I

France. I haue but with a curſelarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently
To ſit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-ſuruey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptorie Anſwer.

England. Brother we ſhall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdomes beſt
Shall ſee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le conſigne thereto. Will you, faire Siſter,
Goe with the Princes, or ſtay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe ſome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ſtood on.

England. Yet leaue our Couſin *Katherine* here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and moſt faire,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Loue-ſuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maieſtie ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeake your England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confeſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Doe you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il que Ie ſuis ſemblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy veraymeut (ſauf voſtre Grace) ainſi dit il.*

King. I ſaid ſo, deare *Katherine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirme it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont plein de tromperies.*

King. What ſayes ſhe, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeſſe.

King. The Princeſſe is the better Engliſh-woman: yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderſtanding, I am glad thou canſt ſpeake no better Engliſh, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt finde me ſuch a plaine King, that thou wouldſt thinke, I had ſold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to ſay, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to ſay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my ſuite: Giue me your anſwer, yfaith doe, and ſo clap hands, and a bargaine: how ſay you, Lady?

Kath. *Sauf voſtre honeur*, me vnderſtand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I haue no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Loue, or bound my Horſe for her fauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and ſit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vſe till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-burning? that neuer lookes in his Glaſſe, for loue of any thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canſt loue me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for theſe fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelues into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelues out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a ſtrait Backe will ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe truly. If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Enemie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you ſhould loue the Friend of France: for I loue France ſo well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am ſure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be ſhooke off; *Ie quand ſur le poſſeſſion de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le poſſeſſion de moy*, (Let mee ſee, what then? Saint *Dennis* bee my ſpeede) *Donc voſtre eſt Fraunce, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to ſpeake ſo much more French: I ſhall neuer moue thee in French, vnleſſe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il & melieus que l'Anglois le quel Ie parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy ſpeaking of my Tongue, and I thine, moſt truely falſely, muſt needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'ſt thou vnderſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou loue mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou loueſt me: and at night, when you come into your Cloſet, you'le queſtion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſprayſe thoſe parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, becauſe I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I haue a ſauing Faith within me tells me thou ſhalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou muſt therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe Engliſh,

k that

that ſhall goe to Conſtantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what ſay'ſt thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: doe but now promiſe *Kate*, you will endeauour for your French part of ſuch a Boy; and for my Engliſh moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon treſcher & deuin deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Maieſtee aue fauſe Frenche enough to deceiue de moſt ſage Damoiſeil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my falſe French: by mine Honor in true Engliſh, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not ſweare thou loueſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'ſt; notwithſtanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborne out-ſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more ſpoyle vpon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moſt faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Bluſhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreſſe, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry* of England, I am thine: which Word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſſe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I ſpeake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt finde the beſt King of Good-fellowes. Come your Anſwer in broken Muſick; for thy Voyce is Muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken Engliſh; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *de Roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it ſall alſo content me.

King. Vpon that I kiſſe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. Laiſſe mon Seigneur, laiſſe, laiſſe, may foy: Ie ne veus point que vous abbaiſſe voſtre grandeus, en baiſant le main d'une noſtre Seigneur indignie ſeruiteur excuſe moy. Ie vous ſupplie mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kiſſe your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kath. Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſee deuant leur nopceſe il net pas le coſtume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what ſayes ſhee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buiſſe en Angliſh.

King. To kiſſe.

Lady. Your Maieſtee *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. It is not a faſhion for the Maids in Fraunce to kiſſe before they are marryed, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O *Kate*, nice Cuſtomes curſie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyſt of a Countreyes faſhion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes our Places, ſtoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice faſhion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kiſſe: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they ſhould ſooner perſwade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſaue your Maieſtie, my Royall Couſin, teach you our Princeſſe Engliſh?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Couſin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not ſmooth: ſo that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot ſo coniure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likeneſſe.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſſe of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you muſt make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likeneſſe, hee muſt appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimſon of Modeſtie, if ſhee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked ſeeing ſelfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſigne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couſin to conſent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flye, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhee muſt be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thanke Loue for my blindneſſe, who cannot ſee many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that ſtands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So pleaſe you.

England. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: ſo the Maid that ſtood in the way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue conſented to all tearmes of reaſon.

England. Is't ſo, my Lords of England?

Weſt. The King hath graunted euery Article:
His Daughter firſt; and in ſequele, all,
According to their firme propoſed natures.

Exet. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Maieſtie demands, That the King of France hauing any occaſion to write for matter of Graunt, ſhall name your Highneſſe in this forme, and with this addition, in French: *Noſtre treſcher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce:* and thus in Latine; *Præclariſſimus Filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*

France. Nor this I haue not Brother ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſſe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the reſt,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayſe vp
Iſſue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whoſe very ſhoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happineſſe,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet Boſomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate:* and beare me witneſſe all,
That here I kiſſe her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flouriſh.

Quee. God, the beſt maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes ſuch a Spouſall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealouſie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleſſed Marriage,
Thruſt in betweene the Pation of theſe Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receiue each other. God ſpeake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for ſuretie of our Leagues.
Then ſhall I ſweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and proſp'rous be.

Senet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time: but in that ſmall, moſt greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne; and for their ſake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

The firſt Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloſter, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Biſhop of Wincheſter, and the Duke of Somerſet.

Bedford.

HVng be ỹ heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandiſh your cryſtall Treſſes in the Skie,
And with them ſcourge the bad reuolting Stars,
That haue conſented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne're loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Gloſt. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deſeruing to command,
His brandiſht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes ſpred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His ſparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his Deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer ſhall reuiue:
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths diſhonourable Victorie,
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? ſhall we curſe the Planets of Miſhap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or ſhall we thinke the ſubtile-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verſes haue contriu'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his ſight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hoſts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him ſo proſperous.

Gloſt. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not ſo ſoone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. *Gloſter*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is prowd, ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloſt. Name not Religion, for thou lou'ſt the Fleſh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe Iarres, & reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In ſtead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Poſteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moiſtned eyes, Babes ſhall ſuck,
Our Ile be made a Nouriſh of ſalt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghoſt I inuocate:
Proſper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerſe Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Cæſar*, or bright----

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſſe, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.

Bedf. What ſay'ſt thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarſe?
Speake ſoftly, or the loſſe of thoſe great Townes
Will make him burſt his Lead, and riſe from death.

Glost. Is Paris loſt? is Roan yeelded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yeeld the Ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what trecherie was vs'd?

Meſſ. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongſt the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine ſeuerall Factions:
And whil'ſt a Field ſhould be diſpatcht and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would haue lingring Warres, with little coſt;
Another would flye ſwift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, Engliſh Nobilitie,
Let not ſlouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
Theſe Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my ſteeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with theſe diſgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in ſtead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermiſſiue Miſeries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is reuolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army haue I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* ouercame, is't so?

3. *Mes.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round incompassed, and set vpon:
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,
If Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th'Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King.
Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouernor,
And for his safetie there Ile best deuise. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Iack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

Sound a Flourish.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine vpon the English side:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reigneir. Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reigneir. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

Alanson. *Froysard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Oliuers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.

Reigneir. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, wee'le euen let them alone.

Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes for him.

Dolph. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And driue the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?

Puzel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.

Reigneir. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilest I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.
Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proofe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.

Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from aboue:
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alans. Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight it out.

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that prowd insulting Ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, falne downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

Alanson. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayse the Siege.

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.

Dolph. Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloster, with his Seruing-men.

Glost. I am come to suruey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conueyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls.

1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

Glost. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.

1.*Man.* Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

*Glost.*Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile the Lieutenant speakes within.

Wooduile. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue wee here?

Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
From him I haue expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glost. Faint-hearted *Wooduile*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

Seruingmen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchest. How now ambitious *Vmpheir*, what meanes this?

Glost. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be shut out?

Winch. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.

Glost. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contriued'st to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed *Cain*,
To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glost. I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy face.

Glost. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.
Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.

Winch. *Gloster*, thou wilt answere this before the Pope.

Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men, And enter in the hurly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.

Winch. Here's *Gloster*, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines;
That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himselfe King, and suppresse the Prince.

Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:

All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day, against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre to your seuerall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.

Glost. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. *Gloster*, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.

Glost. Maior farewell: thou doo'st but what thou may'st.

Winch. Abhominable *Gloster*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,
I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M.Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd,
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.

M.Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espyals haue informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence discouer, how with most aduantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I haue plac'd,

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors. *Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them. *Exit.*

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salisb. *Talbot,* my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.
Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the braue Lord *Ponton de Santrayle,*
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Salisb. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salisb. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargraue,* and Sir *William Glansdale,*
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?
Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.
Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.
Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shot, and Salisbury falls downe.*
Salisb. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.
Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake *Salisbury;* at least, if thou canst, speake:
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'st thou *Salisbury?* though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargraue,* hast thou any life?
Speake vnto *Talbot,* nay, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles----
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* ioyn'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Pussel,* Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel, driuing Enlishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.
Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee. *Here they fight.*
Talb. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. *Talbot* farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.

O're-

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Driues back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:
So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away.
They call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:
Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-subdued slaues.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all consented vnto *Salisburies* death,
For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanson, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.
Thus *Ioane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Diuinest Creature, *Astrea's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.

Alans. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.
A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodophe's* or *Memphis* euer was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Transported, shall be at high Festiuals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Ioane de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladders: Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolue to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue.
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter seuerall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe vnready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?

Bast. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Bast. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him.

Alans. Here commeth *Charles*, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Bast. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defensiue Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you haue my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the gouernment,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,
About relieuing of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and dispere't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:
The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,
For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,
Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth:
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here aduance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.
Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:
For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,
Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloudy Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,
That could not liue asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests
Are often welcommest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,
And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchieuements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares,
To giue their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crau'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I ſhould haue ſeene ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a ſilly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and writhled ſhrimpe
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his Enemies.
Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leyſure,
Ile ſort ſome other time to viſit you.
Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?
Meſſ. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure?
Talb. Marry, for that ſhee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Priſoner.
Talb. Priſoner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirſtie Lord:
And for that cauſe I trayn'd thee to my Houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chayne theſe Legges and Armes of thine,
That haſt by Tyrannie theſe many yeeres
Waſted our Countrey, ſlaine our Citizens,
And ſent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laugheſt thou Wretch?
Thy mirth ſhall turne to moane.
Talb. I laugh to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbots* ſhadow,
Whereon to practiſe your ſeueritie.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Talb. I am indeede.
Count. Then haue I ſubſtance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelfe:
You are deceiu'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part,
And leaſt proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not ſufficient to contayn't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes ſtrike vp, a Peale of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.

How ſay you Madame? are you now perſwaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelfe?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinewes, armes, and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and ſubuerts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe,
I finde thou art no leſſe then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
Talb. Be not diſmay'd, faire Lady, nor miſconſter
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction doe I craue,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers ſtomacks alwayes ſerue them well.
Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feaſt ſo great a Warrior in my Houſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a Caſe of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more conuenient.
York. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th'error?
Suff. Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.
Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene vs.
War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horſes, which doth beare him beſt,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryeſt eye,
I haue perhaps ſome ſhallow ſpirit of Iudgement:
But in theſe nice ſharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiſer then a Daw.
York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparrell'd,
So cleare, ſo ſhining, and ſo euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.
York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeake,
In dumbe ſignificants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And ſtands vpon the honor of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I haue pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Roſe with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Roſe from off this Thorne with me.
War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Roſe with *Plantagenet.*
Suff. I pluck this red Roſe, with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withall, I thinke he held the right.
Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Maſter *Vernon*, it is well obiected:
If I haue feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
York. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth, and plaineſſe of the Caſe,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Bloſſome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leaſt bleeding, you doe paint the white Roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on, who elſe?

Lawyer. Vn-

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.
Yorke. Now *Somerset*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.
York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No *Plantagenet*:
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.
Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset*?
Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?
Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.
Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seene.
Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, *Plantagenet*.
Yorke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and scorne both him and thee.
Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conuersing with him.
Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?
Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerset*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare.
Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And so farwell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*
Som. Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*
Yorke. How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they obiect against your House,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.
Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,
Against prowd *Somerset*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Yorke. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.
Lawyer. And so will I.
Yorke. Thankes gentle.
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Iaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.
Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,
(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration haue I had;
And euen since then, hath *Richard* beene obscur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires,
Iust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recouer what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.
Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.
And now declare sweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. Firft, leane thine aged Back againft mine Arme,
And in that eafe, Ile tell thee my Difeafe.
This day in argument vpon a Cafe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerfet* and me:
Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauifh tongue,
And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie fet barres before my tongue,
Elfe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers fake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance fake, declare the caufe
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loft his Head.

Mort. That caufe (faire Nephew) that imprifon'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathfome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curfed Inftrument of his deceafe.

Rich. Difcouer more at large what caufe that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueffe.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The firft begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Defcent.
During whofe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Vfurpation moft vniuft,
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reafon mou'd thefe Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother, I deriued am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *Iohn* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I loft my Libertie, and they their Liues.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sifter, that thy Mother was;
Againe, in pitty of my hard diftreffe,
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue inftall'd me in the Diademe:
But as the reft, fo fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title refted, were fuppreft.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laft.

Mort. True; and thou feeft, that I no Iffue haue,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the reft, I wifh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ftudious care.

Rich. Thy graue admonifhments preuayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing leffe then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With filence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the Houfe of *Lancafter*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a fetled place.

Rich. O Vnckle, would fome part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the paffage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'ft then wrong me as ỳ flaughterer doth,
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou forrow for my good,
Onely giue order for my Funerall.
And fo farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And profperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prifon haft thou fpent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-paft thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Breft,
And what I doe imagine, let that reft.
Keepers conuey him hence, and I my felfe
Will fee his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner fort.
And for thofe Wrongs, thofe bitter Iniuries,
Which *Somerfet* hath offer'd to my Houfe,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redreffe.
And therefore hafte I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be reftored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourifh. Enter King, Exeter, Glofter, Winchefter, Warwick, Somerfet, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Glofter offers to put vp a Bill: Winchefter fnatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'ft thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, ftudioufly deuis'd?
Humfrey of Glofter, if thou canft accufe,
Or ought intend'ft to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, fuddenly,
As I with fudden, and extemporall fpeech,
Purpofe to anfwer what thou canft obiect.

Glo. Prefumptuous Prieft, this place cōmands my patiēce,
Or thou fhould'ft finde thou haft dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearfe the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, fuch is thy audacious wickedneffe,
Thy lewd, peftiferous, and diffentious prancks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moft pernitious Vfurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Lafciuious, wanton, more then well befeemes
A man of thy Profeffion, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifeft?
In that thou layd'ft a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Befide, I feare me, if thy thoughts were fifted,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious mallice of thy fwelling heart.

Winch. *Glofter*, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchfafe
To giue me hearing what I fhall reply.
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerfe,
As he will haue me: how am I fo poore?
Or how haps it, I feeke not to aduance
Or rayfe my felfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Diffention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is becaufe no one fhould fway but hee,
No one, but hee, fhould be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breaft,

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And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Glost. As good?
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?
Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Vnreuerent *Glocester*.
Glost. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome shall remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.
Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.
Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I haue a fling at *Winchester*.
King. Vnckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noyse within, Downe with the Tawny-Coats.
King. What tumult's this?
Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.
A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselues in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegeance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray' Vnckle *Gloster* mittigate this strife.
1.*Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth.
2.*Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.
Skirmish againe.
Glost. You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.
3.*Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgrac'd by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.
1.*Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin againe.
Glost. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbeare a while.
King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.
Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.
Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?
Glost. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.
Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.
Glost. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.
Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.
1.*Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.
2.*Seru.* And so will I.
3.*Seru.* And I will see what Physick the Tauerne affords. *Exeunt.*
Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.
Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,
You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
Winch. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester.*
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
That doth belong vnto the House of *Yorke,*
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.
Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,
And humble seruice, till the point of death.
King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke:*
Rise *Richard,* like a true *Plantagenet,*
And rise created Princely Duke of *Yorke.*
Rich. And so thriue *Richard,* as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke.*
Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke.*
Glost. Now will it best auaile your Maiestie,
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders loue
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Gloster* sayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.
Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.
Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,
And will at last breake out into a flame,
As festred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and enuious discord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry,* nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all:
Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with Sacks vpon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.
Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*
Watch. Che la.
Pucell. Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* blesse this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.
Bastard. Here entred *Pucell,* and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie?
Here is the best and safest passage in.
Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites.*
Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.
Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.
Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.
Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.
They whisper together in counsell.
God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.
Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But vnto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?
Alans. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Pesant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.
Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as sure as English *Henry* liues,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.
Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.
Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let vs now perswade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Me thinkes I should reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
Because I euer found them as my selfe.
Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,
Then be it so: Heauens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set vpon our boasting Enemie. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, in such haste?
Falst. Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.
Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?
Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to saue my life. *Exit.*
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. *Exit.*

Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Lost, and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.
Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.
Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.
Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alans. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
And haue thee reuerenc't like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Ioane* deuise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces.
Alans. For euer should they be expuls'd from France,
And not haue Title of an Earledome here.
Pucell. Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
Drumme sounds a farre off.
Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.
Here sound an English March.
There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.
Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?
Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-man.
Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.
Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy words.
Pucell. Braue *Burgonie*, vndoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.
Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.
Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her woefull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.
Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.
Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclaimes on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When *Talbot* had set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In spight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
And ioyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.
Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.
Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.
Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes vs fresh.
Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.
Alans. *Pucell* hath brauely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.
Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter the King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissiue loyalty of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.
King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vnckle *Glocester*,
That hath so long beene resident in France?
Glost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.
King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long since we were resolued of your truth,
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?
Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.
Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.
Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Yorke*.
Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that.

Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.
Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Talbot. and Gouernor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.
Win. God saue King *Henry* of that name the sixt.
Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his State:
This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haste vnto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,
Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)
Thou was't installed in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the rest:
This Dastard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.
In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.
My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,
Were thete surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.
Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.
K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile?
No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
Or doth this churlish Superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's heere? *I haue vpon especiall cause,*
Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,
Forsaken your pernitious Faction,
And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?
Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.
King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?
Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.
King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there shal talk with him,
And giue him chasticement for this abuse.
How say you (my Lord) are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y^t I am preuented,
I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.
King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him straight:
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.
Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.
Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.
Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine (sweet *Henry*) fauour him.
King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.
Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.
Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he seeme with forged queint conceite
To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.
Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?
Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.
King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-sicke men,
When for so slighr and friuolous a cause,
Such factious æmulations shall arise?
Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,
Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.
Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.
Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.
Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bass.

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their peruerse Obiections:
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues.
Let me perswade you take a better course.
Exet. It greeues his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends.
King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:
If they perceyue dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selues we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Destroy'd themselues, and lost the Realme of France?
Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspitious
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.
As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your discretions better can perswade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs still continue peace, and loue.
Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digest
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respit, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your Victories,
With *Charles, Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout.
Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.
War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)
Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.
York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affayres must now be managed. *Exeunt.*
Flourish. Manet Exeter.
Exet. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppresse thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should haue seene decipher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth presage some ill euent.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds.*
Enter Generall aloft.
English *Iohn Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their loue.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Christian soule but English *Talbot*:
Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the processe of his sandy houre,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.
Drum a farre off.
Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*
Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your espyals were discouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for (Burdeaux

Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delayes my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mes.* Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Else farwell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mes. O send some succour to the distrest Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mes. Then God take mercy on braue *Talbots* soule,
And on his Sonne yong *Iohn*, who two houres since,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This seuen yeeres did not *Talbot* see his sonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done.

Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble *Talbot* haue,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
That sundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poytiers*, and *Toures*, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay. *Exit*

Mes. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse:
The Conquest of our scarse-cold Conqueror,
That euer-liuing man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a sally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.

Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.

Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you sent?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate assayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:
Let not your priuate discord keepe away
The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, *Charles*, *Burgundie*,
Alanson, *Reignard*, compasse him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him ayde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoast,
Collected for this expidition.

Som. York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,
And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Neuer to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
And flye would *Talbot* neuer though he might.

Som. If he be dead, braue *Talbot* then adieu.

Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *Iohn Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

Iohn. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.

John. He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe.

Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preseru'd with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

John. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.

John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.

Talb. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from ỳ staine.

John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.
If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be seuered from your side,
Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For liue I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, side by side, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Talb. Saint *George*, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *Iohn Talbot*? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.

Talb. When frō the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd desire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, *Iohn*? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Housholds Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

Iohn. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,
To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should haue found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.
Enter Lucie.
Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriors wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to suruey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Washford, Waterford,* and *Valence,*
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrchinfield,*
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere,* Lord *Verdon* of *Alton,*
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield,* Lord *Furniuall* of *Sheffeild,*
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge,*
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George,*
Worthy S. *Michael,* and the *Golden Fleece,*
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.
Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal be reard
A Phœnix that shall make all France affear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what ỹ wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?
Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on euery side.
King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.
Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles,*
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.
King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them haue their answeres euery one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Douer*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The summe of money which I promised
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these graue Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Ione.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.
Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell presently.
Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently prouide for them.
Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And giue me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and speake not.
Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condiscend to helpe me now.
They hang their heads.
No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.
They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.
They depart.
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse a while.
Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.
Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.
Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.
Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art alotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,

Oh stay:

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ransome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar, Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret.* For whom?
Why for my King: Tush, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betweene these Realmes.
But there remaines a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Aniou* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not craue his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo.*
Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slaue, in base seruility:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condiscend to be my———
Mar. What?
Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.
See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Aniou* what your Honor pleases.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Aniou*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransome, I deliuer her,
And those two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atturney in this case.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praiers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret.* *Shee is going.*
Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his seruant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maiestie?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King.
Suf. And this withall. *Kisse her.*
Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peeuish tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayest bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, sweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.
War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione.*
Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck'st her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No misconceyued, *Ione* of *Aire* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.
War. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then *Ione* discouet thine infirmity,
That wartanteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.
Puc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that inioy'd my loue.
Yorke. *Alanson* that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues.
Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd.
War. A married man, that's most intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think she knowes not wel
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.
War. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free.
Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your selues. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.
Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
And sold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and seuere Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be.
Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac't as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enioy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.
Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.
Yorke. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cauill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.
Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.
War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?
Char. It Shall:
Onely reseru'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.
Yor. Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues setled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.
Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full repleate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall Queene.
Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter sinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Gloucester. Why what (I pray) Is *Margaret* more then that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto *Charles*.
Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receyue, than giue.
Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerelesse feature, ioyned with her birth,
Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
For *Henry*, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolue,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,
I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminate my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last. *Exit Glocester.*

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But prosper better than the Troian did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

The ſecond Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. *Scœna Prima.*

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one ſide.
The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerſet, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

As by your high Imperiall Maieſty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures,*
In preſence of the Kings of *France,* and *Sicill,*
The Dukes of *Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne,* and *Alanſon,*
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Biſhops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In ſight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene
To your moſt gracious hands, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt Gift, that euer Marqueſſe gaue,
The Faireſt Queene, that euer King receiu'd.
King. Suffolke ariſe. Welcome Queene *Margaret,*
I can expreſſe no kinder ſigne of Loue
Then this kinde kiſſe: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulneſſe:
For thou haſt giuen me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoule,
If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.
Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alder liefeſt* Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder termes, ſuch as my wit affoords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth miniſter.
King. Her ſight did rauiſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wiſedomes Maieſty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulneſſe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.
All kneel. Long liue Qu. *Margaret,* Englands happines.
Queene. We thanke you all. *Floriſh*

Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles,*
For eighteene moneths concluded by conſent.
Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marqueſſe of Suffolke, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, That the ſaid Henry ſhal eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Ieruſalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*
Item, *That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered to the King her father.*
King. Vnkle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some ſodaine qualme hath ſtrucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.
King. Vnckle of Wincheſter, I pray read on.
Win. Item, *It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutcheſſe of Aniou and Maine, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered ouer to the King her Father, and ſhee ſent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Coſt and Charges, without hauing any Dowry.*
King. They pleaſe vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the firſt Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Coſin of Yorke,
We heere diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vncle Wincheſter,
Gloſter, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerſet,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all ſpeede prouide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.
Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the reſt.

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* muſt vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
Haue you your selues, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
Braue *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnckle *Beauford*, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in despight of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This preroration with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,
Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Aniou* and *Mayne*,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?

War. For greefe that they are past recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Aniou and *Maine*? My selfe did win them both:
Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:
France should haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France
Before———

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Glouster*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humfrey*:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoyse Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som. Cosin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.
Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppresse
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. And so sayes Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then lets make hast away,
And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, *Maine* is lost,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:

Main chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or elſe be ſlaine.

Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. *Aniou* and *Maine* are giuen to the French,
Paris is loſt, the ſtate of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchaſe Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the ſilly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his hapleſſe hands,
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloofe,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to ſterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and ſold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatall brand *Althæa* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Aniou and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands ſoile.
A day will come, when Yorke ſhall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a ſhew of loue to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I ſpy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I ſeeke to hit:
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childiſh Fiſt,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whoſe Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be ſtill a-while, till time do ſerue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleepe,
To prie into the ſecrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* ſurfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
Then will I raiſe aloft the Milke-white-Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the Ayre ſhall be perfum'd,
And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the houſe of Lancaſter,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whoſe bookiſh Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the ſullen earth,
Gazing on that which ſeemes to dimme thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If ſo, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too ſhort? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt loue thy Lord,
Baniſh the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me ſad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With ſweet rehearſall of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this ſtaffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerſet,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a ſticke of Gloſters groue,
Shall looſe his head for his preſumption.
But liſt to me my *Humfrey*, my ſweete Duke:
Me thought I ſate in Seate of Maieſty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Weſtminſter,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did ſet the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not ſecond Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
Aboue the reach or compaſſe of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy ſelfe,
From top of Honor, to Diſgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you ſo chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my ſelfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. *Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go. Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum*

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow preſently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue theſe tedious ſtumbling blockes,
And ſmooth my way vpon their headleſſe neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be ſlacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *Iohn*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*

Hume. Ieſus preſerue your Royall Maieſty.

Elia. What ſaiſt thou? Maieſty: I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
Your Graces Title ſhall be multiplied.

Elia. What ſaiſt thou man? Haſt thou as yet confer'd
With *Margerie Iordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer?
And will they vndertake to do me good?

Hume. This they haue promiſed to ſhew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That ſhall make anſwere to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.

Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Queſtions:
When from Saint *Albones* we doe make returne,
Wee'le ſee theſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cauſe.

Exit Elianor.

Hume. Hume muſt make merry with the Ducheſſe Gold:
Marry and ſhall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume?*
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The buſineſſe asketh ſilent ſecrecie.
Dame *Elianor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſſe, were ſhe a Deuill.
Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it ſo: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aſpiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Ducheſſe,
And buzze theſe Coniurations in her brayne.
They ſay, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus I feare at laſt,
Humes Knauerie will be the Ducheſſe Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall haue Gold for all. *Exit*

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1.Pet. My Maſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.

2.Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Ieſu bleſſe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the firſt ſure.

2.Pet. Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'ſt any thing with me?

1.Pet. I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? Let me ſee them: what is thine?

1.Pet. Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *Iohn Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's ſome Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for encloſing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?

2.Pet. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneſhip.

Peter. Againſt my Maſter *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

Queene. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the Duke of Yorke ſay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Miſtreſſe was? No forſooth: my Maſter ſaid, That he was, and that the King was an Vſurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Seruant.

Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſeuant preſently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King. *Exit.*

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and ſue to him.

Teare the Supplication.

Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the Faſhions in the Court of England?
Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
What, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupill ſtill,
Vnder the ſurly *Gloſters* Gouernance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And muſt be made a Subiect to a Duke?
I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honor of my Loue,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holineſſe,
To number *Aue-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoſtles,
His Weapons, holy Sawes of ſacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſſe.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cauſe
Your Highneſſe came to England, ſo will I
In England worke your Graces full content.

Queene. Beſide the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*
The Imperious Churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Yorke:* and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of theſe, that can doe moſt of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils:*
Saliſbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peeres.

Queene. Not all theſe Lords do vex me halfe ſo much,
As that prowd Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She ſweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empreſſe, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart ſhe ſcornes our Pouertie:
Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-borne Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worſt wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my ſelfe haue lym'd a Buſh for her,
And plac't a Quier of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to the Layes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
So let her reſt: and Madame liſt to me,
For I am bold to counſaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet muſt we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in diſgrace.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at laft,
And you your felfe fhall fteere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Senet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Ducheffe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerfet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himfelfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-fhip.
Som. If *Somerfet* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Difpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters fpeake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this prefence are thy betters, *Warwicke.*
Warw. *Warwicke* may liue to be the beft of all.
Salisb. Peace Sonne, and fhew fome reafon *Buckingham*
Why *Somerfet* fhould be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Becaufe the King forfooth will haue it fo.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himfelfe
To giue his Cenfure: Thefe are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleafure will refigne my Place.
Suff. Refigne it then, and leaue thine infolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie.
Card. The Commons haft thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy fumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre
Haue coft a maffe of publique Treafurie.
Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy fale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the fufpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
She giues the Ducheffe a box on the eare.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could fet my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas againft her will.
Duch. Againft her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moft Mafter weare no Breeches,
She fhall not ftrike Dame *Elianor* vnreueng'd.
Exit Elianor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elianor*,
And liften after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no fpurres,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her deftruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your fpightfull falfe Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie fo deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I fay, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meeteft man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To fhew fome reafon, of no little force,
That Yorke is moft vnmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
Firft, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerfet will keepe me here,
Without Difcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Laft time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was befieg'd, famifht, and loft.
Warw. That can I witneffe, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-ftrong *Warwicke.*
Warw. Image of Pride, why fhould I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Becaufe here is a man accufed of Treafon,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excufe himfelfe.
Yorke. Doth any one accufe *Yorke* for a Traytor?
King. What mean'ft thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are thefe?
Suff. Pleafe it your Maieftie, this is the man
That doth accufe his Mafter of High Treafon;
His words were thefe: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was righfull Heire vnto the Englifh Crowne,
And that your Maieftie was an Vfurper.
King. Say man, were thefe thy words?
Armorer. And't fhall pleafe your Maieftie, I neuer fayd nor thought any fuch matter: God is my witneffe, I am falfely accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By thefe tenne bones, my Lords, hee did fpeake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were fcowring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
Yorke. Bafe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors fpeech:
I doe befeech your Royall Maieftie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I fpake the words: my accufer is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witneffe of this; therefore I befeech your Maieftie, doe not caft away an honeft man for a Villaines accufation.
King. Vnckle, what fhall we fay to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let *Somerfet* be Regent o're the French,
Becaufe in *Yorke* this breedes fufpition;
And let thefe haue a day appointed them
For fingle Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witneffe of his feruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

Som. I

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maieftie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods fake pitty my cafe: the fpight of man preuayleth againft me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I fhall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirrha, or you muft fight, or elfe be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prifon: and the day of Combat, fhall be the laft of the next moneth. Come *Somerfet*, wee'le fee thee fent away.

Flourifh. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priefts, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Mafters, the Ducheffe I tell you expects performance of your promifes.

Bulling. Mafter *Hume*, we are therefore prouided: will her Ladyfhip behold and heare our Exorcifmes?

Hume. I, what elfe? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible fpirit: but it fhall be conuenient, Mafter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be bufie below; and fo I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother *Iordan*, be you proftrate, and grouell on the Earth; *Iohn Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elianor. Well faid my Mafters, and welcome all: To this geere, the fooner the better.

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deepe Night, darke Night, the filent of the Night,
The time of Night when Troy was fet on fire,
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
And Spirits walke, and Ghofts breake vp their Graues;
That time beft fits the worke we haue in hand.
Madame, fit you, and feare not: whom wee rayfe,
Wee will make faft within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Coniuro te, &c. *It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit rifeth.*

Spirit. Ad fum.

Witch. Afmath, by the eternall God,
Whofe name and power thou trembleft at,
Anfwere that I fhall aske: for till thou fpeake,
Thou fhalt not paffe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had fayd, and done.

Bulling. Firft of the King: What fhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* fhall depofe:
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water fhall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What fhall befall the Duke of Somerfet?

Spirit. Let him fhun Caftles,
Safer fhall he be vpon the fandie Plaines,
Then where Caftles mounted ftand.
Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Difcend to Darkneffe, and the burning Lake:
Falfe Fiend auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon thefe Traytors, and their trafh:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale
Are deepely indebted for this peece of paines;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for thefe good deferts.

Elianor. Not halfe fo bad as thine to Englands King,
Iniurious Duke, that threateft where's no caufe.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp clofe,
And kept afunder: you Madame fhall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.
Wee'le fee your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks you watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well chofen to build vpon.
Now pray my Lord, let's fee the Deuils Writ.
What haue we here? *Reades.*
The Duke yet liues, that Henry *fhall depofe:*
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Why this is iuft, *Aio Æacida Romanos vincere poffo.*
Well, to the reft:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water fhall he dye, and take his end.
What fhall betide the Duke of Somerfet?
Let him fhunne Caftles,
Safer fhall he be vpon the fandie Plaines,
Then where Caftles mounted ftand.
Come, come, my Lords,
Thefe Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly vnderftood.
The King is now in progreffe towards Saint *Albones*,
With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:
Thither goes thefe Newes,
As faft as Horfe can carry them:
A forry Breakfaft for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace fhal giue me leaue, my Lord of York,
To be the Pofte, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleafure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Seruingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To fuppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I faw not better fport thefe feuen yeeres day:
Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch fhe flew aboue the reft:
To fee how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maieftie,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre fo well,
They know their Mafter loues to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.

Gloft. My Lord, 'tis but a bafe ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore.

Card. I

Card. I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Clouds.

Glost. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weale.

Glost. What, Cardinall?
Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?
Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ, Church-men so hot?
Good Vnckle hide such mallice:
With such Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes
So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Glost. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Glost. Why *Suffolke,* England knowes thine insolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster.*

King. I prythee peace, good Queene,
And whet not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this prowd Protector with my Sword.

Glost. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glost. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
And if thou dar'st, this Euening,
On the East side of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloster,*
Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.
Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Glost. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?
The East side of the Groue:
Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloster?*

Glost. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
Now by Gods Mother, Priest,
Ile shaue your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Card. Medice teipsum, Protector see to't well, protect your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomacks, Lords:
How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?
When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?
I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Glost. What meanes this noyse?
Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,
A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules
Giues light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,
To present your Highnesse with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.

Glost. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?

Simpc. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Glost. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simpc. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule,
Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:
Let neuer Day nor Night vnhallowed passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simpc. God knowes of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon:*
Who said; *Symon,* come; come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth:
And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,
To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simpc. I, God Almightie helpe me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simpc. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Glost. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simpc. O borne so, Master.

Glost. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simpc. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Glost. 'Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st venture so.

Simpc. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

Glost. A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:
Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simpc. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albones.*

Glost. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simpc. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Glost. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simpc. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

Glost. But

Gloſt. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life.

Gloſt. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simpc. Alas Maſter, I know not.

Gloſt. What's his Name?

Simpc. I know not.

Gloſt. Nor his?

Simpc. No indeede, Maſter.

Gloſt. What's thine owne Name?

Simpc. *Saunder Simpcoxe*, and if it pleaſe you, Maſter.

Gloſt. Then *Saunder*, ſit there,
The lying'ſt Knaue in Chriſtendome.
If thou hadſt beene borne blinde,
Thou might'ſt as well haue knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the ſeuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may diſtinguiſh of Colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simpc. O Maſter, that you could?

Gloſt. My Maſters of Saint *Albones*,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes?

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Then ſend for one preſently.

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.
Exit.

Gloſt. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to ſaue your ſelfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

Simpc. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloſt. Well Sir, we muſt haue you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that ſame Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simpc. Alas Maſter, what ſhall I doe? I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villaine runne.

Gloſt. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloſt. Let thē be whipt through euery Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
Exit.

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Gloſt. But you haue done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:
A ſort of naughtie perſons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
Of Lady *Elianor*, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerouſly againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Rayſing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſſe Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace ſhall vnderſtand.

Card. And ſo my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Gloſt. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquiſht all my powers;
And vanquiſht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meaneſt Groome.

King. O God, what miſchiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confuſion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. *Gloster*, ſee here the Tainture of thy Neſt,
And looke thy ſelfe be faultleſſe, thou wert beſt.

Gloſt. Madame, for my ſelfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it ſtands,
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.
Noble ſhee is: but if ſhee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with ſuch,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I baniſh her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Gloſters* honeſt Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repoſe vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Buſineſſe thorowly,
And call theſe foule Offendors to their Anſweres;
And poyſe the Cauſe in Iuſtice equall Scales,
Whoſe Beame ſtands ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe preuailes.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our ſimple Supper ended, giue me leaue,
In this cloſe Walke, to ſatisfie my ſelfe,
In crauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Neuills* are thy Subiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeuen Sonnes:
The firſt, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The ſecond, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was *Iohn* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaſter;
The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
The ſixt, was *Thomas* of Woodſtock, Duke of Gloſter;
William of Windſor was the ſeuenth, and laſt.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaſter,
The eldeſt Sonne and Heire of *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence ſhe came,

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmelesse *Richard* was murthered traiterously.
Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne.
Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.
Salisb. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.
Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue *Phillip*, a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, *Roger*, Earle of March;
Roger had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.
Salisb. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.
Yorke. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Phillip*, sole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *Iohn* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
Till *Lionels* Issue fayles, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.
Both. Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands King.
Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somersets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.
Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.
Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.
Yorke. And *Neuill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.
Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianor Cobham*,
Glosters Wife:
In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *Iohn Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.
Elianor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.
Glost. *Elianor*, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.
King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.
Glost. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.
Exit Gloster.
Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.
Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,
Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.
Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.
Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.
King. A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
Yorke. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him ſo much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge faſtened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you ſhall doe well enough.

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1. *Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Maſter, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou ſhalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Maſter, hee hath learnt ſo much fence already.

Saliſb. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forſooth.

Saliſb. *Peter?* what more?

Peter. *Thumpe.*

Saliſb. *Thumpe?* Then ſee thou thumpe thy Maſter well.

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans inſtigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my ſelfe an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Diſpatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter ſtrikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confeſſe, I confeſſe Treaſon.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Maſters way.

Peter. O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this preſence? O *Peter*, thou haſt preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our ſight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,
And God in Iuſtice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloſt. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud:
And after Summer, euermore ſucceedes
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloſt. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my puniſht Ducheſſe:
Vnneath may ſhee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiect People, gazing on thy face,
With enuious Lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.
But ſoft, I thinke ſhe comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-ſtayn'd eyes, to ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Ducheſſe in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriſe and Officers.

Seru. So pleaſe your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sherife.

Gloſter. No, ſtirre not for your liues, let her paſſe by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloſter*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Cloſet pent vp, rue my ſhame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloſt. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this griefe.

Elianor. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my ſelfe:
For whileſt I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mayl'd vp in ſhame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce
To ſee my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes.
The ruthleſſe Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I ſtart, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduiſed how I treade.
Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this ſhamefull yoake?
Troweſt thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,
Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?
No: Darke ſhall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke vpon my Pompe, ſhall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile ſay, I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whileſt I, his forlorne Ducheſſe,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing ſtock
To euery idle Raſcall follower.
But be thou milde, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as ſure it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Haue all lym'd Buſhes to betray thy Wings,
And flye how thou canſt, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor neuer ſeeke preuention of thy foes.

Gloſt. Ah *Nell*, forbeare: thou aymeſt all awry.
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimeleſſe.
Would'ſt haue me reſcue thee from this reproach?

n Why

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.
Glost. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell*, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.
Sh. And't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:
And Sir *Iohn Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.
Glost. Must you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your Grace.
Glost. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And so Sir *Iohn*, farewell.
Elianor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?
Glost. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afear'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.
Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.
Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?
Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.
Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame.
Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.
Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?
Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.
Elianor. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt*

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keepes him from vs now.
Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,
How prowd, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe vnbowed Knee,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is neere you in discent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproue my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectuall.
Suff. Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
And had I first beene put to speake my minde,
I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.
The Duchesse, by his subornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises:
Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high discent,
As next the King, he was successiue Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, *Glouster* is a man
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.
Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?
Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*.
King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.
Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be done.

Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Glost. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glost. Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Yorke.'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Glost. Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glost. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did deuise
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Glost. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.
Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd
Aboue the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.
I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glost. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeuour haue stirr'd vp
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if she had suborned some to sweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Qu. But I can giue the loser leaue to chide.

Glost. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may haue leaue to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glost. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloster.*

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parliament?

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie:

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
The Map of Honour, Truth, and Loyaltie:
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.
Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case
With sad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
The King will labour still to saue his Life,
The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, so faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,
As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.
And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And Ile prouide his Executioner,
I tender so the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And so say I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?

Yorke. That *Somerset* be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd,
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long.

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens flesh preseru'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerset* be still.
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.

Yorke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame take all.

Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
And what we doe establish, he confirmes:
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.
But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent.

Yorke. My

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.

Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution ;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art ;
Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying :
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faster thē Spring-time showres, comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,
Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well : 'tis politikely done,
To send me packing with an Hoast of men :
I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,
Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me ;
I take it kindly : yet be well assur'd,
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell :
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minister of my intent,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *Iohn Mortimer.*
In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne *Cade*
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine :
And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
Hath he conuersed with the Enemie,
And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
This Deuill here shall be my substitute ;
For that *Iohn Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke.*
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured ;
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.
For *Humfrey* ; being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put apart : the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke : let him know
We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh, that it were to doe : what haue we done ?
Didst euer heare a man so penitent ? *Enter Suffolke.*

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispacht this thing ?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed :
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Haue you layd faire the Bed ? Is all things well,
According as I gaue directions ?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, begone. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight :
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places : and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle *Glouster*,
Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,
He be approu'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuayle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man :
Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest thou ?
Where is our Vnckle ? what's the matter, *Suffolke ?*

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord : *Gloster* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods secret Iudgement : I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord ? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe : Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.

Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.

King. O Heauenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord ?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* comfort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me ?
Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres :
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceiued sound ?
Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me : forbeare I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight :
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding ;
Yet doe not goe away : come Basiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :
For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy ;
In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus ?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death :
And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life ;

I would be blinde with weeping, ſicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-roſe with blood-drinking ſighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So ſhall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloſter, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Doſt thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in Gloſters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was neere thy ioy.
Erect his Statue, and worſhip it,
And make my Image but an Ale-houſe ſigne.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did ſeeme to ſay, ſeeke not a Scorpions Neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,
And bid them blow towards Englands bleſſed ſhore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldſt haue me drown'd on ſhore
With teares as ſalt as Sea, through thy vnkindneſſe.
The ſplittting Rockes cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Becauſe thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, periſh *Elianor*.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempeſt beate vs backe,
I ſtood vpon the Hatches in the ſtorme:
And when the duskie sky, began to rob
My earneſt-gaping-ſight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a coſtly Iewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I loſt faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For looſing ken of *Albions* wiſhed Coaſt.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconſtancie)
To ſit and watch me as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not falſe like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
For *Henry* weepes, that thou doſt liue ſo long.

Noyſe within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterouſly is murdred
By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes;
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter vp and downe,
And care not who they ſting in his reuenge.
My ſelfe haue calm'd their ſpleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But, how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathleſſe Corpes,
And comment then vpon his ſodaine death.

War. That ſhall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgeſt all things, ſtay my thoghts:
My thoughts, that labour to perſwade my ſoule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgiue me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of ſalt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
But all in vaine are theſe meane Obſequies,

Bed put forth.

And to ſuruey his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?

Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body.

King. That is to ſee how deepe my graue is made,
For with his ſoule fled all my worldly ſolace:
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.

War. As ſurely as my ſoule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our ſtate vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curſe,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, ſworne with a ſolemn tongue:
What inſtance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow.

War. See how the blood is ſetled in his face.
Oft haue I ſeene a timely-parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſſe,
Being all deſcended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aydance 'gainſt the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To bluſh and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But ſee, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled man:
His hayre vprear'd, his noſtrils ſtretcht with ſtrugling:
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by ſtrength ſubdude.
Looke on the ſheets his haire (you ſee) is ſticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
The leaſt of all theſe ſignes were probable.

Suf. Why Warwicke, who ſhould do the D. to death?
My ſelfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we I hope ſir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes,
And you (forſooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,
And 'tis well ſeene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timeleſſe death.

War.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, prowd Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thousand times.

Warw. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,
For euery word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghost. *Exeunt.*

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queene. What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salisb. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
With whose inuenomed and fatall sting,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,
Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To shew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe hourely prophecie,
Mischance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke.*

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke.*
No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.
Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.
Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I cursse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliuer'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lyzards stings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell———
Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Aduenrure to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery seuerall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes *Vaux* so fast? What newes I prethee?
Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
For sodainly a greeuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,
That euen now he cries alowd for him.
Qu. Go tell this heauy Message to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.
Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull corosiue,
Ir is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an *Iris* that shall finde thee out.
Suf. I go.
Qu. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofulst Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Qu. This way for me. *Exeunt*

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soueraigne.
Ca. If thou beest death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.
King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.
War. *Beauford*, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.
Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is,
Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it ſtands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoule:
Giue me ſome drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.
King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the buſie medling Fiend,
That layes ſtrong ſiege vnto this wretches ſoule,
And from his boſome purge this blacke diſpaire.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Diſturbe him not, let him paſſe peaceably.
King. Peace to his ſoule, if Gods good pleaſure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'ſt on heauens bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand, make ſignall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no ſigne: Oh God forgiue him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monſtrous life.
King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine cloſe,
And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorſefull day,
Is crept into the boſome of the Sea:
And now loud houling Wolues arouſe the Iades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their miſty Iawes,
Breath foule contagious darkneſſe in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilſt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere ſhall they make their ranſome on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtaine this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maiſter, this Priſoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.
1.*Gent.* What is my ranſome Maſter, let me know.
Ma. A thouſand Crownes, or elſe lay down your head
Mate. And ſo much ſhall you giue, or off goes yours.
Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you ſhall:
The liues of thoſe which we haue loſt in fight,
Be counter-poys'd with ſuch a pettie ſumme.
1.*Gent.* Ile giue it ſir, and therefore ſpare my life.
2.*Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whitm. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to reuenge it, ſhalt thou dye,
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might haue my will.
Lieu. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſome, let him liue.
Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be payed.
Whit. And ſo am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtarts thou? What doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. Gualtier or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did baſe diſhonour blurre our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell reuenge,
Broke be my ſword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?
Suf. I, but theſe ragges are no part of the Duke.
Lieu. But Ioue was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.
Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaſter
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a iaded Groome:
Haſt thou not kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhooke my head.
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-falne,
I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore ſhall it charme thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak Captaine, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain.
Lieu. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Baſe ſlaue, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats ſide,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy owne.
Lieu. Poole, Sir *Poole*? Lord,
I kennell, puddle, ſinke, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſiluer Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing the Treaſure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kiſt the Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground:
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſſe windes ſhall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſſe at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthleſſe King,
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diuelliſh policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Aniou* and *Maine* were ſold to France.
The falſe reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Diſdaine to call vs Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath ſlaine their Gouernors, ſuppriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwicke, and the *Neuils* all,
Whoſe dreadfull ſwords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and riſing vp in armes.
And now the Houſe of Yorke thruſt from the Crowne,
By ſhamefull murther of a guiltleſſe King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whoſe hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, ſtriuing to ſhine;
Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus.*
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Vpon theſe paltry, ſeruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make baſe men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the ſtrong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones ſucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
It is impoſſible that I ſhould dye

By

By ſuch a lowly Vaſſall as thy ſelfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorſe in me:
I go of Meſſage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſſe the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou ſhalt haue cauſe to feare before I leaue thee. What, are ye danted now? Now will ye ſtoope.

1.*Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, ſpeak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is ſterne and rough:
Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.
Farre be it, we ſhould honor ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then theſe knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And ſooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then ſtand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto ſlaue
Murder'd ſweet *Tully*. *Brutsn* Baſtard hand
Stab'd *Iulius Cæſar*. Sauage Iſlanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for theſe whoſe ranſome we haue ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the reſt.

Manet the firſt Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

Wal. There let his head, and liueleſſe bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Miſtris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1.*Gent.* O barbarous and bloudy ſpectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a ſword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp theſe two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to ſleepe now then.

Beuis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to dreſſe the Common-wealth and turne it, and ſet a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I ſay, it was neuer merrie world in England, ſince Gentlemen came vp.

Beuis. O miſerable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke ſcorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to ſay, as let the Magiſtrates be labouring men, and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Beuis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſigne of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them: There's *Beſts* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Beuis. Hee ſhall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Beuis. Then is ſin ſtrucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee *Iohn Cade*, ſo tearm'd of our ſuppoſed Father.

But. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall faile before vs, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command ſilence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honeſt man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & ſold many Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, ſhe waſhes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable houſe.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a houſe but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer A muſt needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queſtion of that: for I haue ſeene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither ſword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the ſword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinks he ſhould ſtand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for ſtealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There ſhall be in England, ſeuen halfe peny Loaues ſold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, ſhall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Felony to drink ſmall Beere. All the Realme ſhall be in Common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my Palfrey go to graſſe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God ſaue your Maieſty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There ſhall bee no mony, all ſhall eate and drinke on my ſcore, and I will apparrell them all in one Liuery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

But. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribeld ore, ſhould vndoe a man. Some ſay the Bee ſtings, but I ſay, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but ſeale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weauer. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous.

Wea. We tooke him ſetting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnleſſe I finde him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. Emanuell.

But. They vſe to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doſt thou vſe to write thy name? Or haſt thou a marke to thy ſelfe, like a honeſt plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin ſo well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſt: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, ſtand, or Ile fell thee downe: he ſhall be encountred with a man as good as himſelfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my ſelfe a knight preſently; Riſe vp Sir *John Mortimer.* Now haue at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages: forſake this Groome.
The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaues I paſſe not,
It is to you good people, that I ſpeake,
Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playſterer,
And thou thy ſelfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I ſir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's falſe.

Cade. I, there's the queſtion; But I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurſe,
Was by a begger-woman ſtolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His ſonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers houſe, & the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe Drudges Wordes, that ſpeakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Iacke Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my ſelfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers ſake *Henry* the fift, (in whoſe time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he ſhall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes* head, for ſelling the Dukedome of *Maine.*

Cade And good reaſon: for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a ſtaffe, but that my puiſſance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can ſpeake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O groſſe and miſerable ignorance.

Cade. Nay anſwer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not preuayle,
Aſſaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade,*
That thoſe which flye before the battell ends,
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens ſight,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me:
Now ſhew your ſelues men, 'tis for Liberty.
We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhooen,
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are ſlaine. Enter Cade and the reſt.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Aſhford?

But. Heere ſir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'ſt thy ſelfe, as if thou hadſt beene in thine owne Slaughter-houſe: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it is, and thou ſhalt haue a Licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeake truth, thou deſeru'ſt no leſſe. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors ſword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Priſoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe ſoftens the mind,

And

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and ceaſe to weepe.
But who can ceaſe to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing breſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould imbrace?

Buc. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?

King. Ile ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſoules
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelfe,
Rather then bloody Warre ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But ſtay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the ſame.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath ſworne to huae thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'ſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my Loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The Rebels are in Southwatke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himſelfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* houſe,
And calles your Grace Vſurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himſelfe in Weſtminſter.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercileſſe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falſe Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Kin. Oh graceleſſe men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,
Theſe Kentiſh Rebels would be ſoone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I ſtay,
And liue alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Iacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forſake their houſes:
The Raſcall people, thirſting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly ſweare
To ſpoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horſe.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceaſt.

King. Farewell my Lord, truſt not the Kentiſh Rebels

Buc. Truſt no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The truſt I haue, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* ſlaine?

1.*Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine:
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you *Mathew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
And ſo farwell, for I muſt hence againe. *Exeunt*

Enter Iacke Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaffe on London ſtone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere ſitting vpon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This firſt yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wiſe, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So ſirs: now go ſome and pull down the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

But. I haue a ſuite vnto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Bee it a Lordſhippe, thou ſhalt haue it for that word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

Iohn. Maſſe 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *Iohn*, it wil be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinkes with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it ſhall bee ſo. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth ſhall be the Parliament of England.

Iohn. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
Vnleſſe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee ſhall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iuriſdiction Regall. What canſt thou anſwer to my Maieſty, for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Monſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by theſe preſence, euen the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beeſome that muſt ſweepe the Court cleane of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou haſt men about thee, that vſually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abhominable wordes, as no Chriſtian eare can endure to heare. Thou haſt appointed Iuſtices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreouer, thou haſt put them in priſon, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cauſe they haue beene moſt worthy to liue. Thou doſt ride in a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe weare a Cloake, when honeſter men then thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their ſhirt to, as my ſelfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What ſay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but ſpeake, and beare mee wher'e you will:
Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the ciuel'ſt place of all this Iſle:
Sweet is the Covntry, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
I ſold not *Maine*, I loſt not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would looſe my life:
Iuſtice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I beſtow'd on learned Clearkes,
Becauſe my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnleſſe you be poſſeſt with diuelliſh ſpirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I ſtruck
Thoſe that I neuer ſaw, and ſtrucke them dead.

Geo. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. Theſe cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em red againe.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poore mens cauſes,
Hath made me full of ſickneſſe and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dicke. Why doſt thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palſie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, as who ſhould ſay, Ile be euen with you. Ile ſee if his head will ſtand ſteddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended moſt?
Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Cheſts fill'd vp with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparrell ſumptuous to behold?
Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye ſeeke my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſſe bloodſhedding,
This breaſt from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorſe in my ſelfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he ſhall dye, and it bee but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder his Tongue, he ſpeakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houſe, Sir *James Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelues:
How would it fare with your departed ſoules,
And therefore yet relent, and ſaue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peere in the Realme, ſhall not weare a head on his ſhoulders, vnleſſe he pay me tribute: there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they haue it: Men ſhall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take vp commodities vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer:
Let them kiſſe one another: For they lou'd well
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Leaſt they conſult about the giuing vp
Of ſome more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the ſpoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with theſe borne before vs, in ſteed of Maces,
Will we ride through the ſtreets, & at euery Corner
Haue them kiſſe. Away. *Exit*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fiſh-ſtreete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noiſe is this I heare?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

o *Enter*

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue? And you base Pezants, do ye beleeue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til you had recouered your ancient Fteedome. But you are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light vppon you all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villiago* vnto all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leaue mee desolate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles. *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.
Exeunt some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'l deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euerlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your seuerall Countries.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke distrest,
Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driuen backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.
Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fiue daies haue I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely marching, it hath seru'd me insteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy such quiet walkes as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy most vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Maiestas*! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,
On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.

Yor. Humfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance sworne,
Should raise so great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.
And now like *Aiax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more strong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no answer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?
Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.
Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
Ile send them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.
Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
Yorke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.
K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?
Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade*,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iust art thou?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Maiesty.
King. How art rhou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.
Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good seruice.
King. *Iden*, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:
We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.
Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit such a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th'Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
York. Wold'st haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.
Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,
Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.
Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.
King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Qu. He is atrested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.
Yor. Will you not Sonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?
Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres,
Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.
Rich. Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of seruice will you do,

If

If you oppofe your felues to match Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigefted lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy fhape.
Yor. Nay we fhall heate you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heede leaft by your heate you burne your felues:
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salsbury, fhame to thy filuer haire,
Thou mad mifleader of thy brain-ficke fonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And feeke for forrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banifht from the froftie head,
Where fhall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And fhame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ft experience?
Or wherefore doeft abufe it, if thou haft it?
For fhame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I haue confidered with my felfe
The Title of this moft renowned Duke,
And in my confcience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall feate.
King. Haft thou not fworne Allegeance vnto me?
Sal. I haue.
Ki. Canft thou difpenfe with heauen for fuch an oath?
Sal. It is great finne, to fweare vnto a finne:
But greater finne to keepe a finfull oath:
Who can be bound by any folemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a fpotleffe Virgins Chaftitie,
To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her cuftom'd right,
And haue no other reafon for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a folemne Oath?
Qu. A fubtle Traitor needs no Sophifter.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himfelfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haft,
I am refolu'd for death and dignitie.
Old Clif. The firft I warrant thee, if dreams proue true
War. You were beft to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempeft of the field.
Old Clif. I am refolu'd to beare a greater ftorme,
Then any thou canft coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houfed Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Neuils* Creft,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged ftaffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar fhewes,
That keepes his leaues in fpight of any ftorme,
Euen fo affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Defpight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.
Yo. Clif. And fo to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Charitie for fhame, fpeake not in fpight,
For you fhall fup with Iefu Chrift to night.
Yo. Clif. Foule ftygmaticke that's more then thou canft tell.
Ric. If not in heauen, you'l furely fup in hell. *Exeunt*

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou doft not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet founds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I fay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarfe with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.
Yor. The deadly handed Clifford flew my Steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beaft he loued fo well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.
Yor. Hold Warwick: feek thee out fome other chace
For I my felfe muft hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightft:
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
It greeues my foule to leaue theee vnaffail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What feeft thou in me Yorke?
Why doft thou paufe?
Yorke. With thy braue bearing fhould I be in loue,
But that thou art fo faft mine enemie.
Clif. Nor fhould thy proweffe want praife & efteeme,
But that 'tis fhewne ignobly, and in Treafon.
Yorke. So let it helpe me now againft thy fword,
As I in iuftice, and true right expreffe it.
Clif. My foule and bodie on the action both.
Yor. A dreadfull lay, addreffe thee inftantly.
Clif. *La fin Corrone les eumenes.*
Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for $\overset{u}{y}$ are ftill,
Peace with his foule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter yong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confufion all is on the rout,
Feare frames diforder, and diforder wounds
Where it fhould guard. O Warre, thou fonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their minifter,
Throw in the frozen bofomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no felfe-loue: nor he that loues himfelfe,
Hath not effentially, but by circumftance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premifed Flames of the Laft day,
Knit earth and heauen together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blaft,
Particularities, and pettie founds
To ceafe. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To loofe thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue
The Siluer Liuery of aduifed Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this fight,
My heart is turn'd to ftone: and while 'tis mine,
It fhall be ftony. Yorke, not our old men fpares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the houfe of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Abfirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I feeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords houfe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchyfes* beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly fhoulders:
But then, *Æneas* bare a liuing loade;

Nothing ſo heauy as theſe woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerſet to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-houſe paltry ſigne,
The Caſtle in S. *Albons,* Somerſet
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excurſions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are ſlow, for ſhame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good *Margaret* ſtay.
Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to ſecure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then ſhould ſee the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We ſhall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future miſcheefe ſet,
I would ſpeake blaſphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you muſt: Vncureable diſcomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our preſent parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To ſee their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions, and all bruſh of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occaſion. This happy day
Is not it ſelfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be loſt.
Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perſwaded him from any further act:
But ſtill where danger was, ſtill there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haſt thou fought to day:
By'th'Maſſe ſo did we all. I thanke you *Richard.*
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repayring Nature.
Yorke. I know our ſafety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a preſent Court of Parliament:
Let vs purſue him ere the Writs go forth.
What ſayes Lord Warwicke, ſhall we after them?
War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to vs befall. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd our hands?

*Pl.*While we purſu'd the Horſmen of yͤ North,
He ſlyly ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himſelfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breſt
Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers ſlaine.

Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltſhires
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. (blood,

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plan. Richard hath beſt deſeru'd of all my ſonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerſet?

Nor. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King *Henries* head.

Warw. And ſo doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the Houſe of *Lancaſter* vſurpes,
I vow by Heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: poſſeſſe it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.

Plant. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwick*, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.

Norf. Wee'le all aſſiſt you: he that flyes, ſhall dye.

*Plant.*Thankes gentle *Norfolke*, ſtay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers ſtay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

*Warw.*And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to thruſt you out perforce.

*Plant.*The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we ſhall be of her counſaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this Houſe.

Warw. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* depos'd, whoſe Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be reſolute,
I meane to take poſſeſſion of my Right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him beſt,
The prowdeſt hee that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dare ſtirre a Wing, if *Warwick* ſhake his Bells.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*, root him vp who dares:
Reſolue thee *Richard*, clayme the Engliſh Crowne.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmerland, Exeter, and the reſt.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the ſturdie Rebell ſits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that falſe Peere,
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his ſonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.

*Weſtm.*What, ſhall we ſuffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Weſtmerland.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, ſuch as he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs aſſayle the Family of *Yorke*.

North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin be it ſo.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauors them,
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

Weſtm. But when the Duke is ſlaine, they'le quickly flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houſe.
Couſin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to vſe.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke deſcend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping *Henry.*
Clifford. Whom ſhould hee follow, but his naturall King?
Warw. True *Clifford,* that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
Yorke. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thy ſelfe.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.
Weſtm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Lord of Weſtmerland ſhall maintaine.
Warw. And *Warwick* ſhall diſproue it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your Fathers, and with Colours ſpread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.
Northumb. Yes *Warwicke,* I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſtm. *Plantagenet,* of thee and theſe thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinſmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Vrge it no more, leſt that in ſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwicke,* ſuch a Meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death, before I ſtirre.
Warw. Poore *Clifford,* how I ſcorne his worthleſſe Threats.
Plant. Will you we ſhew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords ſhall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title haſt thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer,* Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to ſtoupe,
And ſeiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.
Warw. Talke not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you looſe:
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe ſo, ſet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lou'ſt and honoreſt Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
Warw. *Plantagenet* ſhal ſpeake firſt: Heare him Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentiue too,
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not liue.
Hen. Think'ſt thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandſire and my Father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great ſorrow,
Shall be my Winding-ſheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. Proue it *Henry,* and thou ſhalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
Henry. I know not what to ſay, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard,* in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He roſe againſt him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reſigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it vnconſtrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not ſo reſigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire ſhould ſucceed and reigne.
Henry. Art thou againſt vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exet. My Conſcience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. *Plantagenet,* for all the Clayme thou lay'ſt,
Thinke not, that *Henry* ſhall be ſo depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Eſſex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and prowd,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clifford. King *Henry,* be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I ſhall kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
Henry. Oh *Clifford,* how thy words reuiue my heart.
Plant. *Henry* of Lancaſter, reſigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the Houſe with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with vſurping blood.

He ſtampes with his foot, and the Souldiers ſhew themſelues.

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'ſt.
Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enioy the Kingdome after my deceaſe.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himſelfe?
Weſtm. Baſe, fearefull, and deſpayring *Henry.*
Clifford. How haſt thou iniur'd both thyſelfe and vs?
Weſtm. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Couſin, let vs tell the Queene theſe Newes.
Weſtm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſparke of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the Houſe of *Yorke,*
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'ſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd.
Warw. Turne this way *Henry,* and regard them not.
Exeter. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah *Exeter.*
Warw. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwick,* but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally ſhall diſ-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To ceaſe this Ciuill Warre: and whil'ſt I liue,

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neyther by Treafon nor Hoftilitie,
To feeke to put me downe, and reigne thy felfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long liue King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long liue thou, and thefe thy forward Sonnes.
Plant. Now *Yorke* and *Lancafter* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurft be he that feekes to make them foes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Caftle.
Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followers.
Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with griefe and forrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,
Whofe Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile fteale away.
Henry. *Exeter* fo will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will ftay.
Queene. Who can be patient in fuch extreames?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?
And neuer feene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou haft prou'd fo vnnaturall a Father.
Hath he deferu'd to loofe his Birth-right thus?
Hadft thou but lou'd him halfe fo well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourifht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'ft haue left thy deareft heart-blood there,
Rather then haue made that fauage Duke thine Heire,
And dif-inherited thine onely Sonne.
Prince. Father, you cannot dif-inherite me:
If you be King, why fhould not I fucceede?
Henry. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me fweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.
Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I fhame to heare thee fpeake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou haft vndone thy felfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giu'n vnto the Houfe of *Yorke* fuch head,
As thou fhalt reigne but by their fufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet fhalt thou be fafe? Such fafetie findes
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.
Had I beene there, which am a filly Woman,
The Souldiers fhould haue tofs'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'ft thy Life, before thine Honor.
And feeing thou do'ft, I here diuorce my felfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dif-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that haue forfworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they fee them fpread:
And fpread they fhall be, to thy foule difgrace,
And vtter ruine of the Houfe of *Yorke*.
Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.
Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me fpeake.
Queene. Thou haft fpoke too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt ftay me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile fee your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
Henry. Poore Queene,
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may fhe be on that hatefull Duke,
Whofe haughtie fpirit, winged with defire,
Will coft my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the flefh of me, and of my Sonne.
The loffe of thofe three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Coufin, you fhall be the Meffenger.
Exet. And I, I hope, fhall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Flourifh. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngeft, giue mee leaue.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mount. But I haue reafons ftrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a ftrife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it firft?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a flight Contention.
Yorke. About what?
Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:
By giuing the Houfe of *Lancafter* leaue to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee fhould quietly reigne.
Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thoufand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace fhould be forfworne.
Yorke. I fhall be, if I clayme by open Warre.
Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee fpeake.
Yorke. Thou canft not, Sonne: it is impoffible.
Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magiftrate,
That hath authoritie ouer him that fweares.
Henry had none, but did vfurpe the place.
Then feeing 'twas he that made you to depofe,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How fweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whofe Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets faine of Bliffe and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot reft,
Vntill the White Rofe that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.
Yorke. *Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou fhalt to London prefently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprife.

Thou

Thou *Richard* ſhalt to the Duke of Norfolke,
And tell him priuily of our intent.
You *Edward* ſhall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt: for they are Souldiors,
Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of ſpirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what reſteth more?
But that I ſeeke occaſion how to riſe,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Enter Gabriel.

But ſtay, what Newes? Why comm'ſt thou in ſuch poſte?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your Caſtle.
She is hard by, with twentie thouſand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'ſt thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* ſhall poſte to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie ſtrengthen themſelues,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.
And thus moſt humbly I doe take my leaue.
Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir *Iohn*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to beſiege vs.

Iohn. Shee ſhall not neede, wee'le meete her in the field.

Yorke. What, with fiue thouſand men?

Richard. I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what ſhould we feare?
A March afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth, and bid them Battaile ſtraight.

Yorke. Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
Why ſhould I not now haue the like ſucceſſe?
Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither ſhall I flye, to ſcape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe Father ſlew my Father, he ſhall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Leaſt thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie?
Or is it feare, that makes him cloſe his eyes?
Ile open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And ſo he walkes, inſulting o're his Prey,
And ſo he comes, to rend his Limbes aſunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with ſuch a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me ſpeake, before I dye:
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou ſpeak'ſt, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath ſtopt the paſſage
Where thy words ſhould enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.
Therefore---

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; ſweet *Clifford* pitty me.

Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou ſlay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou haſt one Sonne, for his ſake pitty me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Priſon all my dayes,
And when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clifford. No cauſe? thy Father ſlew my Father: therefore dye.

Rutland. *Dij faciant laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ.*

Clifford. *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are ſlaine, in reſcuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes purſu'd by hunger-ſtarued Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themſelues
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of thoſe that had encountred him:
And when the hardyeſt Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or elſe a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue feene a Swan
With bootleffe labour fwimme againft the Tyde,
And fpend her ftrength with ouer-matching Waues.

A fhort Alarum within.

Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe purfue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I ftrong, I would not fhunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here muft I ftay, and here my Life muft end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleffe furie to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*

Clifford. I, to fuch mercy, as his ruthleffe Arme
With downe-right payment, fhew'd vnto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Yorke. My afhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So defperate Theeues, all hopeleffe of their Liues,
Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainft the Officers.

Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canft, for blufhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
Whofe frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thoufand caufes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; fpeake thou *Northumberland.*

Northumb. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him fo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thruft his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might fpurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, fo ftriues the Woodcocke with the Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Connie ftruggle in the Net.

York. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, fo o're-matcht.

Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto him now?

Queene. Braue Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ftand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-ftretched Armes,
Yet parted but the fhadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Defcent?
Where are your Meffe of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luftie *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reft, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I ftayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
Made iffue from the Bofome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I fhould lament thy miferable ftate.
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke.*
What, hath thy fierie heart fo parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou fhould'ft be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may fing and dance.
Thou would'ft be fee'd, I fee, to make me fport:
Yorke cannot fpeake, vnleffe he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whileft I doe fet it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd fo foone, and broke his folemne Oath?
As I bethinke me, you fhould not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had fhooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, againft your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whileft we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers fake.

Queene. Nay ftay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes.

Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worfe then Wolues of France,
Whofe Tongue more poyfons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-befeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vfe of euill deedes.
I would affay, prowd Queene, to make thee blufh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ft, of whom deriu'd,
Were fhame enough, to fhame thee,
Wert thou not fhameleffe.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ierufalem,
Yet not fo wealthie as an Englifh Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to infult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowd Queene,
Vnleffe the Adage muft be verify'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horfe to death.
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,
But God he knowes, thy fhare thereof is fmall.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them moft admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Gouernment that makes them feeme Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppofite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion.*
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'ſt thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a Womans face?
Women are ſoft, milde, pittifull and flexible;
Thou, ſterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorſeleſſe.
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt haue me weepe? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
Theſe Teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* Obſequies,
And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death,
'Gainſt thee fell *Clifford*, and thee falſe French-woman.
Northumb. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions moues me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.
Yorke. That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue ſtayn'd with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthleſſe Queene, a hapleſſe Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'ſt in blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heauie ſtorie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will ſhed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Teares,
And ſay, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.
Northumb. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I ſhould not for my Life but weepe with him,
To ſee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.
Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.
Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.
Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted King.
Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through theſe wounds, to ſeeke out thee.
Queene. Off with his Head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.
Flouriſh. Exit.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father ſcap't:
Or whether he be ſcap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* purſuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we ſhould haue heard the newes;
Had he beene ſlaine, we ſhould haue heard the newes:
Or had he ſcap't, me thinkes we ſhould haue heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? why is he ſo ſad?
Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be reſolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickeſt troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompaſs'd round with Dogges:
Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?
Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I ſee three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not ſeperated with the racking Clouds,
But ſeuer'd in a pale cleare-ſhining Skye.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vow'd ſome League inuiolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures ſome euent.
Edward. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithſtanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire ſhining Sunnes.
Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I ſpeake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whoſe heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull ſtory hanging on thy Tongue?
Meſſ. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.
Edward. Oh ſpeake no more, for I haue heard too much.
Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.
Meſſ. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
Againſt the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to oddes:
And many ſtroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardeſt-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But onely ſlaught'red by the irefull Arme
Of vn-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthleſſe Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, ſteeped in the harmeleſſe blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlaine:
And after many ſcornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remaine,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that ere I view'd.
Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyſt'rous *Clifford* thou haſt ſlaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And trecherouſly haſt thou vanquiſht him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquiſht thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be clofed vp in reft:
For neuer henceforth fhall I ioy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer fhall I fee more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moyfture
Scarfe ferues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For felfe-fame winde that I fhould fpeake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my breft,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make leffe the depth of greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy defcent by gazing 'gainft the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome fay,
Either that is thine, or elfe thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Marqueffe Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we fhould recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our flefh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguifh then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is flaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the fterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd thefe newes in teares.
And now to adde more meafure to your woes,
Ic ome to tell you things fith then befalne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his lateft gaspe,
Tydings, as fwiftly as the Poftes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loffe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Mufter'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was aduertifed
That fhe was comming with a full intent
To dafh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succefsion:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailes ioyn'd, and both fides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneffe of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her fucceffe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Threfher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ftrucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iuftice of our Caufe,
With promife of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George,* your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
In hafte, poft hafte, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came *George* from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately fent
From your kinde Aunt Dutcheffe of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praifes in Purfuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall *Richard,* doft thou heare:
For thou fhalt know this ftrong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fift,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildneffe, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me fpeake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or fhall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the laft, fay I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to feek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene,
With *Clifford,* and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the eafie-melting King, like Wax.
He fwore confent to your Succeffion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruftrate both his Oath, and what befide
May make againft the houfe of Lancafter.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thoufand ftrong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my felfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among'ft the louing Welfhmen can'ft procure,
Will but amount to fiue and twenty thoufand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, beftride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick fpeak;
Ne're may he liue to fee a Sun-fhine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him ftay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy fhoulder will I leane,
And when thou failft (as God forbid the houre)
Muft *Edward* fall, which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England fhalt thou be proclaim'd
In euery Burrough as we paffe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward,* valiant *Richard Mountague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But found the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then *Clifford,* were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou haft fhewne it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.

Ed. Then ftrike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast,
And craues your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts, braue Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum- and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That fought to be incompast with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:
With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pitty must be layd aside:
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beast, that would vsurpe their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoyles her yong before her face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:
Which argued thee a most vnlouing Father.
Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those wings,
Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy
Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter say vnto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandsire got,
My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.
Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successefull Fortune steele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But *Clifford* tell me, did'st thou neuer heare,
That things ill got, had euer bad successe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:
Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
Then in possession any iot of pleasure.
Ah Cosin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem vpon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reason too,
Who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne.

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.

Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

War. What say'st thou *Henry*,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speak?

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
When you and I, met at S. *Albons* last,
Your legges did better seruice then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not yout valor *Clifford* droue me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,
Breake off the parley, for scarse I can refraine
The execution of my big-swolne heart
Vpon that *Clifford*, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, cal'st thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Daſtard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didd'ſt kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunſet, Ile make thee curſe the deed.
King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare me ſpeake.
Qu. Defie them then, or els hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then Executioner vnſheath thy ſword:
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd,
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.
Ed. Say *Henry*, ſhall I haue my right, or no:
A thouſand men haue broke their Faſts to day,
That ne're ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iuſtice put's his Armour on.
Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick ſaies is right,
There is no vvrong, but euery thing is right.
War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother ſtands,
For well I vvot, thou haſt thy Mothers tongue.
Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule miſhapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull ſtings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Whoſe Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell ſhould be call'd the Sea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue deteɛt thy baſe-borne heart.
Ed. A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand Crowns,
To make this ſhameleſſe Callet know her ſelfe:
Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne're was *Agamemnons* Brother wrong'd
By that falſe Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin ſtoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might haue kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Euen then that Sun-ſhine brew'd a ſhowre for him,
That waſht his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'ſt thou bene meeke, our Title ſtill had ſlept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had ſlipt our Claime, vntill another Age.
Cla. But when we ſaw, our Sunſhine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increaſe,
We ſet the Axe to thy vſurping Roote:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou, ſince we haue begun to ſtrike,
Wee'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'ſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
And either Victorie, or elſe a Graue.
Qu. Stay *Edward*.
Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer ſtay,
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand liues this day.
Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-ſpent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For ſtrokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or ſtrike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clowded.
War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſſe, our hope but ſad diſpaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs.
What counſaile giue you? whether ſhall we flye?
Ed. Bootleſſe is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot ſhun purſuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why haſt ỳ withdrawn thy ſelfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a diſmall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That ſtain'd their Fetlockes in his ſmoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horſe, becauſe I will not flye:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our loſſes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in ieſt, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
Ile neuer pawſe againe, neuer ſtand ſtill,
Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me meaſure of Reuenge.
Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my ſoule to thine:
And ere my knee riſe from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Beſeeching thee (if with thy will it ſtands)
That to my Foes this body muſt be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue ſweet paſſage to my ſinfull ſoule.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.
Rich. Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter ſhould cut off our Spring-time ſo.
War. Away, away:
Once more ſweet Lords farwell.
Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not ſtay:
And call them Pillars that will ſtand to vs:
And if we thriue, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

Excurſions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I haue ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif, Now *Richard* I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that ſlew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres theſe hands, that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now ſwayes it that way, like the ſelfe-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be Victors, breſt to breſt:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poiſe of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I ſit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were ſo;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To ſit vpon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Houres brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finiſh vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Houres, muſt I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, muſt I take my Reſt:
So many Houres, muſt I Contemplate:
So many Houres, muſt I Sport my ſelfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I ſhall ſheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Paſt ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How ſweet? how louely?
Giues not the Hawthorne buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepheards, looking on their ſilly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleepe, vnder a freſh trees ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enioyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſon waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heauy times! begetting ſuch Euents.
From London, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, preſt by his Maſter:
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares ſhall wipe away theſe bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous ſpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmeleſſe Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that ſo ſtoutly hath reſiſted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me ſee: Is this our Foemans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: ſee, ſee, what ſhowres ariſe,
Blowne with the windie Tempeſt of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miſerable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too ſoone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wo: greefe, more thē common greefe
O that my death would ſtay theſe ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Roſe and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our ſtriuing Houſes:
The one, his purple Blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh:
If you contend, a thouſand liues muſt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Sonne,
Shed ſeas of Teares, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for theſe woful chances,

Mif-thinke the King, and not be fatisfied?
Son. Was euer fonne, fo rew'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was euer Father fo bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was euer King fo greeu'd for Subiects woe?
Much is your forrow; Mine, ten times fo much.
Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.
Fath. Thefe armes of mine fhall be thy winding fheet:
My heart (fweet Boy) fhall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne're fhall go.
My fighing breft, fhall be thy Funerall bell;
And fo obfequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loffe of thee, hauing no more,
As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I fhould not kill. *Exit*
Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
Heere fits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excurfions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in purfuite.
Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke poft amaine:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in fight,
With fiery eyes, fparkling for very wrath,
And bloody fteele grafpt in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ftay not to expoftulate, make fpeed,
Or elfe come after, Ile away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee, good fweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to ftay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which whiles it lafted, gaue King *Henry* light.
O Lancafter! I feare thy ouerthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing *Henry*, ftrength'ning mifproud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who fhines now, but *Henries* Enemies?
O Phœbus! had'ft thou neuer giuen confent,
That *Phaeton* fhould checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had fcorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*, had'ft thou fway'd as Kings fhould do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giuing no ground vnto the houfe of Yorke,
They neuer then had fprung like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thoufand in this luckleffe Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'ft kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherrifh Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleffe are Plaints, and Cureleffe are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor ftrength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercileffe, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I haue deferu'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effufe of blood, doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the reft,
I ftab'd your Fathers bofomes; Split my breft.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs paufe,
And fmooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes purfue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Guft
Command an Argofie to ftemme the Waues.
But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impofsible he fhould efcape:
(For though before his face I fpeake the words)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Graue,
And wherefoere he is, hee's furely dead. *Clifford grones*
Rich. Whofe foule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vfed.
Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But fet his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender fpray did fweetly fpring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y^e head,
Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:
In ftead whereof, let this fupply the roome,
Meafure for meafure, muft be anfwered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our houfe,
That nothing fung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death fhall ftop his difmall threatning found,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more fhall fpeake.
War. I thinke is vnderftanding is bereft:
Speake *Clifford*, doft thou know who fpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-fhades his beames of life,
And he nor fees, nor heares vs, what we fay.
Rich. O would he did, and fo (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Becaufe he would auoid fuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.
Cla If fo thou think'ft,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. *Clifford*, repent in bootleffe penitence.
War. *Clifford*, deuife excufes for thy faults.
Cla. While we deuife fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didd'ft loue Yorke, and I am fon to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pittied'ft Rutland, I will pitty thee.
Cla. Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*,
Sweare as thou was't wont.
Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When *Clifford* cannot fpare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all defpight) might rayle at him,
This hand fhould chop it off: & with the iffuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whofe vnftanched thirft
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not fatisfie
War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers ftands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

p 3 There

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, ſhall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So ſhalt thou ſinow both theſe Lands together,
And hauing France thy Friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcattred Foe, that hopes to riſe againe:
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares:
Firſt, will I ſee the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile croſſe the Sea,
To effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my Lord.
Ed. Euen as thou wilt ſweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy ſhoulder do I builde my Seate;
And neuer will I vndertake the thing
Wherein thy counſaile and conſent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glouceſter,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloſter,
For Gloſters Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſeruation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloſter: Now to London,
To ſee theſe Honors in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt*

Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Croſſe-bowes in their hands.

Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l ſhrowd (our ſelues:
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.
Hum. Ile ſtay aboue the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noiſe of thy Croſſe-bow
Will ſcarre the Heard, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Heere ſtand we both, and ayme we at the beſt:
And for the time ſhall not ſeeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this ſelfe-place, where now we meane to ſtand.
Sink. Heere comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt:

Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my wiſhfull ſight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme waſht off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters preaſe to ſpeake for right:
No, not a man comes for redreſſe of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my ſelfe?
Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whoſe skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's ſeize vpon him.
Hen. Let me embrace the ſower Aduerſaries,
For Wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.
Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.
Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Siſter
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but loſt:
For Warwicke is a ſubtle Orator:
And *Lewis* a Prince ſoone wonne with mouing words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pittied much:
Her ſighes will make a batt'ry in his breſt,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:
The Tyger will be milde, whiles ſhe doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorſe,
To heare and ſee her plaints, her Briniſh Teares.
I, but ſhee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shee on his left ſide, crauing ayde for *Henrie*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and ſayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and ſayes, his *Edward* is inſtaul'd;
That ſhe (poore Wretch) for greefe can ſpeake no more:
Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, ſmooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion winnes the King from her,
With promiſe of his Siſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore ſoule)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorne.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk'ſt of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I ſeeme, and leſſe then I was born to:
A man at leaſt, for leſſe I ſhould not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk'ſt, as if thou wer't a King.
King. Why ſo I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian ſtones:
Nor to be ſeene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that ſildome Kings enioy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his ſubiects, ſworne in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.
King. But did you neuer ſweare, and breake an Oath.
Hum. No, neuer ſuch an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?
Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were ſworne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?
Sin. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah ſimple men, you know not what you ſweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater guſt:
Such is the lightneſſe of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that ſinne,
My milde intreatie ſhall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king ſhall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,
King *Edward*.
King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,
If he were ſeated as king *Edward* is.
Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto. *Exeunt*

Enter K. Edward, Gloſter, Clarence, Lady Gray.

King. Brother of Gloſter, at S. Albons field

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was ſlaine,
His Land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſſe thoſe Lands,
Which wee in Iuſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in Quarrell of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Life.

Rich. Your Highneſſe ſhall doe well to graunt her ſuit:
It were diſhonor to deny it her.

King. It were no leſſe, but yet Ile make a pawſe.

Rich. Yea, is it ſo:
I ſee the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble ſuit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it pleaſe your Highneſſe to reſolue me now,
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, vnleſſe ſhe chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

King. How many Children haſt thou, Widow? tell me.

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.

Wid. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.

Rich. You ſhall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.

King. 'Twere pittie they ſhould loſe their Fathers Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes wit.

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my ſelfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would ſuſtayne ſome harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maieſtie.

King. Ile tell you how theſe Lands are to be got.

Wid. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſſe ſeruice.

King. What ſeruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

Wid. What you command, that reſts in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canſt doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax muſt melt.

Wid. Why ſtoppes my Lord? ſhall I not heare my Taske?

King. An eaſie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.

Wid. That's ſoone perform'd, becauſe I am a Subiect.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thouſand thankes.

Rich. The Match is made, ſhe ſeales it with a Curſie.

King. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another ſence.
What Loue, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane ſuch loue.

Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.

Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue
Your Highneſſe aymes at, if I ayme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Priſon.

King. Why then thou ſhalt not haue thy Husbands Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honeſtie ſhall be my Dower,
For by that loſſe, I will not purchaſe them.

King. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highneſſe wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſſe of my ſuit:
Pleaſe you diſmiſſe me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt ſay I to my requeſt:
No, if thou do'ſt ſay No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my ſuit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, ſhee knits her Browes.

Clarence. Hee is the blunteſt Wooer in Chriſtendome.

King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modeſty,
Her Words doth ſhew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,
One way, or other, ſhee is for a King,
And ſhee ſhall be my Loue, or elſe my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a ſubiect fit to ieaſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I ſweare to thee,
I ſpeake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

Wid. 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes ſhould call you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other-ſome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghoſtly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for ſhift.

King. Brothers, you muſe what Chat wee two haue had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for ſhee lookes very ſad.

King. You'ld thinke it ſtrange, if I ſhould marrie her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?

King. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelfe.

Rich. Tha

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder laſts.
Rich. By ſo much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, ieaſt on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Pallace Gate.
King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow goe you along: Lords vſe her honourable.
Exeunt.
Manet Richard.
Rich. I, *Edward* will vſe Women honourably:
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may ſpring,
To croſſe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules deſire, and me,
The luſtfull *Edwards* Title buryed,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the vnlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my ſelfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
Like one that ſtands vpon a Promontorie,
And ſpyes a farre-off ſhore, where hee would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that ſunders him from thence,
Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I wiſh the Crowne, being ſo farre off,
And ſo I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And ſo (I ſay) Ile cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnleſſe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other Pleaſure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miſerable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accompliſh twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue forſwore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her ſoft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where ſits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
To ſhape my Legges of an vnequall ſize,
To diſ-proportion me in euery part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carryes no impreſſion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affoords no Ioy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare ſuch,
As are of better Perſon then my ſelfe:
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-ſhaped Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues ſtand betweene me and home:
And I, like one loſt in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling deſperately to finde it out,
Torment my ſelfe, to catch the Engliſh Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my ſelfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile, and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occaſions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid ſhall,
Ile ſlay more gazers then the Baſiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceiue more ſlyly then *Vliſſes* could,
And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Macheuill* to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.
Enter Lewis the French King, his Siſter Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford. Lewis ſits, and riſeth vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſayle, and learne a while to ſerue,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſſe)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with diſ-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muſt take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my ſelfe.
Lewis. Why ſay, faire Queene, whence ſprings this deepe deſpaire?
Marg. From ſuch a cauſe, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What ere it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelfe,
And ſit thee by our ſide. *Seats her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntleſſe minde ſtill ride in triumph,
Ouer all miſchance.
Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Thoſe gracious words
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
And giue my tongue-ty'd ſorrowes leaue to ſpeake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my Loue
Is, of a King, become a baniſht man,
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
While prowd ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
Vſurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cauſe that I, poore *Margaret*,
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
Am come to craue thy iuſt and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:
Our

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
Our Treafure feiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou feeft) our felues in heauie plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more wee ftay, the ftronger growes our Foe.
Lewis. The more I ftay, the more Ile fuccour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true forrow.
And fee where comes the breeder of my forrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our prefence?
Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greateft Friend.
Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France? *Hee defcends. Shee arifeth.*
Marg. I now begins a fecond Storme to rife,
For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.
Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindneffe, and vnfayned Loue)
Firft, to doe greetings to thy Royall Perfon,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And laftly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchfafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sifter,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.
Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kiffe your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the paffion of my Soueraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me fpeake,
Before you anfwer *Warwicke*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honeft Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Neceffitie:
For how can Tyrants fafely gouerne home,
Vnleffe abroad they purchafe great allyance?
To proue him Tyrant, this reafon may fuffice,
That *Henry* liueth ftill: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ftands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vfurpers fway the rule a while,
Yet Heau'ns are iuft, and Time fuppreffeth Wrongs.
Warw. Iniurious *Margaret.*
Edw. And why not Queene?
Warw. Becaufe thy Father *Henry* did vfurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then fhee is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* difanulls great *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Which did fubdue the greateft part of Spaine;
And after *Iohn* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whofe Wifdome was a Mirror to the wifeft:
And after that wife Prince, *Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Proweffe conquered all France:
From thefe, our *Henry* lineally defcends.
Warw. Oxford, how haps it in this fmooth difcourfe,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath loft
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten:
Me thinkes thefe Peeres of France fhould fmile at that.
But for the reft: you tell a Pedigree
Of threefcore and two yeeres, a filly time
To make prefcription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canft thou fpeak againft thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyd'ft thirtie and fix yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treafon with a Blufh?
Warw. Can *Oxford*, that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falfehood with a Pedigree?
For fhame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whofe iniurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then fo, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No *Warwicke*, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the Houfe of *Lancafter*.
Warw. And I the Houfe of *Yorke*.
Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchfafe at our requeft, to ftand afide,
While I vfe further conference with *Warwicke*.
They ftand aloofe.
Marg. Heauens graunt, that *Warwickes* wordes bewitch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwicke*, tell me euen vpon thy confcience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chofen.
Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Honor.
Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?
Warw. The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.
Lewis. Then further: all diffembling fet afide,
Tell me for truth, the meafure of his Loue
Vnto our Sifter *Bona*.
War. Such it feemes,
As may befeeme a Monarch like himfelfe.
My felfe haue often heard him fay, and fweare,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Difdaine,
Vnleffe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lewis. Now Sifter, let vs heare your firme refolue.
Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, fhall be mine.
Yet I confeffe, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
When I haue heard your Kings defert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to defire.
Lewis. Then *Warwicke*, thus:
Our Sifter fhall be *Edwards*.
And now forthwith fhall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Ioynture that your King muft make,
Which with her Dowrie fhall be counter-poys'd:
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witneffe,
That *Bona* fhall be Wife to the Englifh King.
Pr. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the Englifh King.
Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy deuice,
By this alliance to make void my fuit:
Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.
Lewis. And ftill is friend to him, and *Margaret*.
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by *Edwards* good fucceffe:
Then 'tis but reafon, that I be releas'd
From giuing ayde, which late I promifed.
Yet fhall you haue all kindneffe at my hand,
That your Eftate requires, and mine can yeeld.
Warw. Henry now liues in Scotland, at his eafe;
Where

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,
Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,
Post blowing a horne Within.
For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.
Lewes. Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poste.
Post. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick,*
Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague.*
These from our King, vnto your Maiesty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, these for you : *To Margaret*
From whom, I know not.
They all reade their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.
Prince Ed. Nay marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were
netled. I hope, all's for the best.
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene.
Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.
War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.
Lew. What? has your King married the Lady *Grey*?
And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he seekes with France?
Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?
Mar. I told your Maiesty as much before:
This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and Warwickes honesty.
War. King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he dishonors me,
But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
My Father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let passe th'abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put *Henry* from his Natiue Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor lost for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry.*
My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona,*
And replant *Henry* in his former state.
Mar. Warwicke,
These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,
And ioy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfained Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,
Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.
And as for *Clarence,* as my Letters tell me,
Hee's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,
Or then for strength and safety of our Country.
Bona. Deere Brother, how shall *Bona* be reueng'd,
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* liue,
Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.
War. And mine faire Lady *Bona,* ioynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets.*
Therefore, at last, I firmely am resolu'd
You shall haue ayde.
Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,
And tell false *Edward,* thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,
I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*
Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fiue thousand men
Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:
And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen
And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward,* she is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,
That onely Warwickes daughter shall be thine.
Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.
He giues his hand to Warw.
Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty *Henries* misery,
But seeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence,* what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?
Cla. Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,
How

How could he ſtay till *Warwicke* made returne?
Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke: heere comes the King.

Flouriſh.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Haſtings: foure ſtand on one ſide, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-choſen Bride.
Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.
King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you ſtand penſiue, as halfe malecontent?
Clarence. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are ſo weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuſe.
King. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwickes*, and muſt haue my will.
Rich. And ſhall haue your will, becauſe our King:
Yet haſtie Marriage ſeldome prooueth well.
King. Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſeuer'd,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to ſunder them,
That yoake ſo well together.
King. Setting your skornes, and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, *Somerſet*, and *Mountague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.
Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemie,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.
Rich. And *Warwicke*, doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.
King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch inuention as I can deuiſe?
Mount. Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in ſuch alliance,
Would more haue ſtrength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainſt forraine ſtormes, then any home-bred Marriage.
Haſt. Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it ſelfe,
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelfe?
Mount. But the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Haſt. 'Tis better vſing France, then truſting France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our ſelues:
In them, and in our ſelues, our ſafetie lyes.
Clar. For this one ſpeech, Lord *Haſtings* well deſerues
To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.
Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;
Shee better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.
Clar. Or elſe you would not haue beſtow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonuill* on your new Wiues Sonne,
And leaue your Brothers to goe ſpeede elſewhere.
King. Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.
Clarence. In chuſing for your ſelfe,
You ſhew'd your iudgement:
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall giue me leaue
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I ſhortly minde to leaue you.
King. Leaue me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.
Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleaſed his Maieſtie
To rayſe my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you muſt all confeſſe,
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent,
And meaner then my ſelfe haue had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with ſorrow.
King. My Loue, forbeare to fawne vpon their frownes:
What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnleſſe they ſeeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feele the vengeance of my wrath.
Rich. I heare, yet ſay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poſte.

King. Now Meſſenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?
Poſt. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But ſuch, as I (without your ſpeciall pardon)
Dare not relate.
King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canſt gueſſe them.
What anſwer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?
Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words:
Goe tell falſe *Edward*, the ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
King. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?
Poſt. Theſe were her words, vtt'red with mild diſdaine:
Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower ſhortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
King. I blame not her; ſhe could ſay little leſſe:
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene?
For I haue heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. Tell him (quoth ſhe)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.
King. Belike ſhe minds to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Maieſtie,
Then all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.
King. Ha? durſt the Traytor breath out ſo prowd words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall haue Warres, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
Poſt. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicks* Daughter.
Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will haue the younger.

Now Brother King farewell, and fit you faft,
For I will hence to *Warwickes* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not proue inferior to your felfe.
You that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Somerfet followes.

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I ftay not for the loue of *Edward*, but the Crowne.

King. *Clarence* and *Somerfet* both gone to *Warwicke*?
Yet am I arm'd againft the worft can happen:
And hafte is needfull in this defp'rate cafe.
Pembrooke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe
Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:
My felfe in perfon will ftraight follow you.

Exeunt Pembrooke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, *Haftings* and *Mountague*
Refolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the reft,
Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you loue *Warwicke* more then me;
If it be fo, then both depart to him:
I rather wifh you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Giue me affurance with fome friendly Vow,
That I may neuer haue you in fufpect.

Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proues true.

Haft. And *Haftings*, as hee fauours *Edwards* caufe.

King. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you ftand by vs?

Rich. I, in defpight of all that fhall withftand you.

King. Why fo: then am I fure of Victorie.
Now therefore let vs hence, and lofe no howre,
Till wee meet *Warwicke*, with his forreine powre.

Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England, with French Souldiors.

Warw. Truft me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers fwarme to vs.

Enter Clarence and Somerfet.

But fee where *Somerfet* and *Clarence* comes:
Speake fuddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerfet*: I hold it cowardize,
To reft miftruftfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in figne of Loue;
Elfe might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome fweet *Clarence*, my Daughter fhall be thine.
And now, what refts? but in Nights Couerture,
Thy Brother being careleffely encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a fimple Guard,
Wee may furprize and take him at our pleafure,
Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very eafie:
That as *Vlyffes*, and ftout *Diomede*,
With fleight and manhood ftole to *Rhefus* Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At vnawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,
And feize himfelfe: I fay not, flaughter him,
For I intend but onely to furprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

They all cry, Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in filent fort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.

Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1.*Watch.* Come on my Mafters, each man take his ftand,
The King by this, is fet him downe to fleepe.

2.*Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?

1.*Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a folemne Vow,
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Reft,
Till *Warwicke*, or himfelfe, be quite fuppreft.

2.*Watch.* To morrow then belike fhall be the day,
If *Warwicke* be fo neere as men report.

3.*Watch.* But fay, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here refteth in his Tent?

1.*Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Haftings*, the Kings chiefeft friend.

3.*Watch.* O, is it fo? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himfelfe keepes in the cold field?

2.*Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becaufe more dangerous.

3.*Watch.* I, but giue me worfhip, and quietneffe,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If *Warwicke* knew in what eftate he ftands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1.*Watch.* Vnleffe our Halberds did fhut vp his paffage.

2.*Watch.* I: wherefore elfe guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Perfon from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerfet, and French Souldiors, filent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and fee where ftand his Guard:
Courage my Mafters: Honor now, or neuer:
But follow me, and *Edward* fhall be ours.

1.*Watch.* Who goes there?

2.*Watch.* Stay, or thou dyeft.

Warwicke and the reft cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke, and fet vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme, Warwicke and the reft following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet founding. Enter Warwicke, Somerfet, and the reft, bringing the King out in his Gowne, fitting in a Chaire: Richard and Haftings flyes ouer the Stage.

Som. What are they that flye there?

Warw. *Richard* and *Haftings*: let them goe, heere is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,
Thou call'dft me King.

Warw. I, but the cafe is alter'd.
When you difgrac'd me in my Embaffade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how fhould you gouerne any Kingdome,
That know not how to vfe Embaffadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to vfe your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to ftudie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to fhrowd your felfe from Enemies?

K. Edw. Yea,

K.Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I ſee, that *Edward* needs muſt downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in deſpight of all miſchance,
Of thee thy ſelfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himſelfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compaſſe of her Wheele.
Warw. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the ſhadow.
My Lord of Somerſet, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be conuey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Biſhop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with *Pembrooke*, and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what anſwer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* ſend to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
They leade him out forcibly.
K.Ed. What Fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
War. I, that's the firſt thing that we haue to do,
To free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

Enter Riuers, and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this ſodain change?
Gray. Why Brother *Riuers*, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befalne King *Edward*?
Riu. What loſſe of ſome pitcht battell
Againſt *Warwicke*?
Gray. No, but the loſſe of his owne Royall perſon.
Riu. Then is my Soueraigne ſlaine?
Gray. I almoſt ſlaine, for he is taken priſoner,
Either betrayd by falſhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe ſurpriz'd at vnawares:
And as I further haue to vnderſtand,
Is new committed to the Biſhop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riu. Theſe Newes I muſt confeſſe are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may looſe, that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then, faire hope muſt hinder liues decay:
And I the rather waine me from diſpaire
For loue of *Edwards* Off-ſpring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
And beare with Mildneſſe my misfortunes croſſe:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighes,
Leaſt with my ſighes or teares, I blaſt or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'Engliſh Crowne.
Riu. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?
Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To ſet the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,
Gueſſe thou the reſt, King *Edwards* Friends muſt downe.
But to preuent the Tyrants violence,
(For truſt not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,
To ſaue (at leaſt) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take vs, we are ſure to dye. *exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefeſt Thicket of the Parke.
Thus ſtand the caſe: you know our King, my Brother,
Is priſoner to the Biſhop here, at whoſe hands
He hath good vſage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to diſport himſelfe.
I haue aduertis'd him by ſecret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vſuall game,
He ſhall heere finde his Friends with Horſe and Men,
To ſet him free from his Captiuitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntſman with him.

Huntſman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntſmen ſtand.
Now Brother of Gloſter, Lord Haſtings, and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteale the Biſhops Deere?
Rich. Brother, the time and caſe, requireth haſt,
Your horſe ſtands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Ed. But whether ſhall we then?
Haſt. To Lyn my Lord,
And ſhipt from thence to Flanders.
Rich. Wel gueſt beleeue me, for that was my meaning
K.Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſſe.
Rich. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talke.
K.Ed. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Huntſ. Better do ſo, then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.
K.Ed. Biſhop farwell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may re-poſſeſſe the Crowne. *exeunt*

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry the ſixt, Clarence, Warwicke, Somerſet, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

K.Hen. M.Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Haue ſhaken *Edward* from the Regall ſeate,
And turn'd my captiue ſtate to libertie,
My feare to hope, my ſorrowes vnto ioyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I then craue pardon of your Maieſtie.
K.Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, Ile well requite thy kindneſſe.
For that it made my impriſonment, a pleaſure:
I, ſuch a pleaſure, as incaged Birds
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,
At laſt, by Notes of Houſhold harmonie,
They quite forget their loſſe of Libertie.
q But

But *Warwicke*, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefely therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punisht with my thwarting starres,
Warwicke, although my head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Gouernment to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warw. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.

Warw. And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.

King. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, giue me both your Hands:
Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Gouernment:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,
And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.

Warw. What answeres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwicke* yeeld consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,
While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.
And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

Warw. I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?

Somers. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond.

King. Come hither, Englands Hope:
Layes his Hand on his Head.
If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my diuining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poste.

Warw. What newes, my friend?

Poste. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.

Warw. Vnsauorie newes: but how made he escape?

Poste. He was conuey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
A salue for any sore, that may betide. *Exeunt.*

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:
For doubtlesse, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall haue more Warres befor't be long.
As *Henries* late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to preuent the worst,
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings, and Souldiers.

Edw. Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd
From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs:
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;
For now we owe allegeance vnto *Henry*.

Edw. But, Master Maior, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.
Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.
Maior. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
He descends.
Rich. A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.
Hast. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.
For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Mountgomerie*,
Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir *John*: but why come you in Armes?
Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of storme,
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomerie*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.
Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.
The Drumme begins to march.
Edw. Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and wee'le debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.
Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wisdome to conceale our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must rule.
Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but vsurpes the Diademe.
Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shal be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.
Flourish. Sound.
Soul. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*
Mount. And whosoe're gainsayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
Throwes downe his Gauntlet.
All. Long liue *Edward* the Fourth.
Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgomery*,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune serue me, Ile requite this kindnesse.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.
Ah froward *Clarence*, how euill it beseemes thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and *Warwicke*.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counsaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.
King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Mountague*, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.
And thou, braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modest *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector*, and my Troyes true hope.
Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
Oxf. And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my louing *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.
Exeunt.
King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordship?
Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much opprest them with great Subsidies,
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they loue *Edward* more then me?
No *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer ceafe to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancafter, A Lancafter.

Exet. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are thefe?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the fhamefac'd *Henry*, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes fmall Brookes to flow,
Now ftops thy Spring, my Sea fhall fuck them dry,
And fwell fo much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not fpeake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our courfe,
Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remaines:
The Sunne fhines hot, and if we vfe delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.

Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two Meffengers, and others vpon the Walls.

War. Where is the Poft that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honeft fellow?
*Meff.*1. By this at Dunfmore, marching hitherward.
War. How farre off is our Brother *Mountague*?
Where is the Poft that came from *Mountague*?
*Meff.*2. By this at Daintry, with a puiffant troope.

Enter Someruile.

War. Say, *Someruile*, what fayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy gueffe, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Someru. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here fome two howres hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.
Someru. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke*.
War. Who fhould that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.
Someru. They are at hand, and you fhall quickly know.

March. Flourifh. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and found a Parle.
Rich. See how the furly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.
War. Oh vnbid fpight, is fportfull *Edward* come?
Where flept our Scouts, or how are they feduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.
Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he fhall pardon thee thefe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeffe who fet thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou fhalt ftill remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Rich. I thought at leaft he would haue faid the King,
Or did he make the Ieaft againft his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,
Ile doe thee feruice for fo good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwickes* gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for fo great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subiect.
Edw. But *Warwickes* King is *Edwards* Prifoner:
And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but anfwer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-caft,
But whiles he thought to fteale the fingle Ten,
The King was flyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore *Henry* at the Bifhops Pallace,
And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis euen fo, yet you are *Warwicke* ftill.
Rich. Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? ftrike now, or elfe the Iron cooles.
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare fo low a fayle, to ftrike to thee.
Edw. Sayle how thou canft,
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, faft wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the duft this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh cheerefull Colours, fee where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. *Oxford*, *Oxford*, for *Lancafter*.
Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.
Edw. So other foes may fet vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iffue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of fmall defence,
Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the fame.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. *Mountague*, *Mountague*, for *Lancafter*.
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both fhall buy this Treafon
Euen with the deareft blood your bodies beare.
Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conqueft.

Enter Somerfet, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. *Somerfet*, *Somerfet*, for *Lancafter*.
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerfet,
Haue fold their Liues vnto the Houfe of *Yorke*,
And thou fhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of Clarence fweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.
Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?
Looke heere, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houfe,
Who gaue his blood to lyme the ftones together,
And fet vp *Lancafter*. Why, troweft thou, *Warwicke*,
That *Clarence* is fo harfh, fo blunt, vnnaturall,
To bend the fatall Inftruments of Warre

Againft

Againſt his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then *Iephah*, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpas made,
That to deſerue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my ſelfe thy mortall foe:
With reſolution, whereſoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And ſo, prowd-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my bluſhing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconſtant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

Warw. Oh paſſing Traytor, periur'd and vniuſt.

Edw. What *Warwicke*,
Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victorie. *Exeunt.*

March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

Alarum, and Excurſions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now *Mountague* ſit faſt, I ſeeke for thee,
That *Warwickes* Bones may keepe thine companie. *Exit.*

Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke*, or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſicke heart ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whoſe Armes gaue ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch ouer-peer'd *Ioues* ſpreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the World:
The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Euen now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Loſſe againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puiſſant power.
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'ſt thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, ſweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou'ſt me not: for, Brother, if thou didſt,
Thy teares would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me ſpeake.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſpe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diſtinguiſht: but at laſt,
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,
Oh farewell *Warwicke*.

Warw. Sweet reſt his Soule:
Flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.

Here they beare away his Body. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the reſt.

King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an vpward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpy a black ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his eaſefull Weſterne Bed:
I meane, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coaſt,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will ſoone diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry thoſe Vapours vp,
For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If ſhe haue time to breathe, be well aſſur'd
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their courſe toward Tewksbury.
We hauing now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſſe rids way,
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented:
In euerie Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerſet, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wiſe men ne'r ſit and waile their loſſe,
But cheerely ſeeke how to redreſſe their harmes.
What though the Maſt be now blowne ouer-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And halfe our Saylors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that hee
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship ſplits on the Rock,
Which Induſtrie and Courage might haue ſau'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Mountague* our Top-Maſt: what of him?
Our ſlaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to ſit and weepe,
But keepe our Courſe (though the rough Winde ſay no)
From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waues, as ſpeake them faire.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a raged fatall Rocke?
All theſe, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſinke,
Beſtride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeake I (Lords) to let you vnderſtand,
If caſe ſome one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthleſſe Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
'Twere childiſh weakeneſſe to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeake theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I ſpeake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearefull man,
He ſhould haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Leaſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelfe.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'ſt thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe: it is his Policie,
To haſte thus faſt, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readineſſe.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flouriſh, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder ſtands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night,
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue ſignall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gaine-ſay: for every word I ſpeake,
Ye ſee I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State vſurp'd,
His Realme a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subiects ſlaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this ſpoyle.
You fight in Iuſtice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue ſignall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excurſions. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guiltie Head.
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them ſpeake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Qu. So part we ſadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in ſweet Ieruſalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him ſpeake,
What? can ſo young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Armes, for ſtirring vp my Subiects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prowd ambitious *Yorke*.
Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reſigne thy Chayre, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelfe-ſame words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'ſt haue me anſwer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene ſo reſolu'd.

Rich. That you might ſtill haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne're haue ſtolne the Breech from *Lancaſter*.

Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:
Laſciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou vſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich. ſtabs him.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Clar. ſtabs him.

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and ſhall. *Offers to kill her.*

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why ſhould ſhee liue, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth ſhee ſwowne? vſe meanes for her recouerie.

Rich. *Clarence* excuſe me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a ſerious matter,
Ere ye come there, be ſure to heare ſome newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*

Qu. Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother Boy.
Can'ſt thou not ſpeake? O Traitors, Murtherers!
They that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.
He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Childe,
And Men, ne're ſpend their fury on a Childe.
What's worſe then Murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeake,
And I will ſpeake, that ſo my heart may burſt.
Butchers and Villaines, bloudy Caniballes,
How ſweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:
You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would haue ſtirr'd vp remorſe,
But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off.
As deathſmen you haue rid this ſweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, diſpatch me heere:
Here ſheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: ſweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cla. Did'ſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe.
'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.
What wilt ẏ not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?
Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almeſ-deed:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'ſt backe.

Ed. Away I ſay, I charge ye beare her hence,

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.
Exit Queene.

Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cla. To London all in poſt, and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's ſodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And ſee our gentle Queene how well ſhe fares,
By this (I hope) ſhe hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the ſixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke ſo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, Good was little better:
Good Gloſter, and good Deuill, were alike,
And both prepoſterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our ſelues, we muſt conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreakleſſe ſhepherd from ẏ Wolfe:
So firſt the harmleſſe Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath *Roſsius* now to Acte?

Rich. Suſpition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,
The Theefe doth feare each buſh an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a buſh,
With trembling wings miſdoubteth euery buſh;
And I the hapleſſe Male to one ſweet Bird,
Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,
Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuiſh Foole was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,
Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'de our courſe,
The Sunne that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet Boy.
Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea
Whoſe enuious Gulfe did ſwallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My breſt can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragicke Hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perſecutor I am ſure thou art,
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his preſumption.

Hen. Hadſt thou bin kill'd, when firſt ẏu didſt preſume,
Thou had'ſt not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:
And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcell of my feare,
And many an old mans ſighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-ſtanding-eye,
Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,
Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne.
The Owle ſhriek'd at thy birth, an euill ſigne,
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleſſe time,
Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees:
The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chatt'ring Pies in diſmall Diſcords ſung:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leſſe then a Mothers hope,
To wit, an indigeſted and deformed lumpe,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree.
Teeth had'ſt thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And if the reſt be true, which I haue heard,
Thou cam'ſt———

Rich. Ile heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy ſpeech, *Stabbes him.*
For this (among'ſt the reſt) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this,
O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

Rich. What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.
See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death.
O may ſuch purple teares be alway ſhed
From thoſe that wiſh the downfall of our houſe.
If any ſparke of Life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither.
Stabs him againe.
I that haue neyther pitty, loue, nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:
For I haue often heard my Mother ſay,
I came into the world with my Legges forward.
Had I not reaſon (thinke ye) to make haſt,
And ſeeke their Ruine, that vſurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de
O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heauens haue shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keept'st me from the Light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad such Prophesies,
That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick* & *Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus haue we swept Suspition from our Seate,
And made our Footstoole of Security.
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summer's scalding heate,
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rich. Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, loue my louely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,
I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Cla. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.

Rich. And that I loue the tree frõ whence ỳ sprang'st:
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,
To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.

Cla. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*
Reynard her Father, to the King of France,
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

NOw is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised Armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loues Maiesty,
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarse halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophesie, which sayes that G,
Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brackenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your Grace?
Cla. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower
Rich. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is *George*.
Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophesies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.
Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee.
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodeulle her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.
Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliuery?
Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liuery.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.
Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.
Rich.

Rich. Euen so, and pleaſe your Worſhip *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no Treaſon man; We ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealious.
We ſay, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paſsing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How ſay you ſir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Miſtris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were beſt to do it ſecretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knaue, would'ſt thou betray me?

Bra. I do beſeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Siſter,
I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time, this deepe diſgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or elſe lye for you:
Meane time, haue patience.

Cla. I muſt perforce: Farewell. *Exit Clar.*

Rich Go treade the path that thou ſhalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?

Haſt. With patience (Noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,

Haſt. More pitty, that the Eagles ſhould be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Phyſitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much conſum'd his Royall Perſon:
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Haſt. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exit Haſtings.
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe vp to Heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well ſteel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſsle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwickes yongeſt daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readieſt way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarſe of Henrie the ſixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, ſet downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be ſhrowded in a Herſe;
Whil'ſt I a-while obſequiouſly lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaſter.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Aſhes of the Houſe of Lancaſter;
Thou bloodleſſe Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the ſelfeſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Loe, in theſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleſſe Balme of my poore eyes.
O curſed be the hand that made theſe holes:
Curſed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Cnrſed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wiſh to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light,
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall Aſpect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappineſſe.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And ſtill as you are weary of this waight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarſe.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarſe, & ſet it down.

An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines ſet downe the Coarſe, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarſe of him that diſobeyes.

Gen. My Lord ſtand backe, and let the Coffin paſſe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'ſt thou when I commaund:
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by S. Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my Foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldneſſe.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of Hell;
Thou had'ſt but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canſt not haue: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods ſake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge moſt vnnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
An. Villaine, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelfe.
An. Vouchſafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leyſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe currant,
But to hang thy ſelfe.
Rich. By ſuch diſpaire, I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
An. And by diſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelfe,
That did'ſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I ſlew them not.
An. Then ſay they were not ſlaine:
But dead they are, and diuelliſh ſlaue by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is aliue.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and ſlaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'ſt,
Queene *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion ſmoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'ſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy Brothers beate aſide the point.
Rich. I was prouoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltleſſe Shoulders.
An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'ſt on ought but Butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'ſt grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to ſend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſſe deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might liue one houre in your ſweet boſome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Nailes ſhould rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. Theſe eyes could not endure ỳ beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-ſhade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet.*
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere; *Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyſon, for thy ſake.
Rich. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler Toade.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (ſweet Lady) haue infected mine.
An. Would they were Baſiliskes, to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt Teares;
For

Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which neuer ſhed remorſefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhooke his ſword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the ſad ſtorie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pauſe to ſob and weepe:
That all the ſtanders by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedaſh'd with raine. In that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorne an humble teare:
And what theſe ſorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I neuer ſued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could neuer learne ſweet ſmoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake.
She lookes ſcornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip ſuch Scorne; for it was made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe heere I lend thee this ſharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breſt,
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,
He layes his breſt open, ſhe offers at with his ſword.
Nay do not pauſe: For I did kill King *Henrie*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now diſpatch: 'Twas I that ſtabb'd yong *Edward*,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that ſet me on.
She fals the Sword.
Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Ariſe Diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will do it.
An. I haue already.
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are falſe.
Rich. Then neuer Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That ſhalt thou know heereafter.
Rich. But ſhall I liue in hope.
An. All men I hope liue ſo.
Vouchſafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Looke how my Ring incompaſſeth thy Finger,
Euen ſo thy Breſt incloſeth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirme his happineſſe for euer.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may pleaſe you leaue theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a Mourner,
And preſently repayre to Crosbie Houſe:
Where (after I haue ſolemnly interr'd
At Chertſey Monaſt'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty ſee you,
For diuers vnknowne Reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Treſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farwell.
An. 'Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaide farewell already.
Exit two with Anne.
Gent. Towards Chertſey, Noble Lord?
Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming
Exit Coarſe
Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I, no Friends to backe my ſuite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and diſſembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (ſome three monthes ſince)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A ſweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wiſe, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The ſpacious World cannot againe affoord:
And will ſhe yet abaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whoſe All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am miſhapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Vpon my life ſhe findes (although I cannot)
My ſelfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine a ſcore or two of Taylors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with ſome little coſt.
But firſt Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſſe. *exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray.

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maieſty
Will ſoone recouer his accuſtom'd health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.
Gray. The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of *Richard Glouster*,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Riu. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin
Qu. The Countesse *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*.
To your good prayer, will scarsely say, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding shee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beseech you, either not beleeue
The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Maiesty.
Que. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement
Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
Thar I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?
By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With silken, slye, insinuating Iackes?
Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:
When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarse a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)
Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
That in your outward action shewes it selfe
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: (Gloster
God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily giuen to ennoble those
That scarse some two dayes since were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
An earnest aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Rich! You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.
Riu. She may my Lord, for————
Rich. She may Lord *Riuers*, why who knowes not so?
She may do more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those Honors on your high desert.
What may she not, she may, I marry may she.
Riu. What marry may she?
Ric. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.
Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie
Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,
Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will auouch't in presence of the King:
I dare aduenture to be sent to th'Towre.
'Tis time to speake,
My paines are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou killd'st my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.
Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.
Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the Houfe of *Lancafter* ;
And *Riuers*, fo were you : Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, flaine ?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you haue beene ere this, and what you are :
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and fo ftill thou art.
Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forfake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forfwore himfelfe (which Iefu pardon.)
Q.M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp :
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* foft and pittifull, like mine ;
I am too childifh foolifh for this World.
*Q.M.*High thee to Hell for fhame, & leaue this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.
Riu. My Lord of Glofter : in thofe bufie dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So fhould we you, if you fhould be our King.
Rich. If I fhould be ? I had rather be a Pedler :
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you fuppofe
You fhould enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little ioy you may fuppofe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.
Q.M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am fhee, and altogether ioyleffe :
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In fharing that which you haue pill'd from me :
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me ?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects ;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.
Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ft thou in my (fight ?
Q.M. But repetition of what thou haft marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.
Rich. Wert thou not banifhed, on paine of death ?
Q.M. I was : but I doe find more paine in banifhment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ft to me,
And thou a Kingdome ; all of you, allegeance :
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleafures you vfurpe, are mine.
Rich. The Curfe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didft Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy fcornes drew'ft Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'ft the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultleffe blood of prettie *Rutland* :
His Curfes then, from bitterneffe of Soule,
Denounc'd againft thee, are all falne vpon thee :
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Qu. So iuft is God, to right the innocent.
Haft. O 'twas the fouleft deed to flay that Babe,
And the moft mercileffe, that ere was heard of.
*Riu.*Tyrants themfelues wept when it was reported.
*Dorf.*No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then prefent, wept to fee it.
Q.M. What ? were you fnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me ?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curfe preuaile fo much with Heauen,
That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loffe, my wofull Banifhment,
Should all but anfwer for that peeuifh Brat ?
Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen ?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curfes.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy felfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched felfe :
Long may'ft thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And fee another, as I fee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ftall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and *Dorfet*, you were ftanders by,
And fo waft thou, Lord *Haftings*, when my Sonne
Was ftab'd with bloody Daggers : God, I pray him,
That none of you may liue his naturall age,
But by fome vnlook'd accident cut off.
*Rich.*Haue done thy Charme, ỳ hateful wither'd Hagge.
Q.M. And leaue out thee ? ftay Dog, for ỳ fhalt heare me.
If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in ftore,
Exceeding thofe that I can wifh vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Confcience ftill begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends fufpect for Traytors while thou liu'ft,
And take deepe Traytors for thy deareft Friends :
No fleepe clofe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleffe it be while fome tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.
Thou eluifh mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
Thou that waft feal'd in thy Natiuitie
The flaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell :
Thou flander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Iffue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detefted--
Rich. Margaret.
Q.M. Richard. *Rich.* Ha.
Q.M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercie then : for I did thinke,
That thou hadft call'd me all thefe bitter names.
Q.M. Why fo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curfe.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.
*Qu.*Thus haue you breath'd your Curfe againft your felf.
*Q.M.*Poore painted Queen, vain flourifh of my fortune,
Why ftrew'ft thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whofe deadly Web enfnareth thee about ?
Foole, foole, thou whet'ft a Knife to kill thy felfe :
The day will come, that thou fhalt wifh for me,
To helpe thee curfe this poyfonous Bunch-backt Toade.
*Haft.*Falfe boding Woman, end thy frantick Curfe,
Leaft to thy harme, thou moue our patience.
*Q.M.*Foule fhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
*Ri.*Were you wel feru'd, you would be taught your duty.
*Q.M.*To ferue me well, you all fhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects :
O ferue me well, and teach your felues that duty.
Dorf. Difpute not with her, fhee is lunaticke.
*Q.M.*Peace Mafter Marqueffe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ftampe of Honor is fcarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to lofe it, and be miferable.
They that ftand high, haue many blafts to fhake them,
And if they fall, they dafh themfelues to peeces.

Rich. Good counfaile marry, learne it, learne it Marqueffe.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne fo high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and fcornes the Sunne.

Mar. And turnes the Sun to fhade: alas, alas,
Witneffe my Sonne, now in the fhade of death,
Whofe bright out-fhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkneffe folded vp.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Neft:
O God that feeft it, do not fuffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loft be it fo.

Buc. Peace, peace for fhame: If not, for Charity.

Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor fhame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And fhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my fhame,
And in that fhame, ftill liue my forrowes rage.

Buc. Haue done, haue done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiffe thy hand,
In figne of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houfe:
Thy Garments are not fpotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compaffe of my curfe.

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curfes neuer paffe
The lips of thofe that breath them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke but they afcend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle fleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue fet their markes on him,
And all their Minifters attend on him.

Rich. What doth fhe fay, my Lord of Buckingham.

Buc. Nothing that I refpect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What doft thou fcorne me
For my gentle counfell?
And footh the diuell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he fhall fplit thy very heart with forrow:
And fay (poore *Margaret*) was a Propheteffe:
Liue each of you the fubiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*

Buc. My haire doth ftand an end to heare her curfes.

Riu. And fo doth mine, I mufe why fhe's at libertie.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do fomebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the caufe thereof.

Riu. A vertuous, and a Chriftian-like conclufion
To pray for them that haue done fcath to vs.

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.
Speakes to himfelfe.
For had I curft now, I had curft my felfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maiefty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Qu. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.

Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Glofter.

Rich. I do the wrong, and firft begin to brawle.
The fecret Mifcheefes that I fet abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede haue caft in darkneffe,
I do beweepe to many fimple Gulles,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haftings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That ftirre the King againft the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on *Riuers*, *Dorfet*, *Grey*.
But then I figh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, ftolne forth of holy Writ,
And feeme a Saint, when moft I play the deuill.

Enter two murtherers.

But foft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy ftout refolued Mates,
Are you now going to difpatch this thing?

Vil. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Ric. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But firs be fodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well fpoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ftand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be affur'd:
We go to vfe our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-ftones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your bufineffe ftraight.
Go, go, difpatch.

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace fo heauily to day.

Cla. O, I haue paft a miferable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly fights,
That as I am a Chriftian faithfull man,
I would not fpend another fuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of difmall terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me

Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Gloufter,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thoufand heauy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter
That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noiſe of water in mine eares,
What ſights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearfull wrackes:
A thouſand men that Fiſhes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineſtimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels,
All ſcattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcattred by.

Keep. Had you ſuch leyſure in the time of death
To gaze vpon theſe ſecrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I ſtriue
To yeeld the Ghoſt: but ſtill the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my ſoule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring ayre:
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almoſt burſt, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this ſore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeſt to my Soule.
I paſt (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that ſowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who ſpake alowd: What ſcourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy affoord falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he ſhriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noiſe,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impreſsion made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done theſe things
(That now giue euidence againſt my Soule)
For *Edwards* ſake, and ſee how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſſe Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee ſit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would ſleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seaſons, and repoſing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1.*Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'ſt thou Fellow? And how camm'ſt thou hither.

2.*Mur.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What ſo breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant heereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and ſignifie to him,
That thus I haue reſign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may ſir, 'tis a point of wiſedome:
Far you well.

2 What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes.

1 No: hee'l ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he ſhall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day.

1 Why then hee'l ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorſe in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'ſt bin reſolute.

2 So I am, to let him liue.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouſter, and tell him ſo.

2 Nay, I prythee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How do'ſt thou feele thy ſelfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conſcience are yet within mee.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conſcience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glouſters purſe.

1 When hee opens his purſe to giue vs our Reward, thy Conſcience flyes out.

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot ſteale, but it accuſeth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhamefac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a mans boſome: It filles a man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſſe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to truſt to himſelfe, and liue without it.

1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perſwading me not to kill the Dkue.

2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not: He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that reſpects thy reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Coſtard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmeſey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent deuice; and make a ſop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, wee'l reaſon with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2 You ſhall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeake?
Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to————

Cla. To murther me?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You ſcarſely haue the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the Euidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawfull Queſt haue giuen their Verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poore *Clarence* death,
Before I be conuict by courſe of Law?
To threaten me with death, is moſt vnlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſſe,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou ſhalt do no murther. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For falſe Forſwearing, and for murther too:
Thou did'ſt receiue the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the Houſe of Lancaſter.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did'ſt breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnrip'ſt the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch deere degree?

Cla. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede?
For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murther me for this:
For in that ſinne, he is as deepe as I.
If God will be auenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawleſſe courſe,
To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloudy miniſter,
When gallant ſpringing braue *Plantagenet*,
That Princely Nouice was ſtrucke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prouoke vs hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,
And I will ſend you to my Brother Glouſter:
Who ſhall reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd,
Your Brother Glouſter hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.

1 I ſo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Bleſt his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this diuided Friendſhip:
Bid Glouſter thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Milſtones, as he leſſoned vs to weepe.

Cla. O do not ſlander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harueſt:
Come, you deceiue your ſelfe,
'Tis he that ſends vs to deſtroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my deliuery.

1 Why ſo he doth, when he deliuers you
From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

2 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.

Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your ſoules,
To counſaile me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne ſoules ſo blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.
O ſirs conſider, they that ſet you on
To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What ſhall we do?

Clar. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murtherers as your ſelues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diſtreſſe.

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womaniſh.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, diuelliſh:
My Friend, I ſpy ſome pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*
Ile drowne you in the Malmeſey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht:
How faine (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt greeuous murther. *Enter* 1.*Murtherer*

1 How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heauen the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke you haue beene.

2.*Mur.* I would he knew that I had fau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I fay,
For I repent me that the Duke is flaine. *Exit.*
1.*Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in fome hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I muft not ftay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Flourifh.
Enter the King ficke, the Queene, Lord Marqueffe Dorfet, Riuers, Haftings, Catesby, Buckingham, Wooduill.

King. Why fo: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embaffage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my foule fhall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorfet and *Riuers*, take each others hand,
Diffemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue.
Riu. By heauen, my foule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I feale my true hearts Loue.
Haft. So thriue I, as I truly fweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Left he that is the fupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falfhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haft. So profper I, as I fweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I, as I loue *Haftings* with my heart,
King. Madam, your felfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorfet, Buckingham* nor you;
You haue bene factious one againft the other.
Wife, loue Lord *Haftings*, let him kiffe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.
Qu. There *Haftings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, fo thriue I, and mine.
King. Dorfet, imbrace him:
Haftings, loue Lord Marqueffe.
Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere proteft
Vpon my part, fhall be inuiolable.
Haft. And fo fweare I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, feale y^u this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cherifh you, and yours, God punifh me
With hate in thofe where I expect moft loue,
When I haue moft need to imploy a Friend,
And moft affured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. *Embrace*
King. A pleafing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*
Is this thy Vow, vnto my fickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Glofter heere,
To make the bleffed period of this peace.
Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Glofter.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.
King, Happy indeed, as we haue fpent the day:
Glofter, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene thefe fwelling wrong incenfed Peeres.
Rich. A bleffed labour my moft Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By falfe intelligence, or wrong furmize
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this prefence, I defire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it, and defire all good mens loue,
Firft Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchafe with my dutious feruice.
Of you my Noble Cofin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Riuers* and of *Dorfet*,
That all without defert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Wooduill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englifhman aliue,
With whom my foule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.
Qu. A holy day fhall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all ftrifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do befeech your Highneffe
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be fo flowted in this Royall prefence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to fcorne his Coarfe. *all ftart.*
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
Qu. All-feeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I fo pale Lord *Dorfet*, as the reft?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the prefence,
But his red colour hath forfooke his cheekes.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerft.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your firft order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to fee him buried.
God grant, that fome leffe Noble, and leffe Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deferue not worfe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Sufpition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my feruice done.
King. I prethee peace, my foule is full of forrow.
Der. I will not rife, vnleffe your Highnes heare me.
King. Then fay at once, what is it thou requefts.
Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my feruants life,
Who flew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And fhall that tongue giue pardon to a flaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punifhment was bitter death.

Who

Who ſued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
Who ſpoke of Brother-hood? who ſpoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me:
And ſaid deare Brother liue, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death, how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himſelfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vaſſalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vniuſtly too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe
For him poore Soule. The proudeſt of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* helpe me to my Cloſſet.
Ah poore *Clarence.* *Exeunt ſome with K.& Queen.*

Rich. This is the fruits of raſhnes: Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
O! they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.

Buc. We wait vpon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheſſe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No Boy.

Daugh. Why do weepe ſo oft? And beate your Breſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.

Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and ſhake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Caſtawayes,
If that our Noble Father were aliue?

Dut. My pretty Coſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King,
As loath to loſe him, not your Fathers death:
It were loſt ſorrow to waile one that's loſt.

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And ſo will I.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Incapeable, and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſſe who caus'd your Fathers death.

Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloſter
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Vnckle told me ſo, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kiſt my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deerely as a childe.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my ſonne, I, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did diſſemble Grandam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Dorſet after her.

Qu. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my Soule,
And to my ſelfe, become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaues that want their ſap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our ſwift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one falſe Glaſſe,
That greeues me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cauſe haue I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewiſe be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?

Chil. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dut. What ſtayes had I, but they? and they are gone.

Qu. Was neuer widdow had ſo deere a loſſe.

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had ſo deere a loſſe.

Dut. Was neuer Mother had ſo deere a loſſe.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepes, ſo doth not ſhee:
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weepe, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt:
Power all your teares, I am your ſorrowes Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulneſſe his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingneſſe to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.
Riuers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your ſonne: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edwards* graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Haſtings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Siſter haue comfort, all of vs haue cauſe
To waile the dimming of our ſhining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Bleſſing.
Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meeknes in thy breaſt,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.
Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleſſing;
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.
Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-ſorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue ſpent our Harueſt of this King,
We are to reape the Harueſt of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwolne hates,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
Muſt gently be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.
Riuers. Why with ſome little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?
Buc. Marrie my Lord, leaſt by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould breake out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
Where euery Horſe beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.
Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.
Riu. And ſo in me, and ſo (I thinke) in all.
Yet ſince it is but greene, it ſhould be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I ſay with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.
Haſt. And ſo ſay I.
Rich. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſte to London.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To giue your cenſures in this buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,
For God ſake let not vs two ſtay at home
For by the way, Ile ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.
Rich. My other ſelfe, my Counſailes Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Coſin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not ſtay behinde. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1.*Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away ſo faſt?
2.*Cit.* I promiſe you, I ſcarſely know my ſelfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?
1. Yes, that the King is dead.
2. Ill newes byrlady, ſeldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God ſpeed.
1. Giue you good morrow ſir.
3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death?
2. I ſir, it is too true, God helpe the while.
3. Then Maſters looke to ſee a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son ſhall reigne.
3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.
2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,
Which in his nonage, counſell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himſelfe
No doubt ſhall then, and till then gouerne well.
1. So ſtood the State, when *Henry* the ſixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.
3. Stood the State ſo? No, no, good Friends, God wot
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
With politike graue Counſell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.
1. Why ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neereſt,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouſter,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land, might ſolace as before.
1. Come, come, we feare the worſt: all will be well.
3. When Clouds are ſeen, wiſemen put on their clokes;
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun ſets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely ſtormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more then we deſerue, or I expect.
2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reaſon (almoſt) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.
3. Before the dayes of Change, ſtill is it ſo,
By a diuine inſtinct, mens mindes miſtruſt

Enſuing

Purfuing danger: as by proofe we fee
The Water fwell before a boyft'rous ftorme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?
2 Marry we were fent for to the Iuftices.
3 And fo was I: Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bifhop ,yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutcheffe

Arch. Laft night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do reft to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.
Dut. I long with all my heart to fee the Prince:
I hope he is much growne fince laft I faw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they fay my fonne of Yorke
Ha's almoft ouertane him in his growth.
Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it fo.
Dut. Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did fit at Supper,
My Vnkle *Riuers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Gloufter,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And fince, me thinkes I would not grow fo faft,
Becaufe fweet Flowres are flow, and Weeds make haft.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the faying did not hold
In him that did obiect the fame to thee.
He was the wretched'ft thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and fo leyfurely,
That if his rule were true, he fhould be gracious.
Yor. And fo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.
Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry (they fay) my Vnkle grew fo faft,
That he could gnaw a cruft at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Ieft.
Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nurffe.
Dut. His Nurfe? why fhe was dead, ere y^u waft borne.
Yor. If 'twere not fhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too fhrew'd.
Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Meffenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Meffenger: What Newes?
Mef. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Meff. Well Madam, and in health.
Dut. What is thy Newes?
Meff. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are fent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prifoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Mef. The mighty Dukes, *Glouſter* and *Buckingham.*
Arch. For what offence?
Mef. The fumme of all I can, I haue difclos'd:
Why,or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me! I fee the ruine of my Houfe:
The Tyger now hath feiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Infulting Tiranny beginnes to Iutt
Vpon the innocent and aweleffe Throne:
Welcome Deftruction, Blood, and Maffacre,
I fee (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dut. Accurfed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband loft his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my fonnes were toft
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and loffe.
And being feated, and Domefticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themfelues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themfelues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, felfe againft felfe: O prepofterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned fpleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.
Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farwell.
Dut. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You haue no caufe.
Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treafure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile refigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and fo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

The Trumpets found.
Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocefter, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome fweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.
Prin. No Vnkle, but our croffes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearifome, and heauie.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you diftinguifh of a man,
Then of his outward fhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
Thofe Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyfon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from fuch falfe Friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falfe Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happie dayes.
Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke*,
Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Haſtings*, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the ſweating Lord.
Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*,
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perſwade the Queene, to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lord *Haſtings* goe with him,
And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in ſeizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To thoſe, whoſe dealings haue deſeru'd the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deſeru'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.
Card. My Lord, you ſhall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Haſtings*, will you goe with me?
Haſt. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Haſtings.*
Prince. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedie haſt you may.
Say, Vnckle *Gloceſter*, if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſoiourne, till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it think'ſt beſt vnto your Royall ſelfe.
If I may counſaile you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health, and recreation.
Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæſar* build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which ſince, ſucceeding Ages haue re-edify'd.
Prince. Is it vpon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſiuely from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But ſay, my Lord, it were not regiſtred,
Me thinkes the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all poſteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay doe neuer liue long.
Prince. What ſay you, Vnckle?
Glo. I ſay, without Characters, ſame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That *Iulius Cæſar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit ſet downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conqueſt of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
Ile tell you what, my Couſin *Buckingham*.
Buck. What, my gracious Lord?
Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Prince. *Richard* of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?
Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, ſo muſt I call you now.
Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath loſt much Maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our Couſin, Noble Lord of Yorke?
Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You ſaid, that idle Weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
Yorke. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.
Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinſman.
Yorke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger, little Couſin? with all my heart.
Prince. A Begger, Brother?
Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Couſin.
Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.
Glo. I, gentle Couſin, were it light enough.
Yorke. O then I ſee, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le ſay a Begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.
Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.
Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?
Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.
Glo. How?
Yorke. Little.
Prince. My Lord of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons:
To mittigate the ſcorne he giues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lord, wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe, and my good Couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yorke. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it so.
Yorke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yorke. Marry, my Vnckle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating *Yorke*
Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,
For the installment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will not hee?
Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?
Cates. You shall, my Lord.
Rich. At *Crosby* House, there shall you find vs both.
Exit Catesby.
Buck. Now, my Lord,
What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.
Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.
Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.
Hast. Who knockes?
Mess. One from the Lord *Stanley*.
Hast. What is't a Clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious Nights?
Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
Besides, hesa yes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.
Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.
Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeue will neuer stand vpright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. How weare the Garland?
Doest thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut frō my shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, muſt dye at Pomfret.

Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill my aduerſaries:
But, that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my Maſters Heires in true Deſcent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.

Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With *Riuers, Vaughan, Grey*: and ſo 'twill doe
With ſome men elſe, that thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou and I, who(as thou know'ſt) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Haſt. I know they doe, and I haue well deſeru'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe ſo vnprouided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieaſt on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall Councels, I.

Haſt. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, whẽ they rode from London,
Were iocund, and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee, how ſoone the Day o're-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of Rancour I miſdoubt:
Pray God (I ſay) I proue a needleſſe Coward.
What, ſhall we toward the Tower? the day is ſpent.

Haſt. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.

Sta. They,for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then ſome that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Purſuiuant.

Haſt. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.
How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Purſ. The better, that your Lordſhip pleaſe to aske.

Haſt. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'ſt me laſt, where now we meet:
Then was I going Priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe Enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then ere I was.

Purſ. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Haſt. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purſe.

Purſ. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Purſuiuant.*

Enter a Prieſt.

Prieſt. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to ſee your Honor.

Haſt. I thanke thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your laſt Exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.

Prieſt. Ile wait vpon your Lordſhip.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Prieſt, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Prieſt,
Your Honor hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.

Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot ſtay there:
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip, thence.

Haſt. Nay like enough, for I ſtay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'ſt it not.
Come, will you goe?

Haſt. Ile wait vpon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riuers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day ſhalt thou behold a Subiect die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God bleſſe the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-ſuckers.

Vaugh. You liue, that ſhall cry woe for this heere-after.

Rat. Diſpatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

Riuers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Priſon!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Cloſure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlander to thy diſmall Seat,
Wee giue to thee our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.

Grey. Now *Margarets* Curſe is falne vpon our Heads,
When ſhee exclaim'd on *Haſtings*, you, and I,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtab'd her Sonne.

Riuers. Then curs'd ſhee *Richard*,
Then curs'd ſhee *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd ſhee *Haſtings*. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Siſter, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be ſatisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'ſt, vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Make haſte, the houre of death is expiate.

Riuers. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day.
Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.
Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neere in loue.
Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuer'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
I haue beene long a sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.
Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord *Hastings*, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send for some of them.
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
Exit Bishop.
Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.
Buck. Withdraw yourselfe a while, Ile goe with you.
Exeunt.
Darb. We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden,
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Glocter?
I haue sent for these Strawberries.
Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome
Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.
Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?
Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,
That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.
Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To doome th'Offendors, whosoe're they be:
I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I sweare,
I will not dine, vntill I see the same.
Louell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.

Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursuiuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.
Oh *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heauie Curse
Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.
Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,
Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
Lou. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.
Hast. O bloody *Richard*: miserable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,
That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
Exeunt.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, maruellous ill-fauoured.

Richard. Come Coufin,
Canft thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and ftop againe,
As if thou were diftraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery fide,
Tremble and ftart at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe fufpition, gaftly Lookes
Are at my feruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and fee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reafon we haue fent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Haftings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell*.

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vnfufpected *Haftings*.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muft weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineft harmeleffe Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Chriftian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Hiftorie of all her fecret thoughts.
So fmooth he dawb'd his Vice with fhew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuerfation with *Shores* Wife,
He liu'd from all attainder of fufpects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertft fheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.
Would you imagine, or almoft beleeue,
Wert not, that by great preferuation
We liue to tell it, that the fubtill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-Houfe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Glofter.

Maior. Had he done fo?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againft the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rafhly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the cafe,
The Peace of England, and our Perfons fafetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deferu'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne falfe Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miftreffe *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he fhould dye,
Vntill your Lordfhip came to fee his end,
Which now the louing hafte of thefe our friends,
Something againft our meanings, haue preuented;
Becaufe, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor fpeake, and timoroufly confeffe
The manner and the purpofe of his Treafons:
That you might well haue fignify'd the fame
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Mifconfter vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words fhal ferue,
As well as I had feene, and heard him fpeake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your iuft proceedings in this cafe.

Rich. And to that end we wifh'd your Lordfhip here,
T'auoid the Cenfures of the carping World.

Buck. Which fince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneffe what you heare we did intend:
And fo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.
Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Coufin *Buckingham*.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all pofte:
There, at your meeteft vantage of the time,
Inferre the Baftardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for faying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houfe,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed fo.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beaftiall appetite in change of Luft,
Which ftretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or fauage heart,
Without controll, lufted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Perfon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that infatiate *Edward*; Noble *Yorke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Iffue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this fparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Becaufe, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my felfe: and fo, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Caftle,
Where you fhall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bifhops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.
Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Louell* with all fpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Peuker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Caftle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take fome priuie order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of fight,
And to giue order, that no manner perfon
Haue any time recourfe vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scriuener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haftings*,
Which in a fet Hand fairely is engrofs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Paules*.
And marke how well the fequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue fpent to write it ouer,
For yefter-night by *Catesby* was it fent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within thefe fiue houres *Haftings* liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is fo groffe, that cannot fee this palpable deuice?

Yet

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at seuerall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children?
Buck I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'vnsatiate greedinesse of his desire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
Cry, God saue *Richard*, Englands Royall King.
Rich. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
His answer was, the people were not vsed
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, some followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King *Richard*:
And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause, and chearefull showt,
Argues your wisdome, and your loue to *Richard*:
And euen here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,
Would they not speake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:
And be not easily wonne to our requests,
Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.
Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.
Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what sayes your Lord to my request?
Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.
Buck. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe designes, in matter of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.
Catesby. Ile signifie so much vnto him straight. *Exit.*
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.
Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say vs nay.
Buck. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what sayes his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie men.
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requests,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.
Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?
Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.
Rich. I doe suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You haue, my Lord:
Would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Rich. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you reſigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maieſticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht Stock;
Whiles in the mildneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almoſt ſhouldred in the ſwallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulneſſe, and deepe Obliuion.
Which to recure, we heartily ſolicite
Your gracious ſelfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as ſucceſſiuely, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.
For this, conforted with the Citizens,
Your very Worſhipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt Cauſe come I to moue your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to anſwer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reproue you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other ſide I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeake, and to auoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking, not to incurre the laſt,
Definitiuely thus I anſwer you.
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable, ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all Obſtacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie, and ſo manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maieſtie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witneſſe to his Vow;
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Siſter to the King of France.
Theſe both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and diſtreſſed Widow,
Euen in the after-noone of her beſt dayes,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To baſe declenſion, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue,
I giue a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall ſelfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceſtrie
From the corruption of abuſing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued courſe.
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuſe not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.
Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſuit.
Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State, and Maieſtie:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Eſtates:
Yet know, where you accept our ſuit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne ſhall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and downe-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Catesb. Call him againe, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit againſt my Conſcience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham, and the reſt.
Couſin of Buckingham, and ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I muſt haue patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequell of your Impoſition,
Your meere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire of this.
Maior. God bleſſe your Grace, wee ſee it, and will ſay it.
Rich. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Euen when you pleaſe, for you will haue it ſo.

Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.
Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.

Duch.Yorke. Who meets vs heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Sister thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
Duch.Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.
Dors. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Least thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:
You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.
Duch. Yorke. O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous.
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.
O would to God, that the inclusiue Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.
Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for yours.
Dors. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue of it.
Du.Y. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I seene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Coufin of Buckingham.
Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.
Rich. Giue me thy hand. *Sound.*
Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy affiftance,
Is King *Richard* feated:
But fhall we weare thefe Glories for a day?
Or fhall they laft, and we reioyce in them?
Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them laft.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* liues, thinke now what I would fpeake.
Buck. Say on my louing Lord.
Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I fay I would be King.
Buck. Why fo you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis fo: but *Edward* liues.
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter confequence!
That *Edward* ftill fhould liue true Noble Prince.
Coufin, thou waft not wont to be fo dull.
Shall I be plaine? I wifh the Baftards dead,
And I would haue it fuddenly perform'd.
What fay'ft thou now? fpeake fuddenly, be briefe.
Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleafure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindneffe freezes:
Say, haue I thy confent, that they fhall dye?
*Buc.*Giue me fome litle breath, fome pawfe, deare Lord,
Before I pofitiuely fpeake in this:
I will refolue you herein prefently. *Exit Buck.*
Catesby. The King is angry, fee he gnawes his Lippe.
Rich. I will conuerfe with Iron-witted Fooles,
And vnrefpectiue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with confiderate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumfpect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'ft thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a clofe exploit of Death?
Page. I know a difcontented Gentleman,
Whofe humble meanes match not his haughtie fpirit:
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell*.
Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither, Boy. *Exit.*
The deepe reuoluing wittie *Buckingham*,
No more fhall be the neighbor to my counfailes.
Hath he fo long held out with me, vntyr'd,
And ftops he now for breath? Well, be it fo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?
Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marqueffe *Dorfet*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous ficke,
I will take order for her keeping clofe.
Inquire me out fome meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry ftraight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolifh, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dream'ft: I fay againe, giue out,
That *Anne*, my Queene, is ficke, and like to dye.
About it, for it ftands me much vpon
To ftop all hopes, whofe growth may dammage me.
I muft be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,
Or elfe my Kingdome ftands on brittle Glaffe:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that finne will pluck on finne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your moft obedient fubiect.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'ft thou refolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Pleafe you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
Rich. Why then thou haft it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Reft, and my fweet fleepes difturbers,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tyrrel, I meane thofe Baftards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And foone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
Rich. Thou fing'ft fweet Mufique:
Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,
Goe by this token: rife, and lend thine Eare, *Whifpers.*
There is no more but fo: fay it is done,
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.
Tyr. I will difpatch it ftraight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue confider'd in my minde,
The late requeft that you did found me in.
Rich. Well, let that reft: *Dorfet* is fled to *Richmond*.
Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.
Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke vnto it.
Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promife,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promifed I fhall poffeffe.
Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if fhe conuey
Letters to *Richmond*, you fhall anfwer it.
Buck. What fayes your Highneffe to my iuft requeft?
Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophecie, that *Richmond* fhould be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuifh Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buck. May it pleafe you to refolue me in my fuit.
Rich. Thou troubleft me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe feruice
With fuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haftings*, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The moft arch deed of pittious maffacre

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forreſt*, who I did ſuborne
To do this p eece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderneſſe, and milde compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad Story.
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaſter innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almoſt chang'd my minde:
But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.
Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead.
Tir. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle *Tirrell*.
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to ſay the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoone, and after Supper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till then.
Tir. I humbly take my leaue.
Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welſhmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter men: My counſaile is my Sheeld,
We muſt be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in theſe Confines ſlily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witneſſe to,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutcheſſe and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing ſweets:
If yet your gentle ſoules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miſeries haue craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. Plantagenet doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from ſuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my ſweet Sonne.
Dut Dead life, blind ſight, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes Scene, Worlds ſhame, Graues due, by life vſurpt,
Breefe abſtract and record of tedious dayes,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
Qu. Ah that thou would'ſt aſſoone affoord a Graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſeate:
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them heere,
Ah who hath any cauſe to mourne but wee?
Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſigneurie,
And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
If ſorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'ſt to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping ſoules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe vs to our graues.
O vpright, iuſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prayes on the iſſue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. O *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thine.
Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward,*
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward:*
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my loſſe.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward,*
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,*
Vntimely ſmother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely referu'd their Factor, to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Inſues his pittious and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſodainly conuey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may liue and ſay, The Dogge is dead.
Qu. O thou did'ſt propheſie, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſe
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The preſentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou waſt, a gariſh Flagge
To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot;
A ſigne of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doſt thou Ioy?
Who ſues, and kneeles, and ſayes, God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſſed Widdow:
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me:
For ſhe being feared of all, now fearing one:
For ſhe commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Iuſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but Thought of what thou waſt.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, euen heere I ſlip my wearied head,
And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, ſhall make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a-while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day:
Compare dead happineſſe, with liuing woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were ſweeter then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy loſſe, makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery ſucceeders of inteſtine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they eaſe the hart.
Dut. If ſo then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's ſmother
My damned Son, that thy two ſweet Sonnes ſmother'd.
The Trumpet ſounds, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Dut. O ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters (Wretch) that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't ſhould be branded, if that right were right?
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-ſlaue, where are my Children?
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
Qu. Where is the gentle *Riuers, Vaughan, Gray*?
Dut. Where is kinde *Haſtings*?
Rich. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare theſe Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I ſay.
Flouriſh. Alarums.
Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. O let me ſpeake.
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.
Dut: I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſty? I haue ſtaid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
Thy School-daies frightfull, deſp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſlye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To Breakefaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike vp the Drumme.
Dut. I prythee heare me ſpeake.

Rich.

Rich. You ſpeake too bitterly.
Dut. Heare me a word:
For I ſhall neuer ſpeake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iuſt ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreame Age ſhall periſh,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moſt greeuous Curſe,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'ſt.
My Prayers on the aduerſe party fight,
And there the little ſoules of *Edwards* Children,
Whiſper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promiſe them Succeſſe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her.
Rich. Stay Madam, I muſt talke a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the Royall Blood
For thee to ſlaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
Qu. And muſt ſhe dye for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, ſtaine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as falſe to *Edwards* bed:
Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
So ſhe may liue vnſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not *Edwards* daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, ſhe is a Royall Princeſſe.
Qu. To ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
Rich. Her life is ſafeſt onely in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that ſafety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good ſtarres were oppoſite.
Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Deſtiny.
Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Deſtiny.
My Babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
Rich, You ſpeake as if that I had ſlaine my Coſins?
Qu. Coſins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whoſe hand ſoeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that ſtill vſe of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of ſailes and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to peeces on thy Rocky boſome.
Rich. Madam, ſo thriue I in my enterprize
And dangerous ſucceſſe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.
Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouered, that can do me good.
Rich. Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Vp to ſome Scaffold, there to loſe their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any childe of mine.
Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.
Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule
So from thy Soules loue didſt thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who doſt yu meane ſhallbe her King.
Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:
Who elſe ſhould bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Euen ſo: How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canſt thou woo her?
Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue
Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will ſhe weepe:
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, ſteept in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which ſay to her did dreyne
The purple ſappe from her ſweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vnckle *Riuers*, I (and for her ſake)
Mad'ſt quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Ric. Say that I did all this for loue of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee
Hauing bought loue, with ſuch a bloody ſpoyle.
Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deale vnaduiſedly ſometimes,
Which after-houres giues leyſure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:
If I haue kill'd the iſſue of your wombe,
To quicken your encreaſe, I will beget
Mine yſſue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little leſſe in loue,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one ſteppe below,
Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, ſaue for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,
But

But mine ſhall be a comfort to your Age,
The loſſe you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that loſſe, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſſe as I can.
Dorſet your Sonne, that with a fearfull ſoule
Leads diſcontented ſteppes in Forraine ſoyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly ſhall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet*, Brother:
Againe ſhall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of diſtreſſefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to ſee:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue ſhed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with intereſt
Of ten-times double gaine of happineſſe.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her baſhfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aſpiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princeſſe
With the ſweet ſilent houres of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conqueſt wonne,
And ſhe ſhalbe ſole Victoreſſe, *Cæſars Cæſar*.

Qu. What were I beſt to ſay, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or ſhall I ſay her Vnkle?
Or he that ſlew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make ſeeme pleaſing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtil laſting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say ſhe ſhall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.

Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

Qu. But ſhe your Subiect, lothes ſuch Soueraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.

Rich. Your Reaſons are too ſhallow, and to quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reaſons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that ſtring Madam, that is paſt.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, and the third vſurpt.

Rich. I ſweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath loſt his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemiſh'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne vſurp'd, diſgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by ſomething, that thou haſt not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

Qu. Thy Selfe, is ſelfe-miſvs'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it diſhonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heauen.

Qu. Heauens wrong is moſt of all:
If thou didd'ſt feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou had'ſt not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou had'ſt fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'ſt thou ſweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou haſt wronged in the time ore-paſt:
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Heereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whoſe Fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents liue, whoſe Children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repaſt.

Rich. As I entend to proſper, and repent:
So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hoſtile Armes: My ſelfe, my ſelfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy reſt.
Be oppoſite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, conſiſts my Happineſſe, and thine:
Without her, followes to my ſelfe, and thee;
Her ſelfe, the Land, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Death, Deſolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be auoyded, but by this:
It will not be auoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the Atturney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerue:
Vrge the Neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh found, in great Deſignes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe.

Rich. I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong your ſelfe.

Qu. Yet thou didſt kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Neſt of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themſelues, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly,
And you ſhal vnderſtand from me her mind. *Exit* Q.

Rich. Beare her my true loues kiſſe, and ſo farewell.
Relenting Foole, and ſhallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Moft mightie Soueraigne, on the Wefterne Coaft
Rideth a puiffant Nauie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnrefolu'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them afhore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend poft to ỳ Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy felfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient hafte.

Rich. *Catesby* come hither, pofte to Salisbury:
When thou com'ft thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why ftay'ft thou here, and go'ft not to the Duke?

Cat. Firft, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneffe pleafure,
What from your Grace I fhall deliuer to him.

Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie ftraight
The greateft ftrength and power that he can make,
And meet me fuddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe. *Exit.*

Rat. What, may it pleafe you, fhall I doe at Salisbury?

Rich. Why, what would'ft thou doe there, before I goe?

Rat. Your Highneffe told me I fhould pofte before.

Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Sta. None, good my Liege, to pleafe you with ỳ hearing,
Nor none fo bad, but well may be reported.

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'ft thou runne fo many miles about,
When thou mayeft tell thy Tale the neereft way?
Once more, what newes?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him finke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by gueffe.

Rich. Well, as you gueffe.

Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorfet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnfway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoffeft?
What Heire of *Yorke* is there aliue, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?

Stan. Vnleffe for that, my Liege, I cannot gueffe.

Rich. Vnleffe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueffe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miftruft me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Wefterne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they fhould ferue their Soueraigne in the Weft?

Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleafeth your Maieftie to giue me leaue,
Ile mufter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maieftie fhall pleafe.

Rich. I, thou would'ft be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not truft thee.

Stan. Moft mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no caufe to hold my friendfhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falfe.

Rich. Goe then, and mufter men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley*: looke your heart be firme,
Or elfe his Heads affurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonfhire,
As I by friends am well aduertifed,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bifhop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Meffenger.

Mef. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes ftrong.

Enter another Meffenger.

Mef. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He ftriketh him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mef. The newes I haue to tell your Maieftie,
Is, that by fudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckinghams Armie is difpers'd and fcatter'd,
And he himfelfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purfe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mef. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Meffenger.

Mef. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marqueffe *Dorfet*,
'Tis faid, my Liege, in Yorkefhire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneffe,
The Brittaine Nauie is difpers'd by Tempeft.
Richmond in Dorfetfhire fent out a Boat
Vnto the fhore, to aske thofe on the Banks,
If they were his Affiftants, yea, or no?
Who anfwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie: he miftrufting them,
Hoys'd fayle, and made his courfe againe for Brittaine.

Rich. March on, march on, fince we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe thefe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beft newes: that the Earle of Richmond

Is

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.
Rich. Away towards Salsbury, while we reason here,
A Royall batteil might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salsbury, the rest march on with me. *Florish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.
Der. What men of Name resort to him.
Chri, Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *Iames Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and *Edwards* children, *Gray* & *Riuers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clowds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then Al-soules day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs:
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus *Margarets* curse falles heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Frends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.
Oxf. Euery mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.
Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we must haue knockes:
Ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take my louing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's lacke no Difcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a bufie day. *Exeunt*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorfet.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden fet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you fhall beare my Standard:
Giue me fome Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limit each Leader to his feuerall Charge,
And part in iuft proportion our fmall Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And your Sir *Walter Herbert* ftay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the fecond houre in the Morning,
Defire the Earle to fee me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnleffe I haue miftane his Colours much,
(Which well I am affur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at leaft
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without perill it be poffible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make fome good meanes to fpeak with him
And giue him from me, this moft needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And fo God giue you quiet reft to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs confult vpon to morrowes Bufineffe;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not fup to night,
Giue me fome Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer eafier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readineffe.
Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vfe carefull Watch, choofe trufty Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
Rich. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purfuiuant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rifing, leaft his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staues be found, & not too heauy. *Ratcliff.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'ft the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of Surrey, and himfelfe,
Much about Cockfhut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am fatisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I fay. *Exit Ratclif.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy Perfon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attourney, bleffe thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The filent houres fteale on,
And flakie darkeneffe breakes within the Eaft.
In breefe, for fo the feafon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody ftroakes, and mortall ftaring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With beft aduantage will deceiue thet ime,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull fhocke of Armes.
But on thy fide I may not be too forward,
Leaft being feene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers fight.
Farewell: the leyfure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of fweet Difcourfe,
Which fo long fundred Friends fhould dwell vpon:
God giue vs leyfure for thefe rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and fpeed well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile ftriue with troubled noife, to take a Nap,
Left leaden flumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I fhould mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.
Exeunt. Manet Richmond.
O thou, whofe Captaine I account my felfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruifing Irons of wrath,
That they may crufh downe with a heauy fall,
Th'vfurping Helmets of our Aduerfaries:
Make vs thy minifters of Chafticement,
That we may praife thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull foule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ftill. *Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghoft of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the fixt.

Gh. to Ri. Let me fit heauy on thy foule to morrow:
Thinke how thou ftab'ft me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Difpaire therefore, and dye.
Ghoft to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henries* iffue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoft of Henry the fixt.

Ghoft. When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Difpaire, and dye,
Harry the fixt, bids thee difpaire, and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophefied thou fhould'ft be King,
Doth comfort thee in fleepe: Liue, and flourifh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow.
I that was waſh'd to death with Fulſome Wine:
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye.
To Richm. Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riu Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers ,that dy'de at Pomfret: diſpaire, and dye.
Grey. Thinke vpon *Grey*, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, diſpaire and dye.
All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Boſome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Haſtings: diſpaire, and dye.
Haſt. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſoule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands ſake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghoſts. Dreame on thy Couſins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoule bids thee diſpaire and dye.
Ghoſts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy ,
Liue, and be get a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghoſt to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filles thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye.
Ghoſt to Richm. Thou quiet ſoule,
Sleepe thou a quiet ſleepe:
Dreame of Succeſſe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduerſaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghoſt to Rich. The firſt was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The laſt was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltineſſe.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire; diſpairing yeeld thy breath.
Ghoſt to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not diſmayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard ſtarts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horſe, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Ieſu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none elſe by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reaſon: why?
Leſt I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Vllaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe ſpeake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a ſeuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'ſt Degree,
Murther, ſterne murther, in the dyr'ſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I ſhall diſpaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.
King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to night
Haue ſtroke more terror to the ſoule of *Richard*,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Eaſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond ſitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard heere?
Lords. How haue you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe,
And faireſt boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whoſe bodies *Rich.* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promiſe you my Heart is very iocond,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing Countrymen,
The leyſure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God

God, and our good caufe, fight vpon our fide,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged foules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, ftand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except) thofe whom we fight againft,
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eftablifh'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And flaughter'd thofe that were the meanes to help him:
A bafe foule Stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falfely fet:
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight againft Gods Enemy,
God will in iuftice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do fweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You fleepe in peace, the Tyrant being flaine:
If you do fight againft your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat fhall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in fafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues fhall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all thefe rights,
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaft of you fhall fhare his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What faid Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
King. He faid the truth: and what faid Surrey then?
Rat. He fmil'd and faid, the better for our purpofe.
King. He was in the right, and fo indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. *Clocke ftrikes.*
Giue me a Kalender: Who faw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he difdaines to fhine: for by the Booke
He fhould haue brau'd the Eaft an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to fomebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be feene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
I would thefe dewy teares were from the ground.
Not fhine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the felfe-fame Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes fadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buftle, buftle. Caparifon my horfe.
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell fhal be ordred.
My Foreward fhall be drawne in length,
Confifting equally of Horfe and Foot:
Our Archers fhall be placed in the mid'ft;
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas* Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horfe.
They thus directed, we will fllow
In the maine Battell, whofe puiffance on either fide
Shall be well-winged with our cheefeft Horfe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'ft thou Norfolke.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Iockey of Norfolke, be not fo bold,
For Dickon thy maifter is bought and fold.
King. A thing deuifed by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our foules:
For Confcience is a word that Cowards vfe,
Deuis'd at firft to keepe the ftrong in awe,
Our ftrong armes be our Confcience, Swords our Law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What fhall I fay more then I haue inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A fort of Vagabonds, Rafcals, and Run-awayes,
A fcum of Brittaines, and bafe Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To defperate Aduentures, and affur'd Deftruction.
You fleeping fafe, they bring you to vnreft:
You hauing Lands, and bleft with beauteous wiues,
They would reftraine the one, diftaine the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coft,
A Milke-fop, one that neuer in his life
Felt fo much cold, as ouer fhooes in Snow:
Let's whip thefe ftraglers o're the Seas againe,
Lafh hence thefe ouer-weening Ragges of France,
Thefe famifh'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themfelues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not thefe baftard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of fhame.
Shall thefe enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
Rauifh our daughters? *Drum afarre off*
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horfes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ftaues.

Enter a Meffenger.

What fayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Mef. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his fonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paft the Marfh:
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thoufand hearts are great within my bofom.
Aduance our Standards, fet vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. *George*
Infpire vs with the fpleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie fits on our helpes.

Alarum, excurfions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Refcue my Lord of Norfolke,
Refcue, Refcue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppofite to euery danger:
His horfe is flaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Refcue faire Lord, or elfe the day is loft.

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.
Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horfe
Rich. Slaue, I haue fet my life vpon a caft,
And I will ftand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I flaine to day, in ftead of him.
A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.

Alatum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is flaine.

Retreat and Flourifh. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.
Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well haft thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere thefe long vfurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of Heauen, fay Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?
Der. He is my Lord, and fafe in Leicefter Towne,
Whither (if you pleafe) we may withdraw vs.
Richm. What men of name are flaine on either fide?
Der. John Duke of Norfolke, *Walter* Lord Ferris,
Sir *Robert Brokenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon.*
Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in fubmifsion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Rofe, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and fayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and fcarr'd her felfe;
The Brother blindely fhed the Brothers blood;
The Father, rafhly flaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this diuided Yorke and Lancafter,
Diuided, in their dire Diuifion.
O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houfe,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be fo)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With fmiling Plenty, and faire Profperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce thefe bloudy dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not liue to tafte this Lands increafe,
That would with Treafon, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciuill wounds are ftopp'd, Peace liues agen;
That fhe may long liue heere, God fay, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

The Famous Hiſtory of the Life of

King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGVE.

I Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:
Such Noble Scœnes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now preſent. Thoſe that can Pitty, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subiect will deſerue it. Such as giue
Their Money out of hope they may beleeue,
May heere finde Truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Onely a ſhow or two, and ſo a gree,
The Play may paſſe: If they be ſtill, and willing,
Ile vndertake may ſee away their Shilling
Richly in two ſhort houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyſe of Targets: Or to ſee a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,
Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our choſen Truth with ſuch a ſhow
As Foole, and Fight is, beſide forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leaue vs neuer an vnderſtanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſſe ſake, and as you are knowne
The Firſt and Happieſt Hearers of the Towne,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye ſee
The very Perſons of our Noble Story,
As they were Liuing: Thinke you ſee them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand Friends: Then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoone this Mightineſſe, meets Miſery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile ſay,
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. *Scœna Prima.*

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

Buckingham.

GOod morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since laſt we ſaw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Heathfull, and euer ſince a freſh Admirer
Of what I ſaw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague
Staid me a Priſoner in my Chamber, when
Thoſe Sunnes of Glory, thoſe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then preſent, ſaw them ſalute on Horſebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Priſoner.

Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: Men might ſay
Till this time Pompe was ſingle, but now married
To one aboue it ſelfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes maſter, till the laſt
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the Engliſh; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Euery man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, did almoſt ſweat to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'enſuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them: Him in eye,
Still him in praiſe, and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner
Durſt wagge his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Sunnes
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compaffe, that former fabulous Storie
Being now feene, poffible enough, got credit
That *Beuis* was beleeu'd.
Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As I belong to worfhip, and affect
In Honor, Honefty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Difcourfer loofe fome life,
Which Actions felfe, was tongue too.
Buc. All was Royall,
To the difpofing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Diftinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who fet the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you gueffe:
One certes, that promifes no Element
In fuch a bufineffe.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordred by the good Difcretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.
Buc. The diuell fpeed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in thefe fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That fuch a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him ftuffe, that put's him to thefe ends:
For being not propt by Aunceftry, whofe grace
Chalkes Succeffors their way; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Affiftants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giue vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him: let fome Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can fee his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himfelfe.
Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who fhould attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moft part fuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Muft fetch him in, he Papers.
Abur. I do know
Kinfmen of mine, three at the leaft, that haue
By this, fo ficken'd their Eftates, that neuer
They fhall abound as formerly.
Buc. O many
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But minifter communication of
A moft poore iffue.
Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Coft that did conclude it.
Buc. Euery man,
After the hideous ftorme that follow'd, was
A thing Infpir'd, and not confulting, broke
Into a generall Prophefie; That this Tempeft
Dafhing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The fodaine breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.
Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambaffador is filenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a fuperfluous rate.
Buc. Why all this Bufineffe
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduife you
(And take it from a heart, that wifhes towards you
Honor, and plenteous fafety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To confider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minifter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a fharpe edge: It's long, and't may be faide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bofome vp my counfell,
You'l finde it wholefome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduice your fhunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolfey, the Purfe borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his paffage, fixeth his eye on Buckham, and Buckingham on him, both full of difdaine.

Car. The Duke of *Buckinghams* Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Heere fo pleafe you.
Car. Is he in perfon, ready?
Secr. I, pleafe your Grace.
Car. Well, we fhall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall leffen this bigge looke.
Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.
Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore beft
Not wake him in his flumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your difeafe requires.
Buc. I read in's looks
Matter againft me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect obiect, at this inftant
He bores me with fome tricke; He's gone to'th'King:
Ile follow, and out-ftare him.
Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reafon with your Choller queftion
What 'tis you go about: to climbe fteepe hilles
Requires flow pace at firft. Anger is like
A full hot Horfe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduife me like you: Be to your felfe,
As you would to your Friend.
Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This *Ipswich* fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Norf. Be aduis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do findge your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be aduis'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your sel fe;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *Inly*, when
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Norf. Say not treasonous.

*Buck.*To th'King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous
As he is subtile, and as prone to mischiefe,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this last costly Treaty: Th'interuiew,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did breake ith'wrenching.

Norf. Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.*Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th'Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolsey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th'old dam Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne aduantage.

Norf. I am sorry
To heare this of him; and could wish he were
Somthing mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a sillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in proofe.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or theee of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
Of our most Soueraigne King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me, I shall perish
Vnder deuice, and practise:

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure
You shall to th'Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part, black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councellour.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th'Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck: O *Michaell Hopkins*?

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surueyor is falce: The ore-great *Cardinall*
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whose figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne.My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himselfe vnder the Kings feete on his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in person,
Ile heare him his confessions iustifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
He shall againe relate.

A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, vsher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: she kneels. King riseth from his State, takes her vp, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:

The

The other moity ere you aske is giuen,
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thanke your Maiesty
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.
Kin. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grieuance: There haue beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes
Language vnmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.
Norf. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'euent too th'teeth, are all in vprore,
And danger serues among them.
Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th' State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are deuis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects griefe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curses now
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.
Kin. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State-Statues onely.
Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselues from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleeue, not any.
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surueyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your displeasure.
Kin. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall proue
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold ſpirit relate what you
Moſt like a carefull Subiect haue collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*
Kin. Speake freely.
Sur. Firſt, it was vſuall with him; euery day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without iſſue dye; hee'l carry it ſo
To make the Scepter his. Theſe very words
I'ue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oth he menac'd
Reuenge vpon the *Cardinall.*
Card. Pleaſe your Highneſſe note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wiſh to your High perſon;
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliuer all with Charity.
Kin. Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poynt haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeake ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Propheſie of *Nicholas Henton.*
Kin. What was that *Henton*?
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confeſſor, who fed him euery minute
With words of Soueraignty.
Kin. How know'ſt thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Higneſſe ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the Pariſh
Saint *Laurence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,
Men feare the French would proue perfidious
To the Kings danger: preſently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, ſayes he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after vnder the Commiſſions Seale,
He ſollemnly had ſworne, that what he ſpoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, ſhould vtter, with demure Confidence,
This pauſingly enſu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper, bid him ſtriue
To the loue o'th'Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England.
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and loſt your Office
On the complaint o'th'Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleene a Noble perſon,
And ſpoyle your nobler Soule; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily beſeech you.
Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, Ile ſpeake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diuels illuſions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this ſo farre, vntill
It forg'd him ſome deſigne, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his laſt Sickneſſe faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Louels* heads
Should haue gone off.
Kin. Ha? What, ſo rancke? Ah, ha,
There's miſchiefe in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Sur. I can my Liedge.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſſe had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*.
Kin. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn ſeruant,
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th'Vſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salsbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him.
Kin. A Gyant Traytor.
Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,
And this man out of Priſon.
Queen. God mend all.
Kin. Ther's ſomthing more would out of thee; what ſay'ſt?
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible Oath, whoſe tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreſolute purpoſe.
Kin. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poſſible the ſpels of France ſhould iuggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?
L. San. New cuſtomes,
Though they be neuer ſo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As farre as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meerely
A fit or two o'th'face, (but they are ſhrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would ſweare directly
Their very noſes had been Councellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State ſo.
L. San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer ſee 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after ſuch a Pagan cut too't,
That ſure th'haue worne out Ch iſtendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.

L. Cham. What is't for?
Lou. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monſieurs
To thinke an Engliſh Courtier may be wiſe,
And neuer ſee the *Louure.*
Lou: They muſt either
(For ſo run the Conditions) leaue thoſe remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abuſing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wiſedome, renouncing cleane
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bliſtred Breeches, and thoſe types of Trauell;
And vnderſtand againe like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
They may *Cum Pruiilegio,* wee away
The lag end of their lewdneſſe, and be laugh'd at.
L. San. 'Tis time to giue 'em Phyſicke, their diſeaſes
Are growne ſo catching.
L. Cham What a loſſe our Ladies
Will haue of theſe trim vanities?
Louell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the ſlye whorſons
Haue got a ſpeeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.
L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine ſong,
And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſicke too.
L. Cham. Well ſaid Lord *Sands,*
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?
L. San. No my Lord,
Nor ſhall not while I haue a ſtumpe.
L. Cham. Sir *Thomas,*
Whither were you a going?
Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile aſſure you.
Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall euery where.
L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that ſaid other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, ſhould be moſt liberall,
They are ſet heere for examples.
L. Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now giue ſo great ones:
My Barge ſtayes;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas,*
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.
L. San. I am your Lordſhips. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboies. A ſmall Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Gueſts at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:
As firſt, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Louell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young Sir *Harry Guilford.*
San. Sir *Thomas Louell,* had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should finde a running Banket, ere they reſted,
I thinke would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of faire ones.
Lou. O that your Lordſhip were but now Confeſſor,
To one or two of theſe.
San. I would I were,
They ſhould finde eaſie pennance.
Lou. Faith how eaſie?
San. As eaſie as a downe bed would affoord it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it pleaſe you ſit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that ſide, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muſt not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands,* you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray ſit betweene theſe Ladies.
San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordſhip: by your leaue ſweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father.
An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iuſt as I doe now,
He would Kiſſe you Twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well ſaid my Lord:
So now y'are fairely ſeated: Gntlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if theſe faire Ladies
Paſſe away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolſey, and takes his State.

Card Y'are welcome my faire Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue ſuch a Bowle may hold my thankes,
And ſaue me ſo much talking.
Card. My Lord *Sands,*

I am beholding to you : cheere your neighbours :
Ladies you are not merry ; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
Talke vs to silence.

An.B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord *Sands*.

San. Yes, if I make my play :
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam :
For tis to such a thing.

An.B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd.

San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

Card. What's that ?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this ? Nay, Ladies, feare not ;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't ?

Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme ; th'haue left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome ; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remou'd.

You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all ; and once more
I showre a welcome on yee : welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, vsher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully salute him.

A noble Company : what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace : That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine*,
They haue done my poore house grace :
For which I pay 'em a thousand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I euer touch'd : O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me :
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it. *Whisper.*

Cham. I will my Lord.

Card. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen ; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly ; you doe well Lord :
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I should iudge now vnhappily.

Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that ?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highnesse women.

Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were vnmannerly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Card. Sir *Thomas Louell*, is the Banket ready
I'th' Priuy Chamber ?

Lou. Yes, my Lord.

Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

Kin. I feare too much.

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

Kin. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one : Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you : Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall : I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

1. Whether away so fast ?

2. O, God saue ye :
Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. Ile saue you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2. Were you there ?

1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty ?

1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd vpon't.

2. I am sorry fort.

1. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it ?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar ; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Atturney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of diuers witneffes, which the Duke defir'd
To him brought *viua voce* to his face;
At which appear'd againft him, his Surueyor
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *Iohn Car*,
Confeffor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mifchiefe.
2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The fame,
All thefe accus'd him ftrongly, which he faine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And fo his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treafon. Much
He fpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he beare himfelfe?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was ftir'd
With fuch an Agony, he fweat extreamly,
And fomthing fpoke in choller, ill, and hafty:
But he fell to himfelfe againe, and fweetly,
In all the reft fhew'd a moft Noble patience.
2. I doe not thinke he feares death.
1. Sure he does not,
He neuer was fo womanifh, the caufe
He may a little grieue at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. Tis likely,
By all coniectures: Firft *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Surrey*, was fent thither, and in haft too,
Leaft he fhould helpe his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe enuious one,
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardnall inftantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him pernicioufly, and o' my Confcience
Wifh him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtefie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipftaues before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each fide, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And fee the noble ruin'd man you fpeake of.
2. Let's ftand clofe and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pitty me;
Heare what I fay, and then goe home and lofe me.
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name muft dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Confcience, let it fincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
T'has done vpon the premifes, but Iuftice:
But thofe that fought it, I could wifh more Chriftians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mifchiefe;
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltleffe blood muft cry againft 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I fue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,
Make of your Prayers one fweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.
Louell. I doe befeech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid againft me, now to forgiue me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Louell*, I as free forgiue you
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.
There cannot be thofe numberleffe offences
Gainft me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy fhall make my Graue.
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he fpeake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forfake,
Shall cry for bleffings on him. May he liue
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time fhall lead him to his end,
Goodneffe and he, fill vp one Monument.
Lou. To th' water fide I muft conduct your Grace;
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with fuch furniture as fuites
The Greatneffe of his Perfon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conftable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer then my bafe Accufers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now feale it;
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.
My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firft rais'd head againft Vfurping *Richard*,
Flying for fuccour to his Seruant *Banifter*,
Being diftreft; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seauenth fucceeding, truly pittying
My Fathers loffe; like a moft Royall Prince
Reftor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one ftroake ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muft needs fay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Seruants, by thofe Men we lou'd moft:
A moft vnnaturall and faithleffe Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loues and Councels,
Be fure you be not loofe; for thofe you make friends,
And

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to ſinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomthing that is ſad,
Speake how I fell.
I haue done; and God forgiue me.
Exeunt Duke and Traine.
1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curſes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltleſſe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an enſuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceale it.
1: Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You ſhall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the rumor; and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.
2. But that ſlander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Freſher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or ſome about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, poſſeſt him with a ſcruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this buſines.
1. Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not beſtowing on him at his asking,
The Archbiſhopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. I thinke
You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That ſhe ſhould feele the ſmart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1. 'Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

MY Lord, the Horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commiſſion, and maine power tooke 'em from me, with this reaſon: his maiſter would bee ſeru'd before a Subiect, if not before the King, which ſtop'd our mouthes Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee will haue all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord *Chamberlaine*.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suff. How is the King imployd?
Cham. I left him priuate,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Norf. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conſcience.
Suff. No, his Conſcience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.
Norf. Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Prieſt, like the eldeſt Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he liſt. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l neuer know himſelfe elſe.
Norf. How holily he workes in all his buſineſſe,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there ſcatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conſcience,
Feares, and deſpaires, and all theſe for his Marriage,
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a Diuorce, a loſſe of her
That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer loſt her luſtre;
Of her that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greateſt ſtroake of Fortune falls
Will bleſſe the King: and is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heauen keep me from ſuch councel: tis moſt true
Theſe newes are euery where, euery tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that da re
Looke into theſe affaires, ſee this maine end,
The French Kings Siſter. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that ſo long haue ſlept vpon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free vs from his ſlauery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, ſo Ile ſtand,
If the King pleaſe: his Curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeue in.
I knew him, and I know him: ſo I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with ſome other buſines, put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?
Cham. Excuſe me,
The King ha's ſent me otherwhere: Beſides
You'l finde a moſt vnfit time to diſturbe him:
Health to your Lordſhips.

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord *Chamberlaine.*

Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and sits reading pensiuely.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry.

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your selues
Into my priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey,*
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vse vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre
Of priuate conference.

Kin. We are busie; goe.

Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:
I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.

Suff. I another.

Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.

Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisedome
Aboue all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,
The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall *Campeius,*
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclaue for their loues,
They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of *Yorke,* are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse.

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner?*

Wol. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall haue; and my fauour
To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither *Gardiner.*

Walkes and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of *Yorke,* was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.

Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliuer this with modesty to th' Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this waighty busines.
My *Wolsey,* see it furnish'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroaned,
Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe.
To giue her the auaunt, it is a pitty
Would moue a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies seuering.

Old L. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
Must pitty drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a gliftring griefe,
And weare a golden forrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our beft hauing.
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
Old. L. Befhrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and fo would you
For all this fpice of your Hipocrifie:
You that haue fo faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to fay footh, are Bleffings, and which guifts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your foft Chiuerell Confcience, would receiue,
If you might pleafe to ftretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.
Old. L. Tis ftrange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutcheffe? Haue you limbs
To beare that load of Title?
An. No in truth.
Old. L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blufhing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchfafe this burthen, tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.
An. How you doe talke;
I fweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:
Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'ld venture an emballing: I my felfe
Would for *Carnaruanfhire*, although there long'd
No more to th'Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to (know
The fecret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Miftris Sorrowes we were pittying.
Cham. It was a gentle bufineffe, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly bleffings
Follow fuch Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I fpeake fincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiefty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpofe honour to you no leffe flowing,
Then Marchioneffe of *Pembrooke*; to which Title,
A Thoufand pound a yeare, Annuall fupport,
Out of his Grace, he addes.
An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I fhould tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wifhes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wifhes
Are all I can returne. 'Befeech your Lordfhip,
Vouchfafe to fpeake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a blufhing Handmaid, to his Highneffe;
Whofe health and Royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady;
I fhall not faile t'approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are fo mingled,
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And fay I fpoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord.
Old. L. Why this it is: See, fee,
I haue beene begging fixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any fuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very frefh Fifh heere; fye, fye, fye vpon
This compel'd fortune: haue your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.
An. This is ftrange to me.
Old L. How tafts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would fhe not
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?
An. Come you are pleafant.
Old. L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchioneffe of *Pembrooke*?
A thoufand pounds a yeare, for pure refpect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promifes mo thoufands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutcheffe. Say,
Are you not ftronger then you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make your felfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being
If this falute my blood a iot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortleffe, and wee forgetfull
In our long abfence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y'haue heard to her.
Old L. What doe you thinke me——*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets:
Enter two Vergers, with fhort filuer wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bifhop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bifhops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochefter, and S. Afaph: Next them, with fome fmall diftance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purfe, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priefts, bearing each a Siluer Croffe: Then a Gentleman Vfher bareheaded, accompanyed with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Siluer Pillers: After them, fide by fide, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls fit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place fome diftance from the King. The Bifhops place themfelues on each fide the Court in manner of a Confiftory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords fit next the Bifhops. The reft of the Attendants ftand in conuenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'ſt our Commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all ſides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then ſpare that time.
Car. Bee't ſo, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of England, come into the Court.
Crier. *Henry* King of England, &c.
King. Heere.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.
Crier. *Katherine* Queene of England, &c.
The Queene makes no anſwer, riſes out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then ſpeakes.
Sir, I deſire you do me Right and Iuſtice,
And to beſtow your pitty on me; for
I am a moſt poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equall Friendſhip and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what haue I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behauiour giuen to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witneſſe,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Diſlike,
Yea, ſubiect to your Countenance: Glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not ſtroue to loue, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſſe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, againſt mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'ſt Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and ſo giue me vp
To the ſharp'ſt kinde of Iuſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Councell to them
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Buſineſſe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you Sir, to ſpare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whoſe Counſaile
I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You haue heere Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe Reuerend Fathers, men
Of ſingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th'Land, who are aſſembled
To pleade your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſſe,
That longer you deſire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnſetled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and iuſtly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seſſion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I ſpeake.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd ſo) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to ſparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do beleeue
(Induc'd by potent Circumſtances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You ſhall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I ſay againe,
I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuſe you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I doe profeſſe
You ſpeake not like your ſelfe: who euer yet
Haue ſtood to Charity, and diſplayd th'effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene againſt you, nor iniuſtice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtorie,
Yea, the whole Conſiſtorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falſehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue theſe Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſſe ſhall ſpeake in, I do beſeech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weake
T'oppoſe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
You ſigne your Place, and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekeneſſe and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highneſſe fauors,
Gone ſlightly o're lowe ſteppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeſtickes to you) ſerue your will, as't pleaſe
Your ſelfe pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſons Honor, then
Your high profeſſion Spirituall. That agen
I do refuſe you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſſe,
And to be iudg'd by him.
She Curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

Camp. The Queene is obſtinate,
Stubborne to Iuſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.
Kin. Call her againe.
Crier. Katherine, Q of England, come into the Court.
Gent. Vſh. Madam, you are cald backe.
Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me paſt my patience, pray you paſſe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor euer more
Vpon this buſineſſe my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.
Exit Queene, and her Attendants.
Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate,*
That man i'th'world, who ſhall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſſe,
Thy meekneſſe Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious els, could ſpeake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, ſhe ha's
Carried her ſelfe towards me.
Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highnes,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There muſt I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfide) whether euer I
Did broach this buſines to your Highnes, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't: or euer
Haue to you, but with thankes to God for ſuch
A Royall Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt word that might
Be to the preiudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?
Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuſe you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but like to Village Curres,
Barke when their Fellowes doe. By ſome of theſe
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more iuſtifi'de? You euer
Haue wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſines, neuer deſir'd
It to be ſtir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
The paſſages made toward it; on my Honour,
I ſpeake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mou'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't.
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conſcience firſt receiu'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
By th'Biſhop of *Bayon,* then French Embaſſador,
Who had beene hither ſent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance,* and
Our Daughter *Mary:* I'th'Progreſſe of this buſines,
Ere a determinate reſolution, hee
(I meane the Biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertiſe,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhooke
The boſome of my Conſcience, enter'd me;
Yea, with a ſpitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings, did throng
And preſt in with this Caution. Firſt, me thought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, ſhould
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Iſſue,
Or di'de where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beſt Heyre o'th'World) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes ſtood in
By this my Iſſues faile, and that gaue to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conſcience, I did ſteere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent heere together: that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feele full ſicke, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. Firſt I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne;* you remember
How vnder my oppreſſion I did reeke
When I firſt mou'd you.
B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.
Kin. I haue ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelfe to ſay
How farre you ſatisfide me.
Lin. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daringſt Counſaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this courſe,
Which you are running heere.
Kin. I then mou'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury,* and got your leaue
To make this preſent Summons vnſolicited.
I left no Reuerend Perſon in this Court;
But by particular conſent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no diſlike i'th'world againſt the perſon
Of the good Queene; but the ſharpe thorny points
Of my alleadged reaſons, driues this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th'World.
Camp. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The Queene being abſent, 'tis a needfull fitneſſe,
That we adiourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends vnto his Holineſſe.
Kin. I may perceiue
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory ſloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Cranmer,*
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I ſay, ſet on.
Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leaue working:

SONG.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselues when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Euery thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Queen. Would they speake with me?
Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces
To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wols. Peace to your Highnesse.
Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?
Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you
The full cause of our comming.
Queen. Speake it heere.
There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience
Deserues a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Aboue a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw 'em,
Enuy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so euen. If your busines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.
Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.
Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspitious:
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;
Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'st sinne I euer yet committed,
May be absolu'd in English.
Card. Noble Lady,
I am sorry my integrity shoul breed,
(And seruice to his Maiesty and you)
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour euery good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You haue too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honest men) our iust opinions,
And comforts to our cause.
Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Seruice, and his Counsell.
Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answere
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to such men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.
Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare giue me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And liue a Subiect? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, liue not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrey Lords.
Camp. I would your Grace
Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counsell.
Queen. How Sir?
Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's louing and most gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tels you rightly.
Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is aboue all yet; there sits a Iudge,
That no King can corrupt.
Camp. Your rage mistakes vs.
Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scornd?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I haue more Charity. But ſay I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heauens ſake take heed, leaſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrowes, fall vpon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meere diſtraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enuy.
Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all ſuch falſe Profeſſors. Would you haue me
(If you haue any Iuſtice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my ſicke cauſe into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's baniſh'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, aboue this wretchedneſſe? All your Studies
Make me a Curſe, like this.
Camp. Your feares are worſe.
Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me ſpeake my ſelfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare ſay without Vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suſpition?
Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondneſſe) ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords,
Bring me a conſtant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleaſure;
And to that Woman (when ſhe has done moſt)
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
Qu. My Lord,
I dare not make my ſelfe ſo guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.
Car. Pray heare me.
Qu. Would I had neuer trod this Engliſh Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the moſt vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almoſt no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Miſtris of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
Ile hang my head, and periſh.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honeſt,
Youl'd feele more comfort. Why ſhold we (good Lady)
Vpon what cauſe wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to Cure ſuch ſorrowes, not to ſowe 'em.
For Goodneſſe ſake, conſider what you do,
How you may hurt your ſelfe: I, vtterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſſe Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to ſtubborne Spirits,
They ſwell and grow, as terrible as ſtormes.
I know you haue a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,
Thoſe we profeſſe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.
Camp. Madam, you'l finde it ſo:
You wrong your Vertues
With theſe weak Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you looſe it not: For vs (if you pleaſe
To truſt vs in your buſineſſe) we are ready
To vſe our utmoſt Studies, in your ſeruice.
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgiue me;
If I haue vs'd my ſelfe vnmannerly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemely anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſeruice to his Maieſtie,
He ha's my heart yet, and ſhall haue my Prayers
While I ſhall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Beſtow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when ſhe ſet footing heere,
She ſhould haue bought her Dignities ſo deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlaine.

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Conſtancy, the Cardinall
Cannot ſtand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtaine moe new diſgraces,
With theſe you beare alreadie.
Sur. I am ioyfull
To meete the leaſt occaſion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres
Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The ſtampe of Nobleneſſe in any perſon
Out of himſelfe?
Cham. My Lords, you ſpeake your pleaſures:
What he deſerues of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his acceſſe to'th'King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue.
Nor. O feare him not,
His ſpell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's ſetled
(Not to come off) in his diſpleaſure.
Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to heare ſuch Newes as this
Once euery houre.
Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wiſh mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His practiſes to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holineffe
To ftay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen.*

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeue it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coafts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Phyficke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wifh my Lord,
For I profeffe you haue it.

Sur. Now all my ioy
Trace the Coniunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To fome eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perfwade me, from her
Will fall fome bleffing to this Land, which fhall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digeft this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:
There be moe Wafpes that buz about his Nofe,
Will make this fting the fooner. Cardinall *Campeius,*
Is ftolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,
Ha's left the caufe o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is pofted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To fecond all his plot. I do affure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incenfe him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Norf. But my Lord
When returnes *Cranmer?*

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue fatisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almoft in Chriftendome: fhortly (I beleeue)
His fecond Marriage fhould be publifhd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeffe Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur.*

Nor. This fame *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings bufineffe.

Suf. He ha's, and we fhall fee him
For it an Arch-byfhop.

Nor. So I heare.

Suf. 'Tis fo.

Enter Wolfey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Obferue, obferue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th'infide of the Paper?

Crom. Prefently
He did vnfeale them, and the firft he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leaue me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*

It fhall be to the Dutches of Alanfon,
The French Kings Sifter; He fhall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then faire Vifage. *Bullen?*
No, wee'l no *Bullens:* Speedily I wifh
To heare from Rome. The Marchioneffe of Penbroke?

Nor. He's difcontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iuftice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miftris Miftris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I muft fnuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deferuing? yet I know her for
A fpleeny Lutheran, and not wholfome to
Our caufe, that fhe fhould lye i'th'bofome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is fprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer,* one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at fomething.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twer fomthing y^t would fret the ftring,
The Mafter-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th'name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obferuing him. Some ftrange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and ftarts,
Stops on a fodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: ftraight
Springs out into faft gate, then ftops againe,
Strikes his breft hard, and anon, he cafts
His eye againft the Moone: in moft ftrange Poftures
We haue feene him fet himfelfe.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he fent me, to perufe
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Confcience put vnwittingly)
Forfooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The feuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treafure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houfhold, which
I finde at fuch proud Rate, that it out-fpeakes
Poffeffion of a Subiect.

Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleffe your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were aboue the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his Muſings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His ſerious conſidering.

King takes his Seat, whiſpers Louell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgiue me,
Euer God bleſſe your Highneſſe.
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heauenly ſtuffe, and beare the Inuentory
Of your beſt Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue ſcarſe time
To ſteale from Spirituall leyſure, a briefe ſpan
To keepe your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald
To haue you therein my Companion.
Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To thinke vpon the part of buſineſſe, which
I beare i'th'State: and Nature does require
Her times of preſeruation, which perforce
I her fraile ſonne, among'ſt my Brethren mortall,
Muſt giue my tendance to.
King. You haue ſaid well.
Car. And euer may your Highneſſe yoake together,
(As I will lend you cauſe) my doing well,
With my well ſaying.
King. 'Tis well ſaid agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to ſay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He ſaid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent Hauings, to beſtow
My Bounties vpon you.
Car. What ſhould this meane?
Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſſe.
King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:
And if you may confeſſe it, ſay withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What ſay you?
Car. My Soueraigne, I confeſſe your Royall graces
Showr'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,
Haue euer come too ſhort of my Deſires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue beene mine ſo, that euermore they pointed
To'th'good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeſeruer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer ſhall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.
King. Fairely anſwer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illuſtrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary
The fowleneſſe is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twer in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.
Car. I do profeſſe,
That for your Highneſſe good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world ſhould cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
And ſtand vnſhaken yours.
King. 'Tis Nobly ſpoken:
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breſt,
For you haue ſeene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after him ſmiling, and whiſpering.

Car. What ſhould this meane?
What ſodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I muſt reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo:
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croſſe Diuell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deuice to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill ſtirre him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th'Pope?*
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Buſineſſe
I writ too's Holineſſe. Nay then, farewell:
I haue touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſſe,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting. I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man ſee me more.

Enter to Woolſey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleaſure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seale preſently
Into our hands, and to Confine your ſelfe
To Aſher-houſe, my Lord of Wincheſters,
Till you heare further from his Highneſſe.
Car. Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority ſo weighty.
Suf. Who dare croſſe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreſſely?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feele
Of what courſe Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgraces

As

As if it fed ye, and how ſleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courſes, men of Malice;
You haue Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with ſuch a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maſter) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodneſſe,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gaue it.
Car. It muſt be himſelfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieſt.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe fortie houres, Surrey durſt better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then ſaide ſo.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet ſinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You ſent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſſe, out of holy pitty,
Abſolu'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cauſe can witneſſe.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You haue as little Honeſtie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Prieſt) protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feele
My Sword i'th'life blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,
To be thus Iaded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.
Card. All Goodneſſe
Is poyſon to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſſe
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodneſſe of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th'Pope, againſt the King: your goodneſſe
Since you prouoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the State
Of our deſpis'd Nobilitie, our Iſſues,
(Whom if he liue, will ſcarſe be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand ſumme of his ſinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile ſtartle you
Worſe then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kiſſing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie againſt it.
Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſſe, ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot ſaue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of theſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'l ſhew a little Honeſtie.
Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worſt Obiections: If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want thoſe, then my head;
Haue at you.
Firſt, that without the Kings aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Iuriſdiction of all Biſhops.
Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambaſſador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.
Sur. Item, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highneſſe, and *Ferrara.*
Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be ſtampt on the Kings Coine.
Sur. Then, That you haue ſent inumerable ſubſtance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Preſſe not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to ſee him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Sur. I forgiue him.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you haue done of late
By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th'compaſſe of a Premunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoeuer, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And ſo wee'l leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your ſtubborne anſwer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King ſhall know it, and (no doubt) ſhal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.
Exeunt all but Wolſey.
Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneſſe.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Bloſſomes,
And beares his bluſhing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Froſt; a killing Froſt,
And when he thinkes, good eaſie man, full ſurely

His

His Greatneſſe is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that ſwim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtreame, that muſt for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire too,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, ſtanding amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?
Crom. I haue no power to ſpeake Sir.
Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am falne indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace.
Card. Why well:
Neuer ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my ſelfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace aboue all earthly Dignities,
A ſtill, and quiet Conſcience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from theſe ſhoulders
Theſe ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken
A loade, would ſinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden
Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.
Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right vſe of it.
Card. I hope I haue:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miſeries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?
Crom. The heauieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.
Card. God bleſſe him.
Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Card. That's ſomewhat ſodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſſe fauour, and do Iuſtice
For Truths-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his courſe, and ſleepes in Bleſſings,
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?
Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Arch-byſhop of Canterbury.
Card. That's Newes indeed.
Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Corronation.
Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
O *Cromwell*,
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I haue loſt for euer.
No Sun, ſhall euer vſher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my ſmiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Maſter. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer ſet) I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:
Some little memory of me, will ſtirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull ſeruice periſh too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make vſe now, and prouide
For thine owne future ſafety.
Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leaue you? Muſt I needes forgo
So good, ſo Noble, and ſo true a Maſter?
Beare witneſſe, all that haue not hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwel* leaues his Lord.
The King ſhall haue my ſeruice; but my prayres
For euer, and for euer ſhall be yours.
Card. *Cromwel*, I did not thinke to ſhed a teare
In all my Miſeries: But thou haſt forc'd me
(Out of thy honeſt truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more muſt be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolſey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maſter miſt it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that ſinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Loue thy ſelfe laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honeſty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To ſilence enuious Tongues. Be iuſt, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'ſt at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'ſt (O *Cromwell*)
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,
To the laſt peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,
Had I but ſeru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I ſeru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.
Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe.
2 So are you.
1 You come to take your ſtand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, paſſe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis all my buſineſſe. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.
1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow,
This generall ioy.
2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am ſure haue ſhewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
1 Neuer greater,
Nor Ile aſſure you better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand.
1 Yes, 'tis the Liſt
Of thoſe that claime their Offices this day,
By cuſtome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the firſt, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marſhall: you may reade the reſt.
1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,
I ſhould haue beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beſeech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princeſſe Dowager? How goes her buſineſſe?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunſtable; ſixe miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princeſſe lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be ſhort, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine aſſent
Of all theſe Learned men, ſhe was diuorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was remou'd to Kymmalton,
Where ſhe remaines now ſicke.
2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets ſound: Stand cloſe,
The Queene is comming. *Ho-boyes.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1 *A liuely Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2 *Then, two Iudges.*
3 *Lord* Chancellor, *with Purſe and Mace before him.*
4 Quirriſters *ſinging.* Muſicke.
5 Maior of London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter, *in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
6 Marqueſſe Dorſet, *bearing a Scepter of Gold on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Doue, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Eſſes.*
7 Duke of Suffolke, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolke, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Eſſes.*
8 *A* Canopy, *borne by foure of the* Cinque-Ports, *vnder it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each ſide her, the Biſhops of* London, *and* Wincheſter.
9 *The* Olde Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, *in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
10 *Certaine* Ladies *or* Counteſſes, *with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*

Exeunt, *firſt paſſing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

2 A Royall Traine beleeue me: Theſe I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?
1 Marqueſſe Dorſet,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold braue Gentleman. That ſhould bee
The Duke of Suffolke.
1 'Tis the ſame: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleſſe thee,
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I euer look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, ſhe is an Angell;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he ſtraines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conſcience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.
2 Thoſe men are happy,
And ſo are all, are neere her.
I take it, ſhe that carries vp the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheſſe of Norfolke.
1 It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2 Their Coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are Starres indeed,
And ſometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God ſaue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled
With the meere rankneſſe of their ioy.
2 You ſaw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the ſeeing.
2 Good Sir, ſpeake it to vs
3 As well as I am able. The rich ſtreame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſate downe
To reſt a while, ſome halfe an houre, or ſo,
In a rich Chaire of State, oppoſing freely
The Beauty of her Perſon to the People.
Beleeue me Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noyſe aroſe,
As the ſhrowdes make at Sea, in a ſtiffe Tempeſt,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin looſe, this day they had beene loſt. Such ioy
I neuer ſaw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would ſhake the preaſe
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could ſay this is my wife there, all were wouen
So ſtrangely in one peece.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the Altar, where ſhe kneel'd, and Saint-like
Caſt her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.
Then roſe againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-byſhop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, *Edward* Confeſſors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all ſuch Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
With

With all the choyſeſt Muſicke of the Kingdome,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feaſt is held.

1 Sir,
You muſt no more call it Yorke-place, that's paſt:
For ſince the Cardinall fell, that Titles loſt,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.

2 What two Reuerend Byſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queene?

3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Wincheſter,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.

2 He of Wincheſter
Is held no great good louer of the Archbiſhops,
The vertuous *Cranmer*.

3 All the Land knowes that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not ſhrinke from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much eſteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Maſter o'th'Iewell Houſe,
And one already of the Priuy Councell.

2 He will deſerue more.

3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to'th'Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.

Both. You may command vs Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, ſicke, lead betweene Griffith, her Gentleman Vſher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffith*, ſicke to death:
My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth,
Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eaſe.
Did'ſt thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou lead'ſt mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall *Wolſey*
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you ſuffer'd, gaue no eare too't.

Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the ſtout Earle Northumberland
Arreſted him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
He fell ſicke ſodainly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man.

Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Rodes, he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot
With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;
To whom he gaue theſe words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the ſtormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Giue him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſſe
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himſelfe
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gaue his Honors to the world agen,
His bleſſed part to Heauen, and ſlept in peace.

Kath. So may he reſt,
His Faults lye gently on him:
Yet thus farre *Griffith*, giue me leaue to ſpeake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an vnbounded ſtomacke, euer ranking
Himſelfe with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'preſence
He would ſay vntruths, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promiſes, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens euill manners, liue in Braſſe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſſe
To heare me ſpeake his good now?

Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.

Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wiſe, faire ſpoken, and perſwading:
Lofty, and ſowre to them that lou'd him not:
But, to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer.
And though he were vnſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſinne) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely: Euer witneſſe for him
Thoſe twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwilling to out-liue the good that did it.
The other (though vnfiniſh'd) yet ſo Famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendome ſhall euer ſpeake his Vertue.
His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happineſſe vpon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelfe,
And found the Bleſſedneſſe of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I wiſh no other Herald,
No other ſpeaker of my liuing Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I moſt hated Liuing, thou haſt made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modeſtie,
(Now in his Aſhes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me ſtill, and ſet me lower,
I haue not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſitians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'ſt I ſit meditating

x On

On that Cœleſtiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and ſolemne Muſicke.

Grif. She is aſleep: Good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience.*

The Viſion.

Enter ſolemnely tripping one after another, ſixe Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They firſt Conge vnto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curtſies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the ſame to the other next two, who obſerue the ſame order in their Changes, and holding the Garland ouer her head. Which done, they deliuer the ſame Garland to the laſt two: who likewiſe obſerue the ſame Order. At which (as it were by inſpiration) ſhe makes (in her ſleepe) ſignes of reioycing, and holdeth vp her hands to heauen. And ſo, in their Dancing vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them. The Muſicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchedneſſe, behinde ye?
Grif. Madam, we are heere.
Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter ſince I ſlept?
Grif. None Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a bleſſed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happineſſe,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I ſhall aſſuredly.
Grif. I am moſt ioyfull Madam, ſuch good dreames
Poſſeſſe your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Muſicke leaue,
They are harſh and heauy to me. *Muſicke ceaſes.*
Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale ſhe lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.
Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And't like your Grace——
Kath. You are a ſawcy Fellow,
Deſerue we no more Reuerence?
Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing ſhe will not looſe her wonted Greatneſſe
To vſe ſo rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.
Meſ. I humbly do entreat your Highneſſe pardon,
My haſt made me vnmannerly. There is ſtaying
A Gentleman ſent from the King, to ſee you.
Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith.* But this Fellow
Let me ne're ſee againe. *Exit Meſſeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my ſight faile not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*
Cap. Madam the ſame. Your Seruant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt mine owne ſeruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings requeſt, that I would viſit you,
Who greeues much for your weakneſſe, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phyſicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am paſt all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highneſſe?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Baniſh'd the Kingdome. *Patience,* is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Moſt willing Madam.
Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodneſſe
The Modell of our chaſte loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Bleſſings on her,
Beſeeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modeſt Nature,
I hope ſhe will deſerue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers ſake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knowes how deerely.
My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue ſome pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that ſo long
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I ſhould not lye) but will deſerue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honeſtie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall haue 'em.
The laſt is for my men, they are the pooreſt,
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And ſomething ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deereſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſoules departed,
Stand theſe poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this laſt right.
Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me looſe the faſhion of a man.
Kath. I thanke you honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highneſſe:
Say his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I bleſt him
(For ſo I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience,*
You muſt not leaue me yet. I muſt to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; ſtrew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scena

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Louell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath strooke.
Gard. These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for vs
To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas*:
Whether so late?
Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.
Lou. I must to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue.
Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Louell*: what's the matter?
It seemes you are in hast: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That seekes dispatch by day.
Lou. My Lord, I loue you;
And durst commend a secret to your eare
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruite she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd vp now.
Lou. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Deserue our better wishes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Louell*, tak't of me,
Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and shee
Sleepe in their Graues.
Louell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd i'th'Kingdome: as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the Iewell-House, is made Master
O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Incenst the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,
Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To-morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.
Exit Gardiner and Page.
Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.
Enter King and Suffolke.
King. *Charles*, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.
King. But little *Charles*,
Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now *Louel*, from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lou. I could not personally deliuer to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thankes
In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?
Lou. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of
Your Highnesse with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight *Charles*,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th'estate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suf. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. *Charles* good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what followes?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha? Canterbury?
Den. I my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?
Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.
King. Bring him to Vs.
Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Cranmer and Denny.
King. Auoyd the Gallery. *Louel seemes to stay.*
Ha? I haue said. Be gone.
What? *Exeunt Louell and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.
Cran. It is my dutie
T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.
King. Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
Come, you and I must walke a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, giue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,
And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.
I haue, and most vnwillingly of late

Heard many greeuous. I do ſay my Lord
Greeuous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you ſhall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with ſuch freedome purge your ſelfe,
But that till further Triall, in thoſe Charges
Which will require your Anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſſe
Would come againſt you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne ſhall flye aſunder. For I know
There's none ſtands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my ſelfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, ſtand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I ſhould haue tane ſome paines, to bring together
Your ſelfe, and your Accuſers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on, is my Truth and Honeſtie:
If they ſhall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my perſon, which I waigh not,
Being of thoſe Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not ſmall; their practiſes
Muſt beare the ſame proportion, and not euer
The Iuſtice and the Truth o'th'queſtion carries
The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what eaſe
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To ſweare againſt you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periur'd Witneſſe, then your Maſter,
Whoſe Miniſter you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne deſtruction.

Cran. God, and your Maieſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They ſhall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning ſee
You do appeare before them. If they ſhall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The beſt perſwaſions to the contrary
Faile not to vſe, and with what vehemencie
Th'occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliuer them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honeſt on mine Honor. Gods bleſt Mother,
I ſweare he is true-hearted, and a ſoule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's ſtrangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?

Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldneſſe, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and ſhade thy perſon
Vnder their bleſſed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I geſſe thy Meſſage. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleſſe her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promiſes Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your Viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.

Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene. *Exit King.*

Lady, An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for ſuch payment.
I will haue more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or elſe vnſay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the iſſue. *Exit Ladie.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyſhop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was ſent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great haſt. All faſt? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace muſt waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall vnderſtand it preſently. *Exit Buts*

Cran. 'Tis *Buts.*
The Kings Phyſitian, as he paſt along
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he ſound not my diſgrace: for certaine
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer ſought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe aboue.

Buts. Ile ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight.

King. What's that *Buts?*

Butts. I thinke your Highneſſe ſaw this many a day.
Kin. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongſt Purſeuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.
Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his Place, and ſo neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures,
And at the dore too, like a Poſt with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine cloſe:
We ſhall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himſelfe at the vpper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void aboue him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, ſeat themſelues in Order on each ſide. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the buſineſſe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The chiefe cauſe concernes his Grace of *Canterbury*.
Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop:
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit heere at this preſent, and behold
That Chayre ſtand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wiſedome, you that beſt ſhould teach vs,
Haue miſdemean'd your ſelfe, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Hereſies;
And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſodaine too
My Noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouthes with ſtubborn Bits & ſpurre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we ſuffer
Out of our eaſineſſe and childiſh pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious ſickneſſe;
Farewell all Phyſicke: and what followes then?
Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The vpper *Germany* can deerely witneſſe:
Yet freſhly pittied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreſſe
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
(I ſpeake it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirres againſt,
Both in his priuate Conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With leſſe Allegeance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment;
Dare bite the beſt. I doe beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Iuſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely vrge againſt me.
Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuſe you.
Gard. My Lord, becauſe we haue buſines of more moment,
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſſe pleaſure
And our conſent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a priuate man againe,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are prouided for.
Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Wincheſter*: I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will paſſe,
I ſhall both finde your Lordſhip, Iudge and Iuror,
You are ſo mercifull. I ſee your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekeneſſe, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win ſtraying Soules with modeſty againe,
Caſt none away: That I ſhall cleere my ſelfe,
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conſcience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted gloſſe diſcouers
To men that vnderſtand you, words and weakneſſe.
Crom. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, y'are a little,
By your good fauour, too ſharpe; Men ſo Noble,
How euer faultly, yet ſhould finde reſpect
For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worſt
Of all this Table ſay ſo.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound I ſay.
Crom. Would you were halfe ſo honeſt:
Mens prayers then would ſeeke you, not their feares.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for ſhame my Lords.
Gard. I haue done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it ſtands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be conuaid to th'Tower a Priſoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleaſure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

All

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th'Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receiue him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th'Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I haue a little yet to ſay. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it
To a moſt Noble Iudge, the King my Maiſter.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twold fall vpon our ſelues.

Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairely out on't.

Crom. My mind gaue me,
In ſeeking tales and Informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the Diuell
And his Diſciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thankes; that gaue vs ſuch a Prince;
Not onely good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty out of deare reſpect,
His Royall ſelfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cauſe betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kin. You were euer good at ſodaine Commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. But know I come not
To heare ſuch flattery now, and in my preſence
They are too thin, and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoere thou tak'ſt me for; I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man ſit downe: Now let me ſee the proudeſt
Hee, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarue,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace;——

Kin. No Sir, it doe's not pleaſe me,
I had thought, I had had men of ſome vnderſtanding,
And wiſedome of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it diſcretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerue that Title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo farre forget your ſelues? I gaue ye
Power, as he was a Counſellour to try him,
Not as a Groome: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmoſt, had ye meane,
Which ye ſhall neuer haue while I liue.

Chan. Thus farre
My moſt dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm ſure in me.

Kin. Well, well my Lords reſpect him,
Take him, and vſe him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect; I
Am for his loue and ſeruice, ſo to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for ſhame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I haue a Suite which you muſt not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptiſme,
You muſt be Godfather, and anſwere for her.

Cran. The greateſt Monarch now aliue may glory
In ſuch an honour: how may I deſerue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoones; You ſhall haue two noble Partners with you: the old Ducheſſe of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marqueſſe *Dorſet*? will theſe pleaſe you?
Once more my Lord of *Wincheſter*, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.

Cran. And let Heauen
Witneſſe how deare, I hold this Confirmation.

Kin. Good Man, thoſe ioyfull teares ſhew thy true (hearts,
The common voyce I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To haue this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leaue your noyſe anon ye Raſcals: doe you take the Court for Pariſh Garden: ye rude Slaues, leaue your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th'Larder.

Port. Belong to th'Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaues, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: Ile ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtenings? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
Vnleſſe wee ſweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleepe
On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:
We may as well puſh againſt Powles as ſtirre 'em.

Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one found Cudgell of foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her.

Within. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man. What would you haue me doe?

Por. What should you doe,
But knock 'em downe by th'dozens? Is this More fields to muster in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women so besiege vs? Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all together.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasier by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdashers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o'th'Strond where she was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th'broome staffe to me, I defide 'em stil, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot, deliuer'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Diuell was amongst 'em I thinke surely.

Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithfull friends o'th'Suburbs? We shall haue
Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Christening?

Por. And't please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th'heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes.

Por. Make way there, for the Princesse.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close vp, or Ile make your head ake.

Por. You i'th'Chamblet, get vp o'th'raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales else. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marshals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great standing Bowles for the Christening Guifts: Then foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutchesse of Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Garter speakes.

Gart. Heauen
From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princesse of England *Elizabeth.*

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourely fall vpon ye.

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I giue thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Gossips, y'haue beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she ha's so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen still moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was neuer
More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,
Holy

Holy and Heauenly thoughts ſtill Counſell her:
She ſhall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne ſhall bleſſe her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with ſorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Euery Man ſhall eate in ſafety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truely knowne, and thoſe about her,
From her ſhall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by thoſe claime their greatneſſe; not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her ſelfe.
So ſhall ſhe leaue her Bleſſedneſſe to One,
(When Heauen ſhal call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen ſhall ſhine,
His Honour, and the greatneſſe of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſſe Heauen.

Kin. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be to the happineſſe of England,
An aged Princeſſe; many dayes ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt haue her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt vnſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſſe
To th'ground, and all the World ſhall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbiſhop
Thou haſt made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queene, and ſhe muſt thanke ye,
She will be ſicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has buſineſſe at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay:
This Little-One ſhall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGVE.

TIs ten to one, this Play can neuer pleaſe
All that are heere: Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleepe an Act or two; but thoſe we feare
W'haue frighted with our Tumpets: ſo 'tis cleare,
They'l ſay tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare
All the expected good w'are like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull conſtruction of good women,
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: If they ſmile,
And ſay twill doe; I know within a while,
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.

The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with massie Staples
And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Troylus and Cresſida.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.
Why ſhould I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are ſtrong, & skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſſe Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then ſleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſſe as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will haue a Cake out of the Wheate, muſt needes tarry the grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you muſt tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leau'ing.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her ſelfe, what Goddeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table doe I ſit;
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence.

Pan. Well:
She look'd yeſternight fairer, then euer I ſaw her looke,
Or any woman elſe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would riue in twaine,
Leaſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to ſudden ſadneſſe.

Pan. And her haire were not ſomewhat darker then *Helens*, well go too, there were no more compariſon betweene the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praiſe it, but I wold ſome-body had heard her talke yeſterday as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra's* wit, but———

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſids* loue. Thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Faire,
Powr'ſt in the open Vlcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure,
The Cignets Downe is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'ſt me;
As true thou tel'ſt me, when I ſay I loue her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'ſt in euery gaſh that loue hath giuen me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'ſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as ſhee is, if ſhe be faire, 'tis the better for her: and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and betweene, but ſmall thankes for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's Kinne to me, therefore ſhee's not ſo faire as *Helen*, and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to ſtay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

Troy. Pandarus? *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

It

Itis too ſtaru'd a ſubiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you pla gue me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſuite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where ſhee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our ſelfe the Merchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts.
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*

Æne. Harke what good ſport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſt.

Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid and her man.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Eaſterne Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubiect all the vaile,
To ſee the battell: *Hector* whoſe pacience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
He chides *Andromache* and ſtrooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne roſe, hee was harneſt lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forſaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Man. The noiſe goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnleſſe they are drunke, ſicke, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Beare, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtaine of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing ſo out ot ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands and no vſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and ſtroke him downe, the diſdaind & ſhame whereof, hath euer ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Creſſid*: what do you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was not vp? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pan. E'ene ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſaies here.

Pan. True he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troylus*?
Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Iupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I euer ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I ſay *Troylus* is *Troylus*.

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iuſt, to each of them he is himſelfe.

Pan. Himſelfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelfe? n o? hee's not himſelfe, would a were himſelfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time muſt friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.

Cre. He ſhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſſe)not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhe prasi'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing

colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Par is.*

Cre. Then ſhee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know he has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Creſ. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector.*

Creſ. Is he is ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Creſ. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his ſmyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia:

Cre. Oh he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne.*

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus.*

Cre. *Troylus* wil ſtand to thee
Proofe, if youle prooue it ſo.

Pan. *Troylus?* why he eſteemes her no more then I eſteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to thinke how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhee has a maruel's white hand I muſt needs confeſſe.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And ſhee takes vpon her to ſpie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was ſuch laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* ſpied on *Troylus* chin.

Creſ. And t'had beene a greene haire, I ſhould haue laught too.

Pand. They laught not ſo much at the haire, as at his pretty anſwere.

Cre. What was his anſwere?

Pan. Quoth ſhee, heere's but two and fifty haires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan d That's true, make no queſtion of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth ſhe, which of theſe haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Hellen* ſo bluſht, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yeſterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile be ſworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Creſ. And Ile ſpring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle againſt May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, ſhal we ſtand vp here and ſee them, as they paſſe toward Illium, good Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida.*

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may ſee moſt brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they paſſe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the reſt.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speake not ſo low'd.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke *Troylus*, you ſhal ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th ſoundeſt iudgement in Troy whoſoeuer, and a proper man of perſon: when comes *Troylus*? Ile ſhew you *Troylus* anon, if hee ſee me, you ſhall ſee him him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall haue, more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; iſt not a braue man?

Cre. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you ſee? Looke you there? There's no ieſting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, iſt not a gallant man to, iſt not? Why this is braue now: who ſaid he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troylus* now, you ſhall *Troylus* anon.

Cre. Whoſe that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus.*

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vnkle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troylus*? *Hellenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Dæphobus.* 'Tis *Troylus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem? Braue *Troylus*, the Prince of Chiualrie.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troylus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he lookes,

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a ſiſter were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddeſſe, hee ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris? Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cref. Heere come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Cref. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cref. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any diſcretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſſe, vertue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth: the Spice, and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Cref. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Cref. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vppon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wardes I lye at, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cref. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefeſt of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnleſſe it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it's paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne houſe.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Cref. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cref. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*.

Cref. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*

Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full ſacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterpriſe:
But more in *Troylus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Then in the glaſſe of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, ioyes ſoule lyes in the dooing:
That ſhe belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.
That ſhe was neuer yet, that euer knew
Loue got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;
" *Atchieuement, is command; vngain'd, beſeech.*
That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What greefe hath ſet the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſignes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promiſt largeneſſe: checkes and diſaſters
Grow in the veines of actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diuerts his Graine
Tortiue and erant from his courſe of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo farre,
That after ſeuen yeares ſiege, yet Troy walles ſtand,
Sith euery action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the ayme:
And that vnbodied figure of the thought
That gaue't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheekes abaſh'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractiue trials of great Ioue,
To finde perſiſtiue conſtancie in men?
The fineneſſe of which Mettall is not found
In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Foole, the Artiſt and vn-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempeſt of her frowne,
Diſtinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath maſſe, or matter by it ſelfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

Neſtor. With due Obſeruance of thy godly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boates dare ſaile
Vpon her patient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of Nobler bulke?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyſt Elements
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boate,
Whoſe weake vntimber'd ſides but euen now
Co-riual'd Greatneſſe? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſte for Neptune. Euen ſo,
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth diuide
In ſtormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſſe,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze
Then by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe-ſame key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vlyſ. Agamemnon:
Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, ſoule, and onely ſpirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be ſhut vp: Heare what *Vlyſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,

¶ And

And thou most reuerend for thy stretcht-out life,
I giue to both your speeches: which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare *Vlysses* speake.
Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect:
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen
Diuide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke iawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.
Vlys. Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.
The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obserue degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,
And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designes)
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,
And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)
Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.
Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
And last, eate vp himselfe.
Great *Agamemnon*:
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so euery step
Exampled by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath *Vlysses* heere discouer'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.
Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found *(Vlysses)*
What is the remedie?
Vlys. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designes. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day
Breakes scurrill Iests,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topplesse deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the woodden Dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.
Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being drest to some Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues
As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.
Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aiax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre

Bold

Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*
A slaue, whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.
Vlys. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-stall prescience, and esteeme no acte
But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands shall strike
When fitnesse call them on, and know by measure
Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closset-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,
By Reason guide his execution.
Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse
Makes many *Thetis* sonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus.*
Men. From Troy. *Enter Æneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Euen this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?
Aga. With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
Æne. Faire leaue, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthfull Phœbus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?
Aga. This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & *Ioues* accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace *Æneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcēds.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Æneas*?
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heares nought priuatly
That comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his sence on the attentiue bent,
And then to speake.
Aga. Speake frankely as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tels thee so himselfe.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd.
The Trumpets sound.
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'st the fayr'st of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,
That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Mistris more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, *Hector* shal honour him:
If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.
Aga. This shall be told our Louers Lord *Æneas*,
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, Ile be he.
Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandsire suckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heauens forbid such scarsitie of youth.
Vlys. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *Æneas*,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pauillion shal I leade you first:
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manet Vlysses, and Nestor.
Vlys. *Nestor.*
Nest. What sayes *Vlysses*?
Vlys. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Vlysses. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.
Nest. Wel, and how ?
Vlys. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How euer it is spred in general name,
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles.*
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,
Whose grossenesse little charracters summe vp,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose
Pointing on him.
Vlys. And wake him to the answer, thinke you ?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute
With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me *Vlysses*,
Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the successe
(Although particular) shall giue a scantling
Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:
And in such Indexes, although small prickes
To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene
The baby figure of the Gyant-masse
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choyse;
And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
To steele a strong opinion to themselues,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.
Vlys. Giue pardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
And thinke perchance they'l sell: If not,
The luster of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eies: what are they ?
Vlys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blockish *Aiax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse *Aiax* come safe off,
Wee'l dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,
Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,
Aiax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.
Nest. Now *Vlysses*, I begin to rellish thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight:
Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*

Enter Aiax, and Thersites.

Aia. Thersites?
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer generally.
Aia. Thersites?
Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core ?
Aia. Dogge.
Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.
Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst ꝧ not heare ? Feele then. *Strikes him.*
Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel beefe-witted Lord.
Aia. Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will beate thee into handsomnesse.
Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse: but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then ꝧ learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou ? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.
Aia. Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.
Ther. Doest thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st me thus ?
Aia. The Proclamation.
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.
Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-som'st scab in Greece.
Aia. I say the Proclamation.
Ther. Thou grumblest & railest euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.
Aia. Mistresse *Thersites.*
Ther. Thou should'st strike him.
Aia. Coblofe.
Ther. He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.
Aia. You horson Curre. *Ther.* Do, do.
Aia. Thou stoole for a Witch.
Ther. I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An Asinico may tutor thee. Thou scuruy valiant Asse, thou art heere but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and solde among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.
Aia. You dogge.
Ther. You scuruy Lord.
Aia. You Curre.
Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax*? wherefore do you this ? How now *Thersites*? what's the matter man ?
Ther. You see him there, do you ?
Achil. I, what's the matter.
Ther. Nay looke vpon him.
Achil. So I do: what's the matter ?

Ther. Nay but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do so.
Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who some euer you take him to be, he is *Aiax*.
Achil. I know that foole.
Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.
Aiax. Therefore I beate thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters: his euasions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I say of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I say this *Aiax*——
Achil. Nay good *Aiax*.
Ther. Has not so much wit.
Achil: Nay, I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace foole.
Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.
Aiax. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall——
Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fooles.
Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.
Pat. Good words *Thersites*.
Achil. What's the quarrell?
Aiax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation ,and he rayles vpon me.
Ther. I serue thee not.
Aiax. Well, go too, go too.
Ther. I serue heere voluntary.
Achil. Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Aiax* was heere the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.
Ther. E'neso, a great deale of your wit too lies in your sinnewes, or else there be Liars. *Hector* shall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.
Achil. What with me to *Thersites*?
Ther. There's *Vlysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to——
Aiax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.
Pat. No more words *Thersites*.
Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, shall I?
Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.
Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to yo ur Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*
Pat. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,
That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,
That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.
Aiax. Farewell? who shall answer him?
Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise
He knew his man.
Aiax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes,
Deliuer *Helen*, and all damage else
(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)
Shall be stroke off. *Hector*, what say you too't.
Hect. Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more softer bowels,
More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches
To'th'bottome of the worst. Let *Helen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question,
Euery tythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours:
If we haue lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yeelding of her vp.
Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe
The past proportion of his infinite,
Andbuckle in a waste most fathomlesse,
With spannes and inches so diminutiue,
As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?
Hel. No maruel though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them, should not our Father
Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tels him so.
Troy. You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest
You furre your gloues with reason: here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,
And reason flyes the obiect of all harme.
Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heeles:
Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,
And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,
Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor
Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,
Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood deiect.
Hect. Brother, she is not worth
What she doth cost the holding.
Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?
Hect. But value dwels not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignitie
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,
To make the seruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is inclineable
To what infectiously it selfe affects,
Without some image of th'affected merit.
Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

¶ 3 My

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will diſtaſte what it elected)
The Wife I choſe, there can be no euaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue ſpoyl'd them ; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnreſpectiue ſame,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes ;
Your breath of full conſent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him ſeruice ; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth & freſhneſſe
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keepe we her ? the Grecians keepe our Aunt :
Is ſhe worth keeping ? Why ſhe is a Pearle,
Whoſe price hath launch'd aboue a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wiſedome *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cride, Go, go :)
If you'l confeſſe, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you muſt needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride ineſtimable ; why do you now
The iſſue of your proper Wiſedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did ?
Begger the eſtimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land ? O Theft moſt baſe !
That we haue ſtolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne,
That in their Country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.

Enter Caſſandra with her haire about her eares.

Caſ. Cry *Troyans*, cry.
Priam. What noyſe ? what ſhreeke is this ?
Troy. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voyce.
Caſ. Cry Troyans.
Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*
Caſ. Cry Troyans cry ; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.
Hect. Peace ſiſter, peace.
Caſ. Virgins, and Boyes ; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour : let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maſſe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Illion ſtand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe ;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*
Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe hie ſtrains
Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe ? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame ?
Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes ;
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* mad, her brainſicke raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* ſonnes,
And Ioue forbid there ſhould be done among'ſt vs
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.
Par. Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counſels :
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gaue wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All feares attending on ſo dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes ?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrell would excite ? Yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite.
Pri. Paris, you ſpeake
Like one be-ſotted on your ſweet delights ;
You haue the Hony ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerely to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it :
But I would haue the ſoyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſsion vp
On termes of baſe compulſion ? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſomes ?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended : nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot paralell.
Hect. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well :
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue gloz'd, but ſuperficially ; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philoſophie.
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemp'red blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong : For pleaſure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners : now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband ? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refracturie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne ſhe is) theſe Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeake alowd
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roisting challenge sent among'st
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thersites *solus.*

How now *Thersites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, arare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of themselues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little lesse then little wit from them that they haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so abundant scarse, it will not in circumuention deliuer a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great reuenew; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Thersites*: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declin the whole question: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You rascall.

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Thersites* is a foole, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemon*, *Thersites* is a foole to serue such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a foole positiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomedes, Aiax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in with me *Thersites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.

Vlis. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause? A word my Lord.

Nes. What moues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vlis. *Achillis* hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Thersites*?

Vlis. He.

Nes. Then will *Aiax* lacke matter, if he haue lost his Argument.

Vlis. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our wish then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a Foole could disunite.

Vlis. The amitie that wisedome knits, not folly may easily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſ. No *Achilles* with him ?

Vliſ. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curteſie :
His legge are legs for neceſſitie, not for flight.

Patro. Achilles bids me ſay he is much ſorry :
If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure,
Did moue your greatneſſe, and this noble State,
To call vpon him ; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digeſtion ſake ;
An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus* :
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers :
But his euaſion winged thus ſwift with ſcorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon,
Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not vertuouſly of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to looſe their gloſſe ;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdſome diſh,
Are like to rot vntaſted : goe and tell him,
We came to ſpeake with him ; and you ſhall not ſinne,
If you doe ſay, we thinke him ouer proud,
And vnder honeſt ; in ſelfe-aſſumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himſelfe
Here tends the ſauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command :
And vnder write in an obſeruing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettiſh lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouerhold his price ſo much,
Weele none of him ; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre :
A ſtirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,
Before a ſleeping Gyant : tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwere preſently.

Aga. In ſecond voyce weele not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeake with him, *Vliſſes* enter you.

Exit Vliſſes.

Aiax. What is he more then another ?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aia. Is he ſo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himſelfe a better man then I am ?

Ag. No queſtion.

Aiax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is ?

Ag. No, Noble *Aiax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aiax. Why ſhould a man be proud ? How doth pride grow ? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer *Aiax*, and your vertues the fairer ; he that is proud, eates vp himſelfe ; Pride is his owne Glaſſe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praiſes it ſelfe but in the deede, deuoures the deede in the praiſe.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Neſt. Yet he loues himſelfe : is't not ſtrange ?

Vliſ. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuſe ?

Vliſ. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe,
Without obſeruance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelfe admiſſion.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire requeſt,
Vntent his perſon, and ſhare the ayre with vs ?

Vliſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake onely
He makes important ; poſſeſt he is with greatneſſe,
And ſpeakes not to himſelfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud ſuch ſwolne and hot diſcourſe,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainſt it ſelfe ; what ſhould I ſay ?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recouery.

Ag. Let *Aiax* goe to him.
Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent ;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelfe.

Vliſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
Weele conſecrate the ſteps that *Aiax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles* ; ſhall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his owne ſeame,
And neuer ſuffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts : ſaue ſuch as doe reuolue
Aud ruminate himſelfe. Shall he be worſhipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee ?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Muſt not ſo ſtaule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will aſſubiugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is : by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiperion.*
This L. goe to him ? *Iupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinkes vp this applauſe.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fiſt, Ile paſh him ore the face.

Ag. O no, you ſhall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, ile pheſe his pride : let me goe to him.

Vliſ. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paultry inſolent fellow.

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelfe.

Aia. Can he not be ſociable ?

Vliſ. The Rauen chides blackneſſe.

Aia. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Phyſitian that ſhould be the patient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde.

Vliſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Aia. A ſhould not beare it ſo, a ſhould eate Swords firſt : ſhall pride carry it ?

Neſt. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Vliſ. A would haue ten ſhares.

Aia. I will knede him, Ile make him ſupple, hee's not yet through warme.

Neſt. Force him with praiſes, poure in, poure in : his ambition is dry.

Vliſ. My L. you feede too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble Generall, doe not doe ſo.

Diom. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Vliſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme,
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo ?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Vlis. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horson dog, that ſhal palter thus with vs, would he were a *Troian*.

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now———

Vlis. If he were proud.

Dio. Or couetous of praiſe.

Vlis. I, or ſurley borne.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heauens L. thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gaue thee ſucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelde
To ſinnowie *Aiax*: I will not praiſe thy wiſdome,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a ſhore confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe.
But pardon Father *Neſtor*, were your dayes
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Vlis. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Vliſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicket: pleaſe it our Generall,
To call together all his ſtate of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flowre, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Goe we to Counſaile, let *Achilles* ſleepe;
Light Botes may ſaile ſwift, though greater bulkes draw
deepe. *Exeunt.* *Muſicke ſounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needes praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith ſir, ſuperficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not ſo friend, honor and Lordſhip are my title: What Muſique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know ſir: it is Muſicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Muſitians.

Ser. Wholly ſir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers ſir.

Pa. At whoſe pleaſure friend?

Ser. At mine ſir, and theirs that loue Muſicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command ſir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt doe theſe men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede ſir: marry ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my L. who's there in perſon; with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuiſible ſoule.

Pa. Who? my Coſin *Creſſida*.

Ser. No ſir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It ſhould ſeeme fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida*. I come to ſpeake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall aſſault vpon him, for my buſineſſe ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſſe, there's a ſtewed phraſe indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire deſires in all faire meaſure fairely guide them, eſpecially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You ſpeake your faire pleaſure ſweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muſicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you ſhall make it whole againe, you ſhall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O ſir.

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Paris. Well ſaid my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I haue buſineſſe to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge vs out, weele heare you ſing certainely.

Pan. Well ſweete Queene you are pleaſant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweete Lord.

Pan. Go too ſweete Queene, goe to.
Commends himſelfe moſt affectionately to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob vs out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, ſweete Queene, that's a ſweete Queene, Iſaith———

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queene, my very, very ſweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What ſaies my ſweere Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer *Creſsida*.

Pan. No, no; no ſuch matter, you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuſe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay *Creſsida*? no, your poore diſpoſer's ſicke.

Par. I ſpie.

Pan. You

Pan. You ſpie, what doe you ſpie : come, giue me an Inſtrument now ſweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done ?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue ſweete Queene.

Hel. She ſhall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris.*

Pand. Hee ? no, ſheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now : by my troth ſweet Lord thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be loue : this loue will vndoe vs al. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Loue ? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, ſtill more :
For O loues Bow,
Shootes Bucke and Doe :
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore :
Theſe Louers cry, oh ho they dye ;
Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he :
So dying loue liues ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha----hey ho.

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue ? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers ?
Sweete Lord whoſe a field to day ?

Par. Hector, Deiphæbus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not ?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at ſomething ; you know all Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I hony ſweete Queene : I long to heare how they ſped to day :
Youle remember your brothers excuſe ?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell ſweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will ſweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fielde : let vs to *Priams* Hall
To greete the Warriers. Sweet *Hellen*, I muſt woe you,
To helpe vnarme our *Hector*: his ſtubborne Buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes : you ſhall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, diſarme great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris* :
Yea what he ſhall receiue of vs in duetie,
Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue :
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Sweete aboue thought I loue thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, whêre's thy Maiſter, at my Couzen *Creſsidas ?*

Man. No ſir, he ſtayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes : How now, how now ?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you ſeene my Couſin ?

Troy. No *Pandarus* : I ſtalke about her doore
Like a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waſtage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſeruer. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſsid.*

Pan. Walke here ith'Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy ; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchants my ſence : what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeede
Loues thrice reputed Nectar ? Death I feare me.
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharpe in ſweetneſſe,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers ;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides,
That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Shee's making her ready, ſheele come ſtraight ; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh, & fetches her winde ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite : Ile fetch her ; it is the pretieſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

Troy. Euen ſuch a paſſion doth imbrace my boſome :
My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulſe,
And all my powers doe their beſtowing looſe,
Like vaſſalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of Maieſtie.

Enter Pandarus and Creſsida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you bluſh ? Shames a babie ; here ſhe is now, ſweare the oathes now to her, that you haue ſworne to me. What are you gone againe, you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you ? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th fils : why doe you not ſpeak to her ? Come draw this curtaine, & let's ſee your picture. Alaſſe the day, how loath you are to offend day light ? and 'twere darke you'ld cloſe ſooner : So, ſo, rub on, and kiſſe the miſtreſſe ; how now, a kiſſe in fee-farme ? build there Carpenter, the ayre is ſweete. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuer : go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts ; giue her deedes : but ſheele bereaue you 'oth' deeds too, if ſhee call your actiuity in queſtion : what billing againe ? here's in witneſſe whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire ?

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord ?

Troy. O *Creſsida*, how often haue I wiſht me thus ?

Creſ. Wiſht my Lord ? the gods grant ? O my Lord.

Troy. What ſhould they grant ? what makes this pretty abruption : what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue ?

Creſ. More

Cref. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer fee truely.

Cref. Blinde feare, that feeing reafon leads, findes fafe footing, then blinde reafon, ftumbling without feare: to feare the worft, oft cures the worfe.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is prefented no monfter.

Cref. Not nothing monftrons neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe feas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Miftreffe to deuife impofition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie impofed. This is the monftruofitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, andthe execution confin'd; that the defire is boundleffe, and the act a flaue to limit.

Cref. They fay all Louers fweare more performance then they are able, and yet referue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and difcharging leffe then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monfters?

Troy. Are there fuch? fuch are not we: Praife vs as we are tafted, allow vs as we proue: our head fhall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerfion fhall haue a praife in prefent: wee will not name defert before his birth, and being borne his addition fhall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troylus* fhall be fuch to *Creffid*, as what enuie can fay worft, fhall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can fpeake trueft, not truer then *Troylus.*

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blufhing ftill? haue you not done talking yet?

Cref. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hoftages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conftant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le fticke where they are throwne.

Cref. Boldneffe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Cresfid* then fo hard to win?

Cref. Hard to feeme won: but I was won my Lord
With the firft glance; that euer pardon me,
If I confeffe much you will play the tyrant:
I loue you now, but not till now fo much
But I might maifter it; infaith I lye:
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
Too head-ftrong for their mother: fee we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd: who fhall be true to vs
When we are fo vnfecret to our felues?
But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wifht my felfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of fpeaking firft. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I fhall furely fpeake
The thing I fhall repent: fee, fee, your filence
Comming in dumbneffe, from my weakeneffe drawes
My foule of counfell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And fhall, albeit fweete Muficke iffues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cref. My Lord, I doe befeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpofe thus to beg a kiffe:
I am afham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy. Your leaue fweete *Creffid*?

Pan. Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Cref. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you Lady?

Cref. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot fhun your felfe.

Cref. Let me goe and try:
I haue a kinde of felfe recides with you:
But an vnkinde felfe, that it felfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I fpeake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they fpeake, that fpeakes fo wifely.

Cre. Perchance my Lord, I fhew more craft then loue,
And fell fo roundly to a large confeffion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wife,
Or elfe you loue not: for to be wife and loue,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
As if it can, I will prefume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her conftancie in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew fwifter then blood decaies:
Or that perfwafion could but thus conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of fuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths fimplicitie,
And fimpler then the infancie of truth.

Cref. In that Ile warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars who fhall be moft right:
True fwaines in loue, fhall in the world to come
Approue their truths by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of proteft, of oath and big compare;
Wants fimiles, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as fteele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:
Yet after all comparifons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, fhall crowne vp the Verfe,
And fanctifie the numbers.

Cref. Prophet may you be:
If I be falfe, or fwerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it felfe:
When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;
And blinde obliuion fwallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States characterleffe are grated
To duftie nothing; yet let memory,
From falfe to falfe, among falfe Maids in loue,
Vpbraid my falfehood, when they'aue faid as falfe,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as fandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them fay, to fticke the heart of falfehood,

As falſe as *Creſſid*.

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: ſeale it, ſeale it, Ile be the witneſſe here I hold your hand: here my Couſins, if euer you proue falſe one to another, ſince I haue taken ſuch paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all conſtant men be *Troyluſſes*, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: ſay, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Creſ. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeake of your prettie encounters, preſſe it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalcas. Floriſh.

Cal. Now Princes for the ſeruice I haue done you,
Th'aduantage of the time promps me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the ſight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incur'd a Traitors name, expoſ'd my ſelfe,
From certaine and poſſeſt conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtome and condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you ſeruice am become,
As new into the world, ſtrange, vnacquainted.
I doe beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of vs Troian? make demand?

Cal. You haue a Troian priſoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affaires;
That their negotiations all muſt ſlacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almoſt,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: and her preſence,
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſeruice I haue done,
In moſt accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall haue
What he requeſts of vs: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Aiax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus *in their Tent.*

Vliſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our Generall to paſſe ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard vpon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like heele queſtion me,
Why ſuch vnplauſiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I haue deriſion medicinable,
To vſe betweene your ſtrangeneſſe and his pride,
Which his owne will ſhall haue deſire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glaſſe
To ſhow it ſelfe, but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpoſe, and put on
A forme of ſtrangeneſſe as we paſſe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to ſpeake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſaies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Neſ. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Neſ. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achi. What, do's the Cuckold ſcorne me?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane theſe fellowes? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They paſſe by ſtrangely: they were vſ'd to bend
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatneſſe once falne out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders;
The loue that leand on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy
At ample point, all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*,
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vliſſes*?

Vliſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vliſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues ſhining vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giuer.

Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*:
The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes each other with each others forme.
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
Where it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſ. I doe not ſtraine it at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance, expreſly proues
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th'applauſe,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of ſteele,
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The vnknowne *Aiax*;
Heauens what a man is there? a very Horſe, (are
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Moſt abiect in regard, and deare in vſe.
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme,
And poore in worth: now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?
Aiax renown'd? O heauens, what ſome men doe,
While ſome men eaue to doe!
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſſe
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords; why, euen already,
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. I doe beleeue it:
For they paſt by me, as myſers doe by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?
Vliſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deedes paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done: perſeuerance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſtie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the inſtant way,
For honour trauels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a breaſt, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue; if you giue way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all ruſh by,
And leaue you hindmoſt:
Or like a gallant Horſe falne in firſt ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in preſent,
Though leſſe then yours in paſt, muſt ore-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſte,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th'hand;
And with his armes out-ſtretcht, as he would flye,
Graſpes in the commer: the welcome euer ſmiles,
And farewels goes out ſighing: O let not vertue ſeeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſeruice,
Loue, friendſhip, charity, are ſubiects all
To enuious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one conſent praiſe new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oreduſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent obiect:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worſhip *Aiax*;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not ſtirs: the cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'ſt not entombe thy ſelfe aliue,
And caſe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoſe glorious deedes, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue ſtrong reaſons.
Vliſ. But 'gainſt your priuacie
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne?
Vliſ. Is that a wonder?
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoſt euery graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes bottome in th'vncomprehenſiue deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almoſt like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt neuer meddle) in the ſoule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expreſſure to:
All the commerſe that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in her Iland ſound her trumpe;
And all the Greekiſh Girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne;
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer ſpeake;
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you;
A woman impudent and manniſh growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little ſtomacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus:
Sweete, rouſe your ſelfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke vnlooſe his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be ſhooke to ayrie ayre.
Achil. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*?
Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrowdly gored.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themſelues:
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
Euen then when we ſit idely in the ſunne.
Achil. Goe call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patroclus*,

¶ ¶ Ile

Ile fend the foole to *Aiax*, and defire him
T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat
To fee vs here vnarm'd : I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ficke withall,
To fee great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Therfi.*
To talke with him, and to behold his vifage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour fau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himfelfe.

Achil. How fo?

Ther. Hee muft fight fingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is fo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raues in faying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he ftalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a ftride and a ftand: ruminates like an hofteffe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to fet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who fhould fay, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and fo there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not fhew without knocking. The mans vndone for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th'combat, heele break't himfelfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee: I faid, good morrow *Aiax*; And he replyes, thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fifh, languagelesse, a monfter: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both fides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him *Therfites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele anfwer no body: he profeffes notanfwering; fpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his prefence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly defire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the moft valorous *Hector*, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure fafe conduct for his perfon, of the magnanimious and moft illuftrious, fixe or feauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. *Ioue* bleffe great *Aiax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moft humbly defires you to inuite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure fafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What fay you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your anfwer fir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howfoeuer, he fhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anfwer fir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muficke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am fure none, vnleffe the Fidler *Apollo* get his finewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou fhalt beare a Letter to him ftraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horfe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine ftir'd,
And I my felfe fee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Affe at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then fuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diephœbus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Dieph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

ne. Is the Prince there in perfon?
Had I fo good occafion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly bufineffe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Æneas*, take his hand,
Witneffe the proceffe of your fpeech within;
You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you valiant fir,
During all queftion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our bloods are now in calme; and fo long health:
But when contention, and occafion meetes,
By *Ioue*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purfuite and pollicy.

Æne. And thou fhalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentleneffe:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchifes* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I fweare,
No man aliue can loue in fuch a fort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We fimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my fword his fate be not the glory)
A thoufand compleate courfes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worfe.

Par. This is the moft, defpightful'ft gentle greeting;
The nobleft hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What bufineffe Lord fo early?

Æne. I was fent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpofe meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calcha's* houfe; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Creffid*:
Lers haue your company; or if you pleafe,
Hafte there before vs. I conftantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Roufe him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We fhall be much vnwelcome.

Æne. That I affure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Creffid* borne from Troy.

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter difpofition of the time will haue it fo.
On Lord, weele follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Euen in the foule of found good fellowfhip,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* moft?
My felfe, or *Menelaus*?
Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to haue her, that doth feeke her,
Not making any fcruple of her foylure,
With fuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the tafte of her difhonour,
With fuch a coftly loffe of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whorifh loynes,
Are pleaf'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no leffe nor more,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me *Paris*,
For euery falfe drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath funke: for euery fcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene flaine. Since fhe could fpeake,
She hath not giuen fo many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians fuffred death.
Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Dif praife the thing that you defire to buy:
But we in filence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to fell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your felfe: the morne is cold.
Cref. Then fweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He fhall vnbolt the Gates.
Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: fleepe kill thofe pritty eyes,
And giue as foft attachment to thy fences,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Cref. Good morrow then.
Troy. I prithee now to bed.
Cref. Are you a weary of me?
Troy. O *Cressida*! but that the bufie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.
Cref. Night hath beene too briefe. (ftayes,
Troy. Befhrew the witch! with venemous wights fhe
As hidioufly as hell; but flies the grafpes of loue,
With wings more momentary, fwift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curfe me.
Cref. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;
O foolifh *Cressid*, I might haue ftill held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?
Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?
Troy. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*
Cref. A peftilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I fhall haue fuch a life.
Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Cressid*?
Cref. Go hang your felf, you naughty mocking Vnckle:
You bring me to doo----and then you floute me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her fay what:
What haue I brought you to doe?
Cref. Come, come, befhrew your heart: youle nere be good, nor fuffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochia*, haft not flept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it fleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*
Cref. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and fee. My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You fmile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troy. Ha, ha.
Cre. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no fuch thing. How earneftly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocke.* I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you feene here. *Exeunt*
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you fo early?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troylus* here?
Pan. Here? what fhould he doe here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him: It doth import him much to fpeake with me.
Pan. Is he here fay you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be fworne: For my owne part I came in late: what fhould he doe here?
Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be fo true to him, to be falfe to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I fcarce haue leifure to falute you,
My matter is fo rafh: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphœbus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the firft facrifice, within this houre,
We muft giue vp to *Diomeds* hand
The Lady *Cressida*.
Troy. Is it concluded fo?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the generall ftate of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troy. How my atchieuements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.
Æn. Good, good, my Lord, the fecrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exennt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Is't poffible? no fooner got but loft: the diuell take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague vpon *Anthenor*; I would they had brok's necke.
Cref. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ha!
Cref. Why figh you fo profoundly? wher's my Lord? gone? tell me fweet Vnckle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.
Cref. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'ft nere been borne; I knew thou would'ft be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Cres. Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it..

Cres. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:
I know no touch of consanguinitie:
No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,
As the sweet *Troylus*: O you gods diuine!
Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falshood!
If euer she leaue *Troylus*: time, orce and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the strong base and building of my loue,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Cres. Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart
With sounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And hast her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house:
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A Priest, there offring to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to loue,
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.
Please you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no lesse in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troylus.*
No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

Cres. O *Troylus, Troylus*!

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heauie heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Cressid: I loue thee in so strange a puritie;
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the gods enuie?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Cres. What, and from *Troylus* too?

Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.

Cres. Ist possible?

Troy. And sodainely, where iniurie of chance
Puts backe leaue-taking, iustles roughly by
All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighes
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,
With the rude breuitie and discharge of our
Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste
Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.
As many farwels as be stars in heauen,
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adiew;
And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter Æneus.*

Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so
Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.
Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Cres. A wofull *Cressid* 'mong'st the merry Greekes.

Troy. When shall we see againe?

Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we must vse expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs:
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeue.

Cres. And you this Gloue.
When shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cres. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I speake it; Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:
How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.
Alas, a kinde of godly iealousie;
Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:
Makes me affraid.

Cres. O heauens, you loue me not!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then:
In this I doe not call your faith in question
So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor sweeten talke;
Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all;

To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe,
There lurkes a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſiue diuell,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cref. Doe you thinke I will:
Troy. No, but ſomething may be done that we wil not:
And ſometimes we are diuels to our ſelues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Preſuming on their changefull potencie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus*?
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you.
Cref. My Lord, will you be true? *Exit.*
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere ſimplicitie;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plaineſſe I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is.
Entreate her faire; and by my ſoule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in Illion?
Diom. Faire Lady *Creſsid*,
So pleaſe you ſauethe thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in youreye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire viſage, and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſſe, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her ſeruant:
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut t hy throate.
Dio m. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*;
Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
Ileſpeake it in my ſpirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This braue, ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.
Æne. How haue we ſpent this morning
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault: come, come, to field with him.
Exeunt.
Dio. Let vs make ready ſtraight.
Æne. Yea, with a Bridegroomes freſh alacritie
Let vs addreſſe to tend on *Hectors* heeles:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and ſingle Chiualrie.

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Neſtcr, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and faire,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Aiax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purſe;
Now cracke thy lungs, and ſplit thy braſen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke
Out-ſwell the collicke of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout bloud:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Vliſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.
Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?
Vliſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid*?
Dio. Euen ſhe.
Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes, ſweete Lady.
Neſt. Our Generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.
Vliſ. Yet is the kindeneſſe but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in generall.
Neſt. And very courtly counſell: Ile begin. So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Vliſ. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe, this mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. Paris and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir: Lady by your leaue.
Cref. In kiſſing doe you render, or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Cref. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.
Cref. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Cref. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th'head.
Cref. No, Ile be ſworne.
Vliſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne:
May I ſweete Lady beg a kiſſe of you?
Cref. You may.
Vliſ. I doe deſire it.
Cref. Why begge then?
Vliſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, giue me a kiſſe:
When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his———
Cref. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

¶ ¶ 3 *Vliſ.* Neuer's

Vlif. Neuer's my day, and then a kiffe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Neft. A woman of quicke fence.
Vlif. Fie, fie, vpon her:
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote fpeakes, her wanton fpirites looke out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh thefe encounterers fo glib of tongue,
That giue a coafting welcome ete it comes;
And wide vnclafpe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickling reader: fet them downe,
For fluttifh fpoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. *Exennt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus and Attendants. Florifh.

All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Æne. Haile all you ftate of Greece: what fhalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpofe,
A victor fhall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Purfue each other; or fhall be diuided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, heele obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but fecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale difprifing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* fir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themfelues in *Hector*;
The one almoft as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curtefie:
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud;
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ftaies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to feeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is fir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Aiax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*
Confent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermoft,
Or elfe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe ftints their ftrife, before their ftrokes begin.
Vlif. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Troian is that fame that lookes fo heauy?
Vlif. The yongeft Sonne of *Priam*;
A true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleffe, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedeleffe in his tongue;
Not foone prouok't, nor being prouok't, foone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he fhewes;
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath fubfcribes
To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindecatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,
A fecond hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
Thus faies *Æneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his inches: and with priuate foule,
Did in great Illion thus tranflate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neft. Now *Aiax* hold thine owne.
Troy. *Hector*, thou fleep'ft, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel difpos'd there *Aiax*. *trũpets*
Diom. You muft no more. *ceafe.*
Æne. Princes enough, fo pleafe you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleafes.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers fifters Sonne;
A coufen german to great *Priams* feede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian fo,
That thou could'ft fay, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the finewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this finifter
Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
Thou fhould'ft not beare from me a Greekifh member
Wherein my fword had not impreffure made
Of our ranke feud: but the iuft gods gainfay,
That any drop thou borrwd'ft from thy mother,
My facred Aunt, fhould by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*:
By him that thunders, thou haft luftie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* fo mirable,
On whofe bright creft, fame with her lowd'ft (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could'ft promife to himfelfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the fides,
What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele anfwere it:
The iffue is embracement: *Aiax*, farewell.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde fucceffe,
As feld I haue the chance; I would defire
My famous Coufin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wifh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to fee vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And fignifie this louing enterview
To the expecters of our Troian part:
Defire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Coufin:
I will goe eate with thee, and fee your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the reft.

Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthieft of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne ferching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly fize.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of fuch an enemie.
But that's no welcome: vnderftand more cleere
What's paft, and what's to come, is ftrew'd with huskes,
And formeleffe ruine of obliuion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with moft diuine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee moft imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Æne. The Noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife sweares still by *Venus* Gloue
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I haue said vnto my standers by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I seene,
But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)
I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embracethee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Nestor.*
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.
Vlys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Vlysses* well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.
Vlys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feet.
Hect. I must not beleeue you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Vlys. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord *Vlysses*, thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st.
Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great spirit flew. Answer me heauens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand againe;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'ld not beleeue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeuour deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer———
Aiax. Do not chafe thee Cosin:
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of *Hector*
If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,
Can scarse intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd
The Grecians cause.
Achil. Dost thou intreat me *Hector*?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Aga. First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leysure, and your bounties shall
Concurre together, seuerally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*
Troy. My Lord *Vlysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?
Vlys. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troylus*,
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Cressid.*
Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Vlys. You shall command me sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in Troy, had she no Louer there
That wailes her absence?
Troy. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth;
But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,
Which

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow :
Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy ?
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes ?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment ?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keepes the Tent now ?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Patr. Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue ? What's that ?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and the like, take and take againe, such preposterous discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus ?

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable Curre.

Ther. No ? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd silke ; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou : Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies, diminutiues of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell :
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My maior vow lyes heere ; this Ile obay :
Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting must all be spent.
Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*

Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these two may run mad : but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax ; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother , the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too : to an Asse were nothing ; hee is both Asse and Oxe ; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse : to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care : but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites* : for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon, Vlysses, Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aiax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Aiax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vlys. Heere comes himselfe to guide you ?

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, *Aiax* commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hect. Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught : sweet quoth-a ? sweet sinke, sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*, Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,
The tide where of is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Vlys. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

Ther. That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a most vniust Knaue ; I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses : he will spend his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound ; but when he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change : the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather leaue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him : they say, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vses the Traitour *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after——Nothing but Letcherie ? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho ? speake ?

Chal. Who cals ?

Dio. Diomed, Chalcas (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vlisses.

Vlis. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge ?

Cres. Now my sweet gardian : harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar ?

Vlis. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life : she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

Cal. Remember ? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then ; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember ?

Vlis. List ?

Cres. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.-----

Cres. In faith I cannot : what would you haue me do ?

Ther. A iugling tricke, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me ?

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. Good

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Vlis. How now Troian ?
Cres. *Diomed.*
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better must.
Cres. Harke one word in your eare.
Troy. O plague and madnesse!
Vlis. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Vlis. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee stay?
Vlis. You haue not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not speake a word.
Dio. And so good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!
Vlis. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Cres. Gardian? why Greeke?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.
Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.
Vlis. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?
you will breake out.
Troy. She stroakes his cheeke.
Vlis. Come, come.
Troy. Nay stay, by *Ioue* I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience; stay a little while.
Ther. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.
Dio. Giue me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vlis. You haue sworne patience.
Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.
I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid.*
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cres. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.
Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?
Vlis. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cres. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:
He lou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter now I haue 't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.
Dio. I shall haue it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. I that.
Cres. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,
And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;
As I kisse thee.
Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.
Cres. He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy. I did sweare patience.
Cres. You shall not haue it *Diomed*; faith you shall not:
Ile giue you something else.
Dio. I will haue this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whose it was?
Cres. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer shalt mock *Diomed* againe.
Cres. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,
But it strait starts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleases me best.
Dio. What shall I come? the houre.
Cres. I, come: O *Ioue!* doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Cres. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.
Ah poore our sexe; this fault in vs I finde:
The errour of our eye, directs our minde.
What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude,
Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A proofe of strength she could not publish more;
Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Vlis. Al's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Vlis. Why stay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my soule
Of euery syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did coact;
Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;
As if those organs had deceptio us functions,
Created onely to calumniate.
Was *Cressed* here?
Vlis. I cannot coniure Troian.
Troy. She was not sure.
Vlis. Most sure she was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?
Vlis. Nor mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage
To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame
For deprauation, to square the generall sex
By *Cressids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid.*
Vlis. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?
Troy. This she? no, this is *Diomids Cressida*:
If beautie haue a soule, this is not she:
If

If ſoules guide vowes ; if vowes are ſanctimonie ;
If ſanctimonie be the gods delight :
If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,
This is not ſhe : O madneſſe of diſcourſe !
That cauſe ſets vp, with, and againſt thy ſelfe
By foule authoritie : where reaſon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid* :
Within my ſoule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth :
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diuiſion,
Admits no Orifex for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter :
Inſtance, O inſtance ! ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates :
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen ;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heauen it ſelfe :
The bonds of heauen are ſlipt, diſſolu'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot fiue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue :
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*

Vliſ. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſſe ?

Troy. I Greeke : and that ſhall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus* : neuer did yong man fancy
With ſo eternall, and ſo fixt a ſoule.
Harke Greek : as much I doe *Creſſida* loue ;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,
That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme :
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it : Not the dreadfull ſpout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſſe by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his diſcent ; then ſhall my prompted ſword,
Falling on *Diomed.*

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.

Troy. O *Creſſid* ! O falſe *Creſſid* ! falſe, falſe, falſe :
Let all vntruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And theyle ſeeme glorious.

Vliſ. O containe your ſelfe :
Your paſſion drawes eares hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I haue beene ſeeking you this houre my Lord :
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, ſtaies to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince : my curteous Lord adew :
Farewell reuolted faire : and *Diomed*,
Stand faſt, and weare a Caſtle on thy head.

Vli. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept diſtracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Vliſſes.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I would croke like a Rauen : I would bode, I would bode : *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore : the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab : Lechery, lechery, ſtill warres and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning diuell take hem.

Enter Hecter and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much vngently temper'd,
To ſtop his eares againſt admoniſhment ?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you : get you gone.
By the euerlaſting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will ſure proue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I ſay. *Enter Caſſandra.*

Caſſa. Where is my brother *Hector* ?

And Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloudy in intent :
Conſort with me in loud and deere petition :
Purſue we him on knees : for I haue dreampt
Of bloudy turbulence ; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but ſhapes, and formes of ſlaughter.

Caſſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho ? bid my Trumpet ſound.

Caſſ. No notes of ſallie, for the heauens, ſweet brother.

Hect. Begon I ſay : the gods haue heard me ſweare.

Caſſ. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuiſh vowes ;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then ſpotted Liuers in the ſacrifice.

And. O be perſwaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iuſt ; it is as lawfull :
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Caſſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vowe ;
But vowes to euery purpoſe muſt not hold :
Vnarme ſweete *Hector.*

Hect. Hold you ſtill I ſay ;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate :
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man ? mean'ſt thou to fight to day ?

And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſwade.

Exit Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus* ; doffe thy harneſſe youth :
I am to day ith'vaine of Chiualrie :
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong ;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe ; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you ;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Hect. What vice is that ? good *Troylus* chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword :
You bid them riſe, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector.*

Hect. How now ? how now ?

Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers ;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.

Troy. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troylus*, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who ſhould with-hold me ?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire ;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees ;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares ;
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne
Oppoſ'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way :
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him faſt :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelfe,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect. *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not goe,

Hect. I muſt not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but giue me leaue
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam.*

Caſſ. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſſ. O farewell, deere *Hector*:
Looke how thou dieſt; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour forth;
Behold diſtraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away, away.

Caſ. Farewell: yes, ſoft: *Hector* I take my leaue;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe, and all our Troy deceiue. *Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with ſafetie ſtand about
thee. *Alarum.*

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, beleeue
I come to looſe my arme, or winne my ſleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorſon tiſicke, a whorſon raſcally tiſicke, ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leaue you one o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ache in my bones; that vnleſſe a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhee there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

A Larum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites in excurſion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcuruie, doting, fooliſh yong knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine ſee them meet; that, that ſame yong Troian aſſe, that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maiſterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe, of a ſleeueleſſe errant. O'th'tother ſide, the pollicie of thoſe craftie ſwearing raſcalls; that ſtole old Mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor*: and that ſame dog-foxe *Vliſſes* is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles.* And now is the curre *Aiax* prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for ſhould'ſt thou take the Riuer Stix,
I would ſwim after.

Diom. Thou do'ſt miſcall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantagious care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore
Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Euter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcall: a ſcuruie railing knaue: a very filthy roague.

Hect. I doe beleeue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me; but a plague breake thy necke---for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue ſwallowed one anothar. I would laugh at that miracle----yet in a ſort, lecherie eates it ſelfe: Ile ſeeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my ſeruant, take thou *Troylus* Horſe;
Preſent the faire Steede to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſeruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chaſtiſ'd the amorous Troyan.
And am her Knight by proofe.

Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon*: baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner.
And ſtands Caloſſus-wiſe wauing his beame,
Vpon the paſhed courſes of the Kings:
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is ſlaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appauls our numbers, haſte we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Coe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnaile-pac'd *Aiax* arme for ſhame;
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like ſcaled ſculs,

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers ſwath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That proofe is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Vliſſes.

Vliſ. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe,
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luck in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aiax.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward *Troylus.* *Exit.*
Dio. I, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Aiax.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward *Troylus,* ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troylus, I ſay, wher's *Troylus*?
Aia. What would'ſt thou?
Diom. I would correct him.
Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue my office,
Ere that correction: *Troylus* I ſay, what *Troylus*?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!
Turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Aia. Ile fight with him alone, ſtand *Diomed.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus*? O well fought my yongeſt Brother.

Euter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I ſee thee; haue at thee *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.
Achil. I doe diſdaine thy curteſie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe:
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Aiax hath tane *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He ſhall not carry him: Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I ſay;
I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile fruſh it, and vnlocke the riuets all,
But Ile be maiſter of it: wilt thou not beaſt abide?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:
Marke what I ſay; attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroake, but keepe your ſelues in breath;
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arme.
Follow me ſirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt dye. *Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my double hen'd ſparrow; lowe *Paris,* lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turne ſlaue and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Baſt. A Baſtard Sonne of *Priams.*
Ther. I am a Baſtnrd too, I loue Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in minde, Baſtard in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard? take heede, the quarrel's moſt ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell Baſtard.
Baſt. The diuell take thee coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To cloſe the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.
Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.
Achil. Strike fellowes, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke.
So Illion fall thou: now Troy ſinke downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinewes, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine. *Retreat.*
Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.
Gree. The Troian Trumpets ſounds the like my Lord.
Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-ſpreds the earth
And ſtickler-like the Armies ſeperates
My halfe ſupt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horſes tayle;
Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomed, and the reſt marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achille

Sold. *Achilles, Achilles, Hector's* ſlaine, *Achilles.*
Dio. The bruite is, *Hector's* ſlaine, and by *Achilles.*
Aia. If it be ſo, yet bragleſſe let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee vs at our Tent.
If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended.
Exeunt.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphœbus.

Æne. Stand hoe, yet are we maiſters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here ſtarue we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Hector* is ſlaine.
All. *Hector*? the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horſes taile,
In beaſtly ſort, drag'd through the ſhamefull Field.
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with ſpeede:
Sit gods vpon your throanes, and ſmile at Troy.
I ſay at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.
Æne. My Lord, you doe diſcomfort all the Hoſte.
Troy. You vnderſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I doe not ſpeake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addreſſe their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a ſcreechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and ſay there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;
Coole ſtatues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great ſiz'd coward:
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly medcine for mine akingbones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent diſpiſde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earneſtly are you ſet aworke, and how ill requited? why ſhould our indeuour be ſo deſir'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? What Verſe for it? what inſtance for it? let me ſee.
Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony, and his ſting.
And being once ſubdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and ſweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall:
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue ſome grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will ſhal here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſſe:
Till then, Ile ſweate, and ſeeke about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. *Exeunt.*

¶ ¶ ¶

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me ſpeake.

All. Speake, ſpeake.

1.*Cit.* You are all reſolu'd rather to dy then to famiſh?

All. Reſolu'd, reſolu'd.

1.*Cit.* Firſt you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1.*Cit.* Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2.*Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1.*Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority ſurfets one, would releeue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the ſuperfluitie while it were wholſome, wee might gueſſe they releeued vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanneſſe that afflicts vs, the obiect of our miſery, is as an inuentory to particularize their abundance, our ſufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I ſpeake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Reuenge.

2.*Cit.* Would you proceede eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius.*

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2.*Cit.* Conſider you what Seruices he ha's done for his Country?

1.*Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himſelfe with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1.*Cit.* I ſay vnto you, what he hath done Famouſlie, he did it to that end: though ſoft conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his Countrey, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2.*Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay he is couetous.

1.*Cit.* If I muſt not, I neede not be barren of Accuſations he hath faults (with ſurplus) to tyre in repetition.

Showts within.

What ſhowts are theſe? The other ſide a'th City is riſen: why ſtay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa,* one that hath alwayes lou'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, wold al the reſt wer ſo.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand?
Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſines is not vnknowne to th'Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, ẘ now wee'l ſhew em in deeds: they ſay poore Suters haue ſtrong breaths, they ſhal know we haue ſtrong arms too.

Menen. Why Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt Neighbours, will you vndo your ſelues?

2 *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, moſt charitable care
Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heauen with your ſtaues, as lift them
Againſt the Roman State, whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thouſand Curbes
Of more ſtrong linke aſſunder, then can euer
Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) muſt helpe. Alacke,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you ſlander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curſe them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vſurie, to ſupport Vſurers; repeale daily any wholſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and reſtraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's allthe loue they beare vs.

Menen. Either you muſt
Confeſſe your ſelues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But ſince it ſerues my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Citizen.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you muſt not thinke
To fobbe off our diſgrace with a tale:
But and't pleaſe you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

I'th midd'ſt a th'body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th'other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and heare, deuiſe, inſtruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly anſwer'd.
2.Cit. Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.
Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as ſpeake, it taintingly replyed
To'th'diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen ſo moſt fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.
2.Cit. Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counſailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they———.
Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow ſpeakes.
What then? What then?
2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſinke a th'body.
Men. Well, what then?
2.Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly anſwer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'ſt heare the Bellies anſwer?
2.Cit. Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moſt graue Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at firſt
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Riuers of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th'ſeate o'th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerues, and ſmall inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) marke me.
2.Cit. I ſir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What ſay you too't?
2.Cit. It was an anſwer, how apply you this?
Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſailes, and their Cares; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you ſhall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?
2.Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?
Men. For that being one o'th loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou Raſcall, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one ſide muſt haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius.*
Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelues Scabs.
2.Cit. We haue euer your good word.
Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Iuſtice did it. Who deſerues Greatnes,
Deſerues your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſickmans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, ſwimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with ruſhes. Hang ye: truſt ye?
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeuerall places of the Citie,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which elſe
Would feede on one another? What's their ſeeking?
Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they ſay
The Citie is well ſtor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay?
They'l ſit by th'fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to riſe,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Coniecturall Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me vſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.
Menen. Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke diſcretion
Yet are they paſsing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,
What ſayes the other Troope?
Mar. They are diſſolu'd: Hang em;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Prouerbes
That Hunger-broke ſtone wals: that dogges muſt eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To breake the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.
Menen. What is graunted them?
Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus,*
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The rabble ſhould haue firſt vnroo'ſt the City
Ere ſo preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Inſurrections arguing.
Menen. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.
Meſſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?
Mar. Heere: what's the matter?
Meſ. The newes is ſir, the Volcies are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall ha meanes to vent
Our muſtie ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominisn, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

1.*Sen.* *Martius* 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.
Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I ſinne in enuying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me onely he.
Com. You haue fought together?
Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1.*Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to theſe Warres.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou ſtiffe? Stand'ſt out?
Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane vpon one crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere ſtay behinde this Buſineſſe.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your Company to'th'Capitoll, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend vs.
Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we muſt followe you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble *Martius*.
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces haue much Corne: take theſe Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*
Citizens ſteale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.
Sicin. Was euer man ſo proud as is this *Martius*?
Bru. He has no equall.
Sicin. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people.
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mou'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sicin. Bemocke the modeſt Moone.
Bru. The preſent Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſſe, diſdaines the ſhadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his inſolence can brooke to be commanded vnder *Cominius*?
Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vtmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſſe.
Sicin. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion that ſo ſtickes on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion
More then his ſingularity, he goes
Vpon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1.*Sen.* So, your opinion is *Auffidius*,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counſailes,
And know how we proceede,
Auf. Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue preſt a Power, but it is not knowne
Whe ther for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1.*Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer vs.
Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelues, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcouery,
We ſhalbe ſhortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almoſt) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2.*Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard *Corioles*
If they ſet downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I ſpeake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis ſworne betweene vs, we ſhall euer ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods aſsiſt you.
Auf. And keepe your Honors ſafe.
1.*Sen.* Farewell.
2.*Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They ſet them downe on two lowe ſtooles and ſowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter ſing, or expreſſe your ſelfe in a more comfortable ſort: If my Sonne were my Huſband, I ſhould freelier reioyce in that abſence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would ſhew moſt loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelineſſe pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother ſhould not ſel him an houre from her beholding; I conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not ſtirre, was pleas'd to let him ſeeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I ſprang not more in ioy at firſt hearing he was a Man-child, then now in firſt ſeeing he had proued himſelfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Buſineſſe Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report ſhould haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found iſſue. Heare me profeſſe ſincerely, had I a dozen ſons each in my loue alike, and none leſſe deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuouſly ſurfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Virg. Beſeech you giue me leaue to retire my ſelfe.

Volum. Indeed you ſhall not:
Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire:
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* ſhunning him:
Me thinkes I ſee him ſtampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harueſt man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or looſe his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man
Then gilt his Trophe. The breſts of *Hecuba*
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier
Then *Hectors* forhead, when it ſpit forth blood
At Grecian ſword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heauens bleſſe my Lord from fell *Auffidius*.

Vol, Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vſher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip.

Val. How do you both? You are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What are you ſowing heere? A fine ſpotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ſhip: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaſter.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile ſweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wenſday halfe an houre together: ha's ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and oer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did ſo ſet his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery, I muſt haue you play the idle Huſwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threſhold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your ſelfe moſt vnreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Vlug. 'Tis not to ſaue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they ſay, all the yearne ſhe ſpun in *Vliſſes* abſence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pitie. Come you ſhall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. O good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not ieſt with you: there came newes from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earneſt it's true; I heard a Senatour ſpeake it. Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, againſt whō *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are ſet down before their Citie *Carioles*, they nothing doubt preuailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and ſo I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuſe good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing heereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as ſhe is now:
She will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke ſhe would:
Fare you well then. Come good ſweet Ladie.
Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy ſolemneſſe out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I muſt not,
I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies*

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Meſſenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
Meſſ. They lye in view, but haue not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good Horſe is mine.
Mart. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile nor ſel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie theſe Armies?
Meſſ. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then ſhall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corialus.

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?
1.*Senat.* No, nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little: *Drum a farre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they ſhall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet ſeeme ſhut, we haue but pin'd with Ruſhes,
They'le open of themſelues. Harke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.
There is *Auffidious*. Liſt what worke he makes
Among'ſt your clouen Army.
Mart. Oh they are at it.
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but iſſue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields.
Aduance braue *Titus*,
They do diſdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.
Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
Enter Martius Curſing.
Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then ſeene, and one infect another
Againſt the Winde a mile: you ſoules of Geeſe,
That beare the ſhapes of men, how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.
Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to gates, and is ſhut in.
So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.
Enter the Gati.
1.*Sol.* Foole-hardineſſe, not I.
2.*Sol.* Nor I.
1.*Sol.* See they haue ſhut him in. *Alarum continues*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius*
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.
1.*Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the ſodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himſelfe alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes, ſtand'ſt vp: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not ſo rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Euen to *Calues* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Onely in ſtrokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.

1.*Sol.* Looke Sir.
Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.
They fight, and all enter the City.
Enter certaine Romanes with ſpoiles.
1.*Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.
2.*Rom.* And I this.
3.*Rom.* A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. *exeunt.*
Alarum continues ſtill a-farre off.
Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.
Mar. See heere theſe mouers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cuſhions, Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them. Theſe baſe ſlaues,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And harke, what noyſe the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my ſoules hate, *Auffidious*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'ſt I with thoſe that haue the ſpirit, wil haſte
To helpe *Cominius*.
Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath bin too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Phyſicall
Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidious* thus, I will appear (and fight.
Lar. Now the faire Goddeſſe Fortune,
Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes
Miſguide thy Oppoſers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſſe,
Then thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewell.
Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*
Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with ſoldiers.
Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come (off,
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue ſtrooke
By Interims and conueying guſts, we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our owne,
That both our powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſ. The Cittizens of *Corioles* haue yſſued,
And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:

I ſaw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Me thinkes thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Aboue an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, elſe had I ſir
Halfe an houre ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whoſe yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the ſtampe of *Martius*, and I haue
Before time ſeene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frō a Taber,
More then I know the ſound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery meaner man.
Martius. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe then they.
Com. But how preuail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we haue at diſaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on ẘ ſide
They haue plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſſe *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their beſt truſt: O're them *Auffidious*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue ſhed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Affidious*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the preſent (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can ayde your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be heere,
(As it were ſinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd, if any feare
Leſſen his perſon, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himſelfe,
Let him alone: Or ſo many ſo minded,
Waue thus to expreſſe his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.

They all ſhout and waue their ſwords, take him vp in their Armes, and caſt vp their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare againſt the great *Auffidious*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall beare the buſineſſe in ſome other fight
(As cauſe will be obey'd:) pleaſe you to March,
And foure ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Diuide in all, with vs. *Exeunt*

Titus Lartius, hauing ſet a guard vpon Carioles, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue ſet them downe. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our ayd, the reſt will ſerue
For a ſhort holding, if we looſe the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.
Lart. Hence; and ſhut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs. *Exit*
Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at ſeueral doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe then a Promiſe-breaker.
Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.
Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th'higheſt.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me heere.

Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.

Officious and not valiant, you haue ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.
Flouriſh.

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou't not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fustie Plebeans, hate thine Honors,
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Souldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a Morsell of this Feast,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hadst thou beheld——
Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When she do's prayse me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.
Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,
Rome must know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,
No lesse then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire, and top of prayses vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In signe of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.
Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart
To heare themselues remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselues with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choyse.
Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,
And stand vpon my common part with those,
That haue beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:
No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd
My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else haue done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little should be dieted
In prayses, sawc'st with Lyes.
Com. Too modest are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly euer?
Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.
Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.
Martius. I will goe wash:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-crest your good Addition,
To th'fairenesse of my power.
Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you *Titus Lartius*
Must to *Corioles* backe, send vs to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.
Lartius. I shall, my Lord.
Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.
Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I sometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you
To giue my poore Host freedome.
Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus.*
Lartius. Martius, his Name.
Martius. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?
Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time
It should be lookt too: come. *Exeunt.*

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, with two or three Souldiors.

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.
Auffid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th'part that is at mercy? fiue times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter
As

As often as we eate. By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to cruſh him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him ſome way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: my valors poiſon'd,
With onely ſuff'ring ſtaine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it ſelfe, nor ſleepe, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Prieſts, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, ſhall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Cuſtome 'gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Againſt the hoſpitable Canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be Hoſtages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may ſpurre on my iourney.

Soul. I ſhall ſir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee ſhall haue Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beaſts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall aske you.

Both. Well ſir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but ſtor'd withall.

Sicin. Eſpecially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know, how you are cenſured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well ſir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occaſion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Giue your diſpoſitions the reines, and bee angry at your pleaſures (at the leaſt) if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, ſir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or elſe your actions would growe wondrous ſingle: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour ſuruey of your good ſelues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then ſir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, teſtie Magiſtrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be ſomething imperfect in fauouring the firſt complaint, haſty and Tinder-like vppon, to triuiall motion: One, that conuerſes more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I vtter, and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurguſſes*,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduerſly, I make a crooked face at it, I can ſay, your Worſhippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Aſſe in compound, with the Maior part of your ſyllables. And though I muſt be content to beare with thoſe, that ſay you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you ſee this in the Map of my Microcoſme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beeſome Conſpectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough too.

Bru. Come ſir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your ſelues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholeſome Forenoone, in hearing a cauſe betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forſetſeller, and then reiourne the Coutrouerſie of three-pence to a ſecond day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, ſet vp the bloodie Flagge againſt all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diſmiſſe the Controuerſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cauſe, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderſtood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a neceſſary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Prieſts muſt become Mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you ſpeake beſt vnto the purpoſe. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deſerue not ſo honourable a graue, as to ſtuffe a Botchers Cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an Aſſes Packe-ſaddle; yet you muſt bee ſaying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince *Deucalion*, though peraduenture ſome of the beſt of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worſhips, more of your conuerſation would infect my Braine, being the Heardſmen of the Beaſtly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. *Aſide.*

Enter

Enter Volumina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were ſhee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2.Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very houſe reele to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I ſaw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Eſtate of ſeuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Phyſician: The moſt ſoueraigne Preſcription in *Galen*, is but Emperickqutique; and to this Preſeruatiue, of no better report then a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he diſciplin'd *Auffidius* ſoundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had ſtay'd by him, I would not haue been ſo fiddious'd, for all the Cheſts in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be ſworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God ſaue your good Worſhips? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cauſe to be prowd: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith'Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when hee ſhall ſtand for his place: he receiued in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeuen hurts ith' Body.

Mene. One ith'Neck, and two ith'Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this laſt Expedition, twentie fiue Wounds vpon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie ſeuen; euery gaſh was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A ſhowt, and flouriſh.

Volum. Theſe are the Vſhers of *Martius*:
Before him, hee carryes Noyſe;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:
Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound.
Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
Theſe in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus.*

Sound. Flouriſh.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus.*

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my proſperitie. *Kneeles.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Coriu. My gracious ſilence, hayle:
Would'ſt thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thouſand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome:
A Curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.
Yon are three, that Rome ſhould dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Ralliſh.
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. *Menenius*, euer, euer.

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our owne houſe I doe ſhade my Head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will caſt vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their ſeruant in my way,
Then ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flouriſh. Cornets.*

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brutus and Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues ſpeake of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are ſmother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſſe to ſee him: ſeld-ſhowne Flamins
Doe preſſe among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar ſtation: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton ſpoyle
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poother,
As if that whatſoeuer God, who leades him,
Were ſlyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull poſture.

Scicin. On the ſuddaine, I warrant him Conſull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe ſleepe.

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his Honors,
From where he ſhould begin, and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little queſtion,
As he is prowd to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him ſweare,
Were he to ſtand for Conſull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th'Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of Humilitie,
Nor ſhewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their ſtinking Breaths.

Scicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would miſſe it, rather then carry it,
But by the ſuite of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Scicin. I wiſh no better, then haue him hold that purpoſe, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Scicin. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills; a ſure deſtruction.

Brutus. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſpropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitneſſe for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and ſore blowes
For ſinking vnder them.

Scicin. This (as you ſay) ſuggeſted,
At ſome time, when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall teach the People, which time ſhall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You are ſent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* ſhall be Conſull:
I haue ſeene the dumbe men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to heare him ſpeak: Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I neuer ſaw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scicin. Haue with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2. *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of euery one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd, and loues not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore: ſo that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he ha's in their diſpoſition, and out of his Noble careleſneſſe lets them plainely ſee't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee ſeekes their hate with greater deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing vndone, that may fully diſcouer him their oppoſite. Now to ſeeme to affect the mallice and diſpleaſure of the People, is as bad, as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their loue.

2. *Off.* Hee hath deſerued worthily of his Countrey, and his aſſent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who hauing beene ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their eſtimation, and report: but hee hath ſo planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſſe ſo much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwiſe, were a Mallice, that giuing it ſelfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Conſul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themſelues: Coriolanus ſtands.

Menen. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to ſend for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire
The present Consull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus:* whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1.*Sen.* Speake, good *Cominius:*
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our states defectiue for requitall,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,
We doe request your kindest eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passes here.

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie, and haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been silent: Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus:* neuer shame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh—

Menen. Pray now sit downe.

Corio. I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit
To heare my Nothings monster'd. *Exit Coriolanus*

Menen. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius.*

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,
And most dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Consuls view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquins* selfe he met,
And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seuenteene Battailes since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,
Before, and in Corioles, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Vessell vnder sayle, so men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th'Citie, which he painted
With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit
Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood
To ease his Brest with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors which we deuise him.

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse
Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Menen. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus.*

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Consull.

Corio. I doe owe them still my Life, and Seruices.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the People.

Corio. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage:
Please you that I may passe this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People must haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'vnaking Skarres, which I should hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not stand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull
Wish we all Ioy, and Honor.

Senat. To

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You fee how he intends to vfe the people.

Scicin. May they perceiue's intent: he wil require them
As if he did contemne what he requefted,
Should be in them to giue.

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter feuen or eight Citizens.

1.*Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ou ght not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3.*Cit.* We haue power in our felues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee fhew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thofe wounds, and fpeake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we muft alfo tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monftrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monfter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, fhould bring our felues to be monftrous members.

1.*Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will ferue: for once we ftood vp about the Corne, he himfelfe ftucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3.*Cit.* We haue beene call'd fo of many, not that our heads are fome browne, fome blacke, fome Abram, fome bald; but that our wits are fo diuerfly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to iffue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaft, Weft, North, South, and their confent of one direct way, fhould be at once to all the points a'th Compaffe.

2.*Cit.* Thinke you fo? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye.

3.*Cit.* Nay your wit will not fo foone out as another mans will, 'tis ftrongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould fure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loofe it felfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Confcience fake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all refolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I fay. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to ftay altogether, but to come by him where he ftands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requefts by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs ha's a fingle Honor, in giuing him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you fhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne
The worthieft men haue done't?

Corio. What muft I fay, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tougne to fuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noife of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you muft not fpeak of that,
You muft defire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines lofe by em.

Men. You'l marre all,
Ile leaue you: Pray you fpeake to em, I pray you
In wholfome manner. *Exit*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wafh their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the caufe (Sir) of my ftanding heere.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne defert.

2 *Cit.* Your owne defert.

Corio. I, but mine owne defire.

3 *Cit.* How not your owne defire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my defire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 *Cit.* You muft thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Confulfhip.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly fir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to fhew you, which fhall bee yours in priuate: your good voice Sir, what fay you?

2 *Cit.* You fhall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is fomething odde.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may ftand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Confull, I haue heere the Cuftomarie Gowne.

1. You haue deferued Nobly of your Countrey, and you haue not deferued Nobly.

Coriol. Your Ænigma.

1. You haue bin a fcourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

Coriol. You fhould account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will fir flatter my fworne Brother the people to earne a deerer eftimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & fince the wifedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the infinuating nod, and be off to them moft counterfetly, that is fir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of fome popular man, and giue it bountifull to the defirers: Therefore befeech you, I may be Confull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Countrey.

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with fhewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and fo trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Moft fweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to fterue,
Then craue the higher, which firft we do deferue.
Why in this Wooluifh tongue fhould I ftand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere

Their

Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye vnswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice six
I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things, some lesse, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull.

1.*Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honest mans Voyce.

2.*Cit.* Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods giue him ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consull.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You haue stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes inuested,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Scicin. The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Scicin. You may, Sir.

Cori. That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre toth'Senate-house.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Scicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.*
He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

1.*Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues.

2.*Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3.*Cit.* Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right.

1.*Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.

2.*Cit.* Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but sayes
He vs'd vs scornefully: he should haue shew'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiu'd for's Countrey.

Scicin. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3.*Cit.* Hee said hee had Wounds,
Which he could shew in priuate:
And with his Hat, thus wauing it in scorne,
I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie seruant to the State,
He was your Enemie, euer spake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th'Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie, and sway o'th'State,
If he should still malignantly remaine
Fast Foe toth'*Plebeij*, your Voyces might
Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse
Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to haue said,
As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you vp, haue held him to;
Or else it would haue gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
You should haue ta'ne th'aduantage of his Choller,
And pass'd him vnelected.

Brut. Did you perceiue,
He did sollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Iudgement?

Scicin. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

3.*Cit.* Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2.*Cit.* And will deny him:
Ile haue fiue hundred Voyces of that sound.

1.*Cit.* I twice fiue hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They haue chose a Consull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.

Scici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Iudgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you
Th'apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, vngrauely, he did fashion
After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you must cast your Election on him.

Scici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should, made you against the graine
To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on vs.

Brut. I, ſpare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The Noble Houſe, o'th'*Martians:* from whence came
That *Ancus Martius, Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hoſtilius* here was King,
Of the ſame Houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, ſo twice being Cenſor,
Was his great Anceſtor.

Scicin. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Skaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke
Your ſuddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth'Capitoll.

All. We will ſo: almoſt all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then ſtay paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſall, both obſerue and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicin. Toth'Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the ſtreame o'th'People:
And this ſhall ſeeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.

Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.

Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.

Corio. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt,
Readie when time ſhall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Conſull) ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?

Latius. On ſafegard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the Volces, for they had ſo vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Latius. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopeleſſe reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?

Latius. At Antium.

Corio. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeeke him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Scicinius and Brutus.
Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th'Common Mouth. I do deſpiſe them:
For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.

Scicin. Paſſe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on--No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. Cominius, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he ſhall toth'Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd againſt him.

Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are theſe your Heard?
Muſt theſe haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their toungs? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not ſet them on?

Mene. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſſe.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them ſithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe ſuch buſineſſe.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then ſhould I be Conſull? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerue ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicin. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtirre: if you will paſſe
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or neuer be ſo Noble as a Conſull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: ſet on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deſeru'd this ſo diſhonor'd Rub, layd falſely
I'th'plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak't againe.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.
My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-ſented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themſelues: I ſay againe,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inſolence, Sedition,
Which we our ſelues haue plowed for, ſow'd, & ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggers.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As

As for my Country, I haue shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdaine should Tetter vs, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speake a'th'people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poyson any further.

Corio. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Minnoues*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why
You graue, but wreaklesse Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hidra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th'Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,
It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supreame; How soone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.

Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.

Corio. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th'Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre
I say they norisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people giue
One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile giue my Reasons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne're did seruice for't; being prest to'th'Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,
Their Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accusation
Which they haue often made against the Senate,
All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue
Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words, We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debase
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Bru. Enough, with ouer measure.

Corio. No, take more,
What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdaine with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisedom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Reall Necessities, and giue way the while
To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,
That loue the fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th'dust.

Bru. Manifest Treason.

Sicin. This a Consull? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:

Sicin. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. Wee'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sicin, Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him *Ædiles.*

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus,* patience: Speak good *Sicinius.*

Scici. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, ſpeake, ſpeake, ſpeake.

Scici. You are at point to loſe your Liberties: *Martius* would haue all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you haue nam'd for Conſull.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd the Peoples Magiſtrates.

All. You ſo remaine.

Mene. And ſo are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burie all, which yet diſtinctly raunges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scici. This deſerues Death.

Brut. Or let vs ſtand to our Authoritie,
Or let vs loſe it: we doe here pronounce,
Vpon the part o'th'People, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of preſent Death.

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him:
Beare him toth'Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.

Brut. Ædiles ſeize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you ſeeme, truly your Countries friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſſe.

Brut. Sir, thoſe cold wayes,
That ſeeme like prudent helpes, are very poyſonous,
Where the Diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands vpon him,
And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile die here:
There's ſome among you haue beheld me fighting,
Come trie vpon your ſelues, what you haue ſeene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*

In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.

Mene. Goe, get you to our Houſe: be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.

2 *Sena.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand faſt, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid:
I prythee noble friend, home to thy Houſe,
Leaue vs to cure this Cauſe.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
You cannot Tent your ſelfe: be gone, 'beſeech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calued i'th'Porch o'th'Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

Mene. I could my ſelfe take vp a Brace o'th'beſt of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whoſe Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone:
Ile trie whether my old Wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that haue but little: this muſt be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Breſt forges, that his Tongue muſt vent,
And being angry, does forget that euer
He heard the Name of Death. *A Noiſe within.*
Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could he not ſpeake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himſelf

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He ſhall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorne him further Triall
Then the ſeuerity of the publike Power,
Which he ſo ſets at naught.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall ſure ont.

Mene. Sir, ſir. *Sicin.* Peace.

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you ſhold but hunt
With modeſt warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'ſt that you haue holpe
To make this reſcue?

Mene. Heere me ſpeake? As I do know
The Conſuls worthineſſe, ſo can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Conſull? what Conſull?

Mene. The Conſull *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Conſull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
The which ſhall turne you to no further harme,
Then ſo much loſſe of time.

Sic. Speake breefely then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude
Towards her deſerued Children, is enroll'd
In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam
Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.
Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,
Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.
Sicin. This is cleane kamme.
Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Menen. The seruice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
Least his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further.
Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harme of vnskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe,
Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And sacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were so?
Sicin. What do ye talke?
Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.
Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,
Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vtmost perill.
1.*Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Masters, lay downe your Weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
In our first way.
Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe stretch
Below the beame of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muse my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood vp
To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Volum. Oh sir, sir, sir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.
Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With striuing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, somthing too rough: you must returne, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie
Cleaue in the midd'st, and perish.
Volum. Pray be counsail'd;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my vse of Anger
To better vantage.
Mene. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus stoope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Physicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarsely beare.
Corio. What must I do?
Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Mene. Repent, what you haue spoke.
Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then doo't to them?
Volum. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends,
I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tush, tush.
Mene. A good demand.
Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like request.
Corio. Why force you this?
Volum. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Menen. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may salue so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past.
Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.
Menen. This but done,
Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.
Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.
Menen. Onely faire speech.
Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his spirit.
Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life.
Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.
Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To haue my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before.
Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse.
Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.
Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.
Menen. I, but mildely.
Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.
Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by'th (Pole?
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready.
Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I haue.
Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th Truth a'th Cause.
Edile. I shall informe them.
Bru. And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Edi. Very well.
Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giu't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes
What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.
Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you.
Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with ỹ shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.
1 Sen. Amen, Amen.
Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.
Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.
Corio. First heare me speake.
Both Tri, Well, say: Peace hoe.
Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?
Sicin. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd vpon you.
Corio. I am Content.
Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely.
Mene. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.
Sicin. Answer to vs.
Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so
Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.
Corio. How? Traytor?
Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.
Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sicin. Marke you this people?
All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.
Sicin. Peace:
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:
Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde
Deserues th'extreamest death.
Bru. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.
Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.
Brut. I talke of that, that know it.
Corio. You?
Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow.
Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.
Com. Let me speake:
I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.
Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reseruation of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As most abated Captiues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalijs.
They all shout, and throw vp their Caps.

Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight
Giue him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:
The Gods preserue our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extreamities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:
I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours youl'd haue done, and sau'd
Your Husband so much swet. *Cominius*,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to waile ineuitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still haue beene your solace, and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My first sonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
That start's i'th'way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
And loose aduantage, which doth euer coole
Ith'absence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, euery foot.

Corio. Giue me thy hand, come. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided
In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heauens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer y^u wise words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity

Volum. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himselfe
The Noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenst the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you fee)
Whom you haue banifh'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, wee'l leaue you.

Sicin. Why ftay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing elfe to do,
But to confirme my Curffes. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart
Of what lyes heauy too't.

Mene. You haue told them home,
And by my troth you haue caufe: you'l Sup with me.

Volum. Angers my Meate: I fuppe vpon my felfe,
And fo fhall fterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Iuno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*

Mene. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well fir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is *Adrian*.

Volce. It is fo fir, truly I haue forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, againft 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. Nicanor: no.

Rom. The fame fir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I laft faw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean ftate to finde you out there. You haue well faued mee a dayes iourney.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome ftraunge Infurrecti-ons: The people, againft the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not fo, they are in a moft warlike preparation, & hope to com vpon them, in the heate of their diuifion

Rom. The maine blaze of it is paft, but a fmall thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue fo to heart, the Banifhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneffe, to take al power from the peo-ple, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almoft mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus Banifht?

Rom. Banifh'd fir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni-canor*.

Rom. The day ferues well for them now. I haue heard it faide, the fitteft time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when fhee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* well appeare well in thefe Warres, his great Oppofer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeft of his coun-trey.

Volce. He cannot choofe: I am moft fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Bu-fineffe, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I fhall betweene this and Supper, tell you moft ftrange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduerfaries. Haue you an Army ready fay you?

Vol. A moft Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges diftinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readineffe, and am the man I thinke, that fhall fet them in prefent Action. So fir, heartily well met, and moft glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me fir, I haue the moft caufe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Dif-guif'd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of thefe faire Edifices fore my Warres
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Leaft that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with ftones
In puny Battell flay me. Saue you fir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auf-fidius* lies: Is he in *Antium?*

Cit. He is, and Feafts the Nobles of the State, at his houfe this night.

Corio. Which is his houfe, befeech you?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you fir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*
Oh World, thy flippery turnes! Friends now faft fworn,
Whofe double bofomes feemes to weare one heart,
Whofe Houres, whofe Bed, whofe Meale and Exercife
Are ftill together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Vnfeparable, fhall within this houre,
On a diffention of a Doit, breake out
To bittereft Enmity: So felleft Foes,
Whofe Paffions, and whofe Plots haue broke their fleep
To take the one the other, by fome chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, fhall grow deere friends
And inter-ioyne their yffues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he flay me
He does faire Iuftice: if he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice. *Exit.*

Muficke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine: What feruice is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are afleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*: my M. cals for him: *Cotus. Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly Houfe:
The Feaft fmels well: but I appeare not like a Gueft.

Enter the firft Seruingman.

1 *Ser.* What would you haue Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*

Corio. I haue deferu'd no better entertainment, in be-ing *Coriolanus*. *Enter fecond Seruant.*

2 *Ser.* Whence are you fir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he giues entrance to fuch Companions? Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'art troublefome.

2 *Ser.* Are you fo braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A ftrange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'houfe: Prythee call my Mafter to him.

3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid the houfe.

Corio. Let me but ftand, I will not hurt your Harth.

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A maru'llous poore one.

Corio. True, fo I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp fome other fta-tion,

tion : Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid : Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits. *Pushes him away from him.*

3 What you will not ? Prythee tell my Maister what a strange Guest he ha's heere.

2 And I shall. *Exit second Seruingman.*

3 Where dwel'st thou ?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy ?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that ?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes ? What an Asse it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too ?

Corio. No, I serue not thy Master.

3 How sir ? Do you meddle with my Master ?

Corio. I, tis an honester seruice, then to meddle with thy Mistris : Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy trencher : Hence. *Beats him away*

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow ?

2 Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou ? What woldst $\overset{u}{y}$? Thy name ? Why speak'st not ? Speake man : What's thy name ?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name ?

Corio. A name vnmusicall to the Volcians eares,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name ?
Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't : Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell : What's thy name ?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne : knowst $\overset{u}{y}$ me yet ?

Auf. I know thee not ? Thy Name ?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mischiefe : thereto witnesse may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Seruice,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted :
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure
Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest :
And suffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaues to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
(Mistake me not) to saue my life : for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World
I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee heere : Then if thou hast
A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes
Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serue thy turne : So vse it,
That my reuengefull Seruices may proue
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am
Longer to liue most wearie : and present
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice :
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse
It be to do thee seruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius* ;
Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter
Should from yond clowd speake diuine things,
And say 'tis true ; I'de not beleeue them more
Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where against
My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the Moone with splinters : heere I cleep
The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
I lou'd the Maid I married : neuer man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw
Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We haue a Power on foote : and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or loose mine Arme for't : Thou hast beate mee out
Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me :
We haue beene downe together in my sleepe,
Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
From twelue, to seuentie : and powring Warre
Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You blesse me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies
Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee first, to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand : most welcome.
Exeunt

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration ?

2 By my hand, I had thoght to haue stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his cloathes made a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell

tell how to tearme it.

1 He had ſo, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, Ile be ſworne: He is ſimply the rareſt man i'th'world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater ſoldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Maſter?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth ſix on him.

1 Nay not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an aſſault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Raſcals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as liue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius.*

1 Why do you ſay, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not ſay thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him ſay ſo himſelfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the Troth on't before *Corioles,* he ſcotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is ſo made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, ſet at vpper end o'th'Table: No queſtion askt him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our Generall himſelfe makes a Miſtris of him, Sanctifies himſelfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th'eye to his Diſcourſe. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yeſterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he ſayes, and ſole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his paſſage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you ſir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends ſir as it were, durſt not (looke you ſir) ſhew themſelues (as we terme it) his Friends, whileſt he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they ſhall ſee ſir, his Creſt vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward:

3 To morrow, to day, preſently, you ſhall haue the Drum ſtrooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee ſhall haue a ſtirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to ruſt Iron, encreaſe Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre ſay I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's ſprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, ſleepe, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard Children, then warres a deſtroyer of men.

2 'Tis ſo, and as warres in ſome ſort may be ſaide to be a Rauiſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reaſon, becauſe they then leſſe neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to ſee Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the preſent peace, And quietneſſe of the people, which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends Bluſh, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themſelues did ſuffer by't, behold Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, then ſee Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown moſt kind of late: Haile Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſt, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing: His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our ſelues, our wiues, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Liue, and thriue.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when theſe Fellowes ran about the ſtreets, Crying Confuſion.

Bru. Caius Martius was A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Inſolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, paſt all thinking Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one ſole Throne, without aſſiſtāce

Mene. I thinke not ſo.

Sicin. We ſhould by this, to all our Lamention, If he had gone forth Conſull, found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome Sits ſafe and ſtill, without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we haue put in priſon, Reports the Volces with two ſeuerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepeſt malice of the Warre, Deſtroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius,* Who hearing of our *Martius* Baniſhment, Thruſts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-ſhell'd, when *Martius* ſtood for Rome,

And

And durst not once peepe out.
Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius.*
Bru. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.
Mene. Cannot be?
We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.
Mes. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.
Sicin. What more fearefull?
Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong'st and oldest thing.
Sicin. This is most likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home againe.
Sicin. The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is vnlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'st Contrariety.
Enter Messenger.
Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.
Enter Cominius.
Com. Oh you haue made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?
Com. You haue holp to rauish your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses.
Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Mene. Pray now, your Newes:
You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* should be ioyn'd with Volceans.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shapes man Better: and they follow him
Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlicke-eaters.
Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As *Hercules* did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.
Brut. But is this true sir?
Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.
Mene. We are all vndone, vnlesse
The Noble man haue mercy.
Com. Who shall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people
Deserue such pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.
Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I haue not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.
Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer
S'incapeable of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gaue way vnto your Clusters, who did hoote
Him out o'th'Citty.
Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.
Enter a Troope of Citizens.
Mene. Heere come the Clusters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deseru'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.
2 And so did I.
3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though wee willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Com. Oh I, what else? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid,
These are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare.

1 *Cit.* The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth
Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th'Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace 'fore meate,
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,
And you are darkned in this action Sir,
Euen by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now,
Vnlesse by vsing meanes I lame the foote
Of our designe. He beares himselfe more proudlier,
Euen to my person, then I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir,
(I meane for your particular) you had not
Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either haue borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.

Auf. I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account, he knowes not
What I can vrge against him, although it seemes
And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant
To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:
And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as soone
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone
That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,
When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians loue him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome
As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was
A Noble seruant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honors eeuen: whether 'was Pride
Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints
The happy man; whether detect of iudgement,
To faile in the disposing of those chances
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
Not to be other then one thing, not moouing
From th'Caske to th'Cushion: but commanding peace
Euen with the same austerity and garbe,
As he controll'd the warre. But one of these
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit
To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue,
Lie in th'interpretation of the time,
And power vnto it selfe most commendable,
Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire
T'extoll what it hath done.
One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.
Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. *exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said
Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him
In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not seeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,
He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse,
Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th'fire
Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you haue made good worke:
A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon
When it was lesse expected. He replyed
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say lesse.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay to picke them, in a pile
Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt
And still to nose th'offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two?
I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,
And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines,
You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt
Aboue the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde
In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not
Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue
More then the instant Armie we can make
Might stop our Countryman.

Mene. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What should I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do,
For Rome, towards *Martius.*

Mene. Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee,
As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then?
But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot
With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will
Must haue that thankes from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Mene. Ile vndertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue ; but when we haue ſtufft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue ſuppler Soules
Then in our Prieſt-like Faſts : therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then Ile ſet vpon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindneſſe,
And cannot loſe your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my ſucceſſe. *Exit.*

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's ſit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome : and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Riſe : diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſſe hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me : what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions :
So that all hope is vaine, vnleſſe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to ſolicite him
For mercy to his Countrey : therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haſt them on. *Exeunt*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1.*Wat.* Stay : whence are you.

2.*Wat.* Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus*

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not paſſe, you muſt returne : our Generall will no more heare from thence.

2 You'l ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l ſpeake with *Coriolanus.*

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares : it is *Menenius.*

1 Be it ſo, go back : the vertue of your name,
Is not heere paſſable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer : I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, happely amplified :
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer : Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a ſubtle ground
I haue tumbled paſt the throw : and in his praiſe
Haue (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore Fellow,
I muſt haue leaue to paſſe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you haue vttered words in your owne, you ſhould not paſſe heere : no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to liue chaſtly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius,* alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howſoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you ſay you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, muſt ſay you cannot paſſe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'ſt thou tell? For I would not ſpeake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you haue puſht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your enemy your ſhield, thinke to front his reuenges with the eaſie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotant as you ſeeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with ſuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemn'd, our Generall has ſworne you out of repreeue and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vſe me with eſtimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I ſay, go : leaſt I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vtmoſt of your hauing, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion : Ile ſay an arrant for you : you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation : you ſhall perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus,* gueſſe but my entertainment with him : if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in Spectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoond for what's to come vpon thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourely Synod about thy particular proſperity, and loue thee no worſe then thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for vs : looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly mooued to come to thee : but beeing aſſured none but my ſelfe could moue thee ,I haue bene blowne out of your Gates with ſighes : and coniure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon this Varlet heere : This, who like a blocke hath denyed my acceſſe to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others : Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcean breſts. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſſe ſhall poiſon rather
Then pitty : Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares againſt your ſuites, are ſtronger then
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would haue ſent it. Another word *Menenius,*
I will not heare thee ſpeake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome : yet thou behold'ſt.

Auffid. You keepe a conſtant temper. *Exeunt*

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now ſir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power :
You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how wee are ſhent for keeping your greatneſſe backe?

2 What cauſe do you thinke I haue to ſwoond?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your General : for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarſe thinke ther's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelfe, feares it

not

not from another: Let your Generall do his worſt. For you, bee that you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. *Exit*

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, The Oake not to be winde-ſhaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Coriv. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Hoaſt. My partner in this Action,
You muſt report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly
I haue borne this Buſineſſe.

Auf. Onely their ends you haue reſpected,
Stopt your eares againſt the generall ſuite of Rome:
Neuer admitted a priuat whiſper, no not with ſuch frends
That thought them ſure of you.

Corio. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I haue ſent to Rome,
Lou'd me, aboue the meaſure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old Loue I haue
(Though I ſhew'd ſowrely to him) once more offer'd
The firſt Conditions which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I haue yeelded too. Freſh Embaſſes, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor priuate friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha? what ſhout is this? *Shout within*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius, with Attendants.

My wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obſtinate.
What is that Curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe Doues eyes,
Which can make Gods forſworne? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Aſpect of interceſsion, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer
Be ſuch a Goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand
As if a man were Author of himſelf, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The ſorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd,
Makes you thinke ſo.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part,
And I am out, euen to a full Diſgrace. Beſt of my Fleſh,
Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not ſay,
For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kiſſe
Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Reuenge!
Now by the iealous Queene of Heauen, that kiſſe
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere ſince. You Gods, I pray,
And the moſt noble Mother of the world
Leaue vnſaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, *Kneeles*
Of thy deepe duty, more impreſsion ſhew
Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh ſtand vp bleſt!
Whil'ſt with no ſofter Cuſhion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken, all this while,
Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring Impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*;
The Moone of Rome: Chaſte as the Iſicle
That's curdied by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria.*

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May ſhew like all your ſelfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the conſent of ſupreame Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Nobleneſſe, that thou mayſt proue
To ſhame vnvulnerable, and ſticke i'th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke ſtanding euery flaw,
And ſauing thoſe that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my ſelfe,
Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beſeech you peace:
Or if you'ld aske, remember this before;
The thing I haue forſworne to graunt, may neuer
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſſe my Soldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeeme vnnaturall: Deſire not t'allay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reaſons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You haue ſaid you will not grant vs any thing:
For we haue nothing elſe to aske, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our requeſt, the blame
May hang vpon your hardneſſe, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your requeſt?

Volum. Should we be ſilent & not ſpeak, our Raiment
And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what life
We haue led ſince thy Exile. Thinke with thy ſelfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,
Conſtraines them weepe, and ſhake with feare & ſorow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to ſee,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities moſt capitall: Thou barr'ſt vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enioy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we muſt looſe
The Countrie our deere Nurſe, or elſe thy perſon
Our comfort in the Country. We muſt finde
An euident Calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou
Muſt as a Forraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our ſtreets, or elſe
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my ſelfe, Sonne,
I purpoſe not to waite on Fortune, till
Theſe warres determine: If I cannot perſwade thee,
Rather to ſhew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then ſeeke the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, then to treade
(Truſt too't, thou ſhalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time.

Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderneſſe to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to ſee:
I haue ſate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſaue the Romanes, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerue, you might condemne vs
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our ſuite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May ſay, this mercy we haue ſhew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either ſide
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleſt
For making vp this peace. Thou know'ſt (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reape, is ſuch a name
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th'inſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the fiue ſtraines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
That ſhould but riue an Oake. Why do'ſt not ſpeake?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childiſhneſſe will moue him more
Then can our Reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou haſt neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe (poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and ſafelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requeſt's vniuſt,
And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs ſhame him with him with our knees
To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowſhip,
Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength
Then thou haſt to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our diſpatch:
I am huſht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile ſpeak a litle

Holds her by the hand ſilent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it,
Moſt dangerouſly you haue with him preuail'd,
If not moſt mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my ſteed, would you haue heard
A Mother leſſe? or granted leſſe *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be ſworne you were:
And ſir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But (good ſir)
What peace you'l make, aduiſe me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My ſelfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you ſhall beare
A better witneſſe backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-ſeal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deſerue
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner (ſtone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of Rome, eſpecially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I ſay, there is no hope in't, our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay vppon execution.

Sicin. Is't poſsible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horſe. The tartneſſe of his face, ſowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues like an Engine, and the ground ſhrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corſlet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He ſits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is finiſht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that ſhall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they reſpect not vs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'ld saue your life, flye to your House,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes?

Mess. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue (preuayl'd,
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't most certaine.

Mes. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. *A shout within*

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulnesse.

Mess. Sir, we haue all great cause to giue great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing ouer the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:
Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:
Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius Faction.

Most Welcome.

1.*Con.* How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-poyson'd, and with his Charity slaine.

2.*Con.* Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3.*Con.* The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'st
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnswayable, and free.

3.*Consp.* Sir, his stoutnesse
When he did stand for Consull, which he lost
By lacke of stooping.

Auf. That I would haue spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-seruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accomplish
My best and freshest men, seru'd his designements
In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride
To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1.*Con.* So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinewes shall be stretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great showts of the people.

1.*Con.* Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poste,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyse.

2.*Con.* And patient Fooles,
Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare
With giuing him glory.

3.*Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people
With what he would say, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auff. I haue not deseru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perused
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1.*Lord.* And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the last, I thinke
Might haue found easie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Leuies, answering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but ſtill ſubſiſting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I haue attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our ſpoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no leſſe Honor to the *Antiates*
Then ſhame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer
Subſcrib'd by'th'Conſuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what
We haue compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius.*

Corio. *Martius?*

Auf. I *Martius, Caius Martius*: Do'ſt thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles?*
You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiouſly
He ha's betray'd your buſineſſe, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I ſay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counſaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurſes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'ſt thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Meaſureleſſe Lyar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the firſt time that euer
I was forc'd to ſcoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Muſt giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my ſtripes impreſt vpon him, that
Muſt beare my beating to his Graue, ſhall ioyne
To thruſt the Lye vnto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and heare me ſpeake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falſe Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles.*
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this vnholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Conſp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Coſine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th'earth: His laſt offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with ſix *Auffidiuſſes*, or more:
His Tribe, to vſe my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Inſolent Villaine.

All Conſp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conſpirators, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius ſtands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Maſters, heare me ſpeake.

1.*Lord.* O *Tullus.*

2.*Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3.*Lord.* Tread not vpon him Maſters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
When you ſhall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauieſt Cenſure.

1.*Lord.* Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2.*Lord.* His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Beſt of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtrucke with ſorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th'cheefeſt Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it ſpeake mournfully:
Traile your ſteele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he ſhall haue a Noble Memory. Aſſiſt.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:
If euer *Bassianus*, *Cæsars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll;
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe as the Barke that hath difcharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at firft fhe wegih'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To refalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
Thefe that Suruine, let Rome reward with Loue:
Thefe that I bring vnto their lateft home,
With buriall amongft their Aunceftors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to fheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and careleffe of thine owne,
Why fuffer'ft thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull fhore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in filence as the dead are wont,
And fleepe in peace, flaine in your Countries warres:
O facred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Noblitie,
How many Sonnes of mine haft thou in ftore,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudeft prifoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, facrifice his flefh:
Before this earthly prifon of their bones,
That fo the fhadowes be not vnappeas'd,
Nor we difturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I giue him you, the Nobleft that Suruiues,
The eldeft Son of this diftreffed Queene.

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I fhed,
A Mothers teares in paffion for her fonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my fonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But muft my Sonnes be flaughtred in the ftreetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries caufe?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in thefe:
Andronicus, ftaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, fpare my firft borne fonne.

Tit. Patient your felfe Madam, and pardon me.
Thefe are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren flaine,
Religioufly they aske a facrifice:
To this your fonne is markt, and die he muft,
T'appeafe their groaning fhadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ftraight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane confum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe fo barbarous?

Dem. Oppofe me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to reft, and we furuiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes,
Then Madam ftand refolu'd, but hope withall,
The felfe fame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of fharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the facrififing fire,
Whofe fmoke like in cenfe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be fo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateft farewell to their foules.

Flourifh.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour reft you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readieft Champions, repofe you heere in reft,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mifhaps:
Heere lurks no Treafon, heere no enuie fwels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no ftormes,
No noyfe, but filence and Eternall fleepe,
In peace and Honour reft you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Laui. In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obfequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whofe Fortune Romes beft Citizens applau'd.

Ti. Kind Rome,
That haft thus louingly referu'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praife.

Marc. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from fucceffull wars,
You that furuiue and you that fleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries feruice drew your Swords.
But fafer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath afpir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whofe friend in iuftice thou haft euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truft,
This Palliament of white and fpotleffe Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With thefe our late deceafed Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to fet a head on headleffe Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that fhakes for age and feebleneffe:

What

What ſhould I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
Be choſen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſineſſe for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſſefully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'ſt thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and ſheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themſelues.

Baſs. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy Friend?
I will moſt thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit, People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his ſafe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this ſure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldeſt ſonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whoſe Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iuſtice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduiſe,
Crowne him, and ſay: Long liue our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applauſe of euery ſort,
Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And ſay, *Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.*

A long Flouriſh till they come downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deſerts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleneſſe:
And for an Onſet *Titus* to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empreſſe,
Rome sRoyall Miſtris, Miſtris of my hart
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her eſpouſe:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion pleaſe thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in ſight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Conſecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Priſonerss,
Preſents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Enſignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome ſhall record, and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe vnſpeakable Deſerts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your priſoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vſe you Nobly and your followers.

Satu. A goodly Lady, truſt me of the Hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorne in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy vſage euery way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not diſpleaſ'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobilitie,
Warrants theſe words in Princely curteſie.

Sat. Thankes ſweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe:
Ranſomleſſe heere we ſet our Priſoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Baſs. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How ſir? Are you in earneſt then my Lord?

Baſs. I Noble *Titus*, and reſolu'd withall,
To doe my ſelfe this reaſon, and this right.

Marc. Suum cuiquam, is our Romane Iuſtice,
This Prince in Iuſtice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and ſhall, if *Lucius* liue.

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treaſon my Lord, *Lauinia* is ſurpriſ'd.

Sat. Surpriſ'd, by whom?

Baſs. By him that iuſtly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore ſafe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you paſſe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'ſt me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kils him.*

Luc. My Lord you are vniuſt, and more then ſo,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue ſlaine your ſon.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any ſonnes of mine,
My ſonnes would neuer ſo diſhonour me.
Traytor reſtore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promiſt Loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two ſonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtocke:
Ile truſt by Leiſure him that mocks me once.
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty ſonnes,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a ſtale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree theſe Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monſtrous, what reproachfull words are theſe?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flouriſht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant ſonne in-law thou ſhalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe Sonnes,

To

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Thebe* mong'st her Nimphs
Dost ouer-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me,

Tamo. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Satur. Ascend Faire Qeene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeuntomnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confedrates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1.*Sonne.* He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2.*Sonne.* Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2.*Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in Honour and *Lauinia's* cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiax*
That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy (friends
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause. *Exit.*

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and Lauinia with others.

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as sharpe with you.

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,

Were gracious in thofe Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me fpeake indifferently for all:
And at my fute (fweet) pardon what is paft.
Satu. What Madam, be difhonoured openly,
And bafely put it vp without reuenge?
Tam. Not fo my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I fhould be Authour to difhonouryou.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whofe fury not diffembled fpeakes his griefes:
Then at my fute looke gracioufly on him,
Loofe not fo noble a friend on vaine fuppofe,
Nor with fowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at laft,
Diffemble all your griefes and difcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaft then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuft furuey take *Titus* part,
And fo fupplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous fin ne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to maffacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous fonnes,
To whom I fued for my deare fonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the ftreetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, fweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempeft of thy angry frowne.
King. Rife *Titus*, rife,
My Empreffe hath preuail'd.
Titus. I thanke your Maieftie,
And her my Lord.
Thefe words, thefe lookes,
Infufe new life in me.
Tamo. Titus, I am incorparate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And muft aduife the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bafsianus*, I haue paft
My word and promife to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you *Lauinia*,
By my aduife all humbled on your knees,
You fhall aske pardon of his Maieftie.
Son. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our fifters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour heere I do proteft.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muft all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, fweet hart looke back.
King. Marcus,
For thy fake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit thefe young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and fure as death I fware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Prieft.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feaft two Brides,
You are my gueft *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This dayfhall be a Loue-day *Tamor a*.
Tit. To morrow and it pleafe your Maieftie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele giue your Grace *Bon iour*.
Satur. Be it fo *Titus*, and Gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secunda.

Flourifh. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes fhot, and fits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flafh,
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:
As when the goldenSunne falutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliftering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the higheft piering hills:
So *Tamora*!
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ftoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miftris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in ttiumph long
Haft prifoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And fafter bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucafus*.
Away with flauifh weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and fhine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empreffe.
To waite faid I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeffe, this *Semerimis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And fee his fhipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what ftorme is this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.
Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'ft affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doo'ft ouer-weene in all,
And fo in this, to beare me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ferue, and to deferue my Miftris grace,
Andthat my fword vpon thee fhall approue,
And plead my paffions for *Lauinia's* loue.
Aron. Clubs, clubs, thefe louers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduifed)
Gaue you a daunfing Rapier by your fide,
Are you fo defperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your fheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meane while fir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well fhalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Deme. I Boy, grow ye fo braue? *They drawe.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,
And

And maintaine ſuch a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cauſe were knowne to them it moſt concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be ſo diſhonored in the Court of Rome:
For ſhame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſome, and withall
Thruſt theſe reprochfull ſpeeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour heere.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full reſolu'd,
Foule ſpoken Coward,
That thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt performe.

Aron. A way I ſay.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to ſet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſsianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her loue ſuch quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iuſtice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and ſhould the Empreſſe know,
This diſcord ground, the muſicke would not pleaſe.

Chi. I care not I, knew ſhe and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world.

Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make ſome meaner choiſe,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuiſe.

Chi. Aaron, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieue her whom I do loue.

Aron. To atcheiue her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therfore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore muſt be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and eaſie it is
Of a cut loafe to ſteale a ſhiue we know:
Though *Baſsianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

Aron. I, and as good as *Saturnius* may.

Deme. Then why ſhould he diſpaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality:
What haſt not thou full often ſtrucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers noſe?

Aron. Why then it ſeemes ſome certaine ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerue your turnes.

Chi. I ſo the turne were ſerued.

Deme. Aaron thou haſt hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, aud are you ſuch fooles,
To ſquare for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Nor me, ſo I were one.

Aron. For ſhame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis pollicie, and ſtratageme muſt doe
That you affect, and ſo muſt you reſolue,
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſt
Then this *Lauinia, Baſsianus* loue,
A ſpeedier courſe this lingring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a ſolemne hunting is in hand.
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forreſt walkes are wide and ſpacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſſe with her ſacred wit
To villainie and vengance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with aduiſe,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelues,
But to your wiſhes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the houſe of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthleſſe, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There ſpeake, and ſtrike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There ſerue your luſts, ſhadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinia's* Treaſurie.

Chi. Thy counſell Lad ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Deme. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the ſtreames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three ſonnes, making a noyſe with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragranr, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyſe.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perſon carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my ſleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maieſtie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur. And you haue rung it luſtily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Baſs. Lauinia, how ſay you?

Laui. I ſay no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more.

Satur. Come on then, horſe and Chariots letvs haue,
And to our ſport: Madam, now ſhall ye ſee,
Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the Chaſe,
And clime the higheſt P omontary top.

Tit. And I haue horſe will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. Chiron

Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horſe nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*
Enter Aaron alone.
Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abiectly,
Know that this Gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their vnreſt,
That haue their Almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.
Enter Tamora to the Moore.
Tamo. My louely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheerefull Sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweete ſhade, *Aaron* let vs ſit,
And whil'ſt the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs ſit downe, and marke their yelping noyſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd.
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
When with a happy ſtorme they were ſurpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counſaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſſe a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe aſleepe.
Aron. Madame,
Though *Venus* gouerne your deſires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when ſhe doth vnrowle
To do ſome fatall execution?
No Madam, theſe are no Veneriall ſignes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora*, the Empreſſe of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then reſts in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Baſsianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt looſe her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus* blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.

Enter Baſſianus and Lauinia.

Tamo. Ah my ſweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.
Aron. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſſianus* comes,
Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſo ere they be.
Baſſi. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Empreſſe,
Vnfurniſht of our well beſeeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To ſee the generall Hunting in this Forreſt?
Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our priuate ſteps:
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently.
With Hornes, as was *Acteons*, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.
Laui. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Ioue ſheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pitty they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſſi. Beleeue me Queene, your ſwarth Cymerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule deſire had not conducted you?
Laui. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucineſſe, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſſi. The King my Brother ſhall haue notice of this.
Laui. I, for theſe ſlips haue made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius.
Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?
Tamo. Haue I not reaſon thinke you to looke pale.
Theſe two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Moſſe, and balefull Miſſelto.
Here neuer ſhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtrait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a diſmall yew,
And leaue me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adultereſſe,
Laſciuious Goth, and all the bittereſt tearmes
That euer eare did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.
Dem. This is a witneſſe that I am thy Sonne. *ſtab him.*
Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Laui. I come *Semeramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tam. Giue me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.
Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First th.ash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?
Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.
Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-liue vs both to sting.
Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preserued honesty of yours.
Laui. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman face,
Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.
Laui. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
Laui. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty.
Chiro. What,
Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?
Laui. 'Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pitty, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.
Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tamo. Had'st thou in person nere offended me.
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.
Laui. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.
Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?
Laui. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.
Deme. Away,
For thou hast staid vs heere too long.
Lauinia. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall——
Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.
Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.
Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st obiect
That euer eye with sight made heart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother.
Exit Aaron.
Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?
Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.
Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or

Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſsianus* graue:
I haue no ſtrength to plucke thee to the brinke.
Martius. Nor I no ſtrength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile ſee what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'ſt deſcend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Marti. The vnhappie ſonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Baſsianus* dead.
Satur. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but ieſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an houre ſince I left him there.
Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing griefe.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſsianus?*
King. Now to the bottome doſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Baſsianus* heere lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timeleſſe Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyrannie.
She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we miſſe to meete him hanſomely,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou ſo much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit:
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianuss
Doe this and purchaſe vs thy laſting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke ſirs, if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould haue murthered *Baſsianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the priſon,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcouered?
Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
Ib eg this boone, with teares, not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sonnes,
Accurſed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'd? you ſee it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himſelfe did take it vp.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at yout Highnes will,
To anſwere their ſuſpition with their liues.
King. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end vpon them ſhould be executed.
Tamo. Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſſe Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauiſht.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauiſht thee.
Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſignes and tokens ſhe can ſcowle.
Chi. Goe home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leaue her to her ſilent walkes.
Chi. And t'were my cauſe, I ſhould goe hang my ſelfe.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away ſo faſt?
Coſen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber in eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne vngentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments
Whoſe circkling ſhadowes, Kings haue ſought to ſleep in
And might not gaine ſo great a happines
As halfe thy Loue: Why dooſt not ſpeake to me?
Alas, a Crimſon riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine ſtir'd with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leaſt thou ſhould'ſt detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame:
And notwithſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeake for thee? ſhall I ſay 'tis ſo;
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt
That I might raile at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen ſtopt,
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,

That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preualing Oratours.
Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'st
My euerlasting doome of banishment.
Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.
Luc. Aye me this obiect kils me.
Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nur'st this woe,
In feeding life:
In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lauinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.
Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wildernesse of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,

Expecting

Expecting euer when ſome enuious ſurge,
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſonnes are gone:
Heere ſtands my other ſonne, a baniſht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my ſoule the greateſt ſpurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my ſoule.
Had I but ſeene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me. What ſhall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah ſonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almoſt withered.,

Mar. Perchance ſhe weepes becauſe they kil'd her husband,
Perchance becauſe ſhe knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Becauſe the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe ſo foule a deede,
Witnes the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kiſſe thy lips,
Or make ſome ſignes how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are ſtain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe ſhewes
Paſſe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What ſhall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot ſome deuiſe of further miſeries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father ceaſe your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haſt drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderſtand her ſignes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with hertrue teares all bewet,
Can do no ſeruice on her ſorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſimpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliſſe,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy ſonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſonnes aliue,
And that ſhall be the ranſome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did euer Rauen ſing ſo like a Larke,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vpriſe?
With all my heart, Ile ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne,
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therfore mine ſhall ſaue my brothers liues.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it ſerue
To ranſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whoſe hand ſhall goealong
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall goe.

Lu. By heauen it ſhall not goe.

Ti. Sirs ſtriue no more, ſuch withered hearbs as theſe
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers ſake, and mothers care,
Now let me ſhew a brothers loue to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will ſpare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will vſe the Axe. *Exeunt*

Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,

Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And neuer whil'ſt I liue deceiue men ſo:
But Ile deceiue you in another ſort,
And that you'l ſay ere halfe an houre paſſe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now ſtay you ſtrife, what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maieſtie me hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it haue.
As for for my ſonnes, ſay I account of them,
As iewells purchaſt at an eaſie price,
And yet deere too, becauſe I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy ſonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his ſoule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the Sun with fogge as ſomtime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.

Mar. O brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my ſorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?

Then be my paſſions bottomleſſe with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her ſighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moued with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them:
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſentſt the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.
And heeres thy hand in ſcorne to thee ſent backe:
Thy griefes, their ſports: Thy reſolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
Theſe miſeries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth eaſe ſome deale,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrinke thereat:
That euer death ſhould let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath.
Mar. Alas poore hart that kiſſe is comfortleſſe,
As frozen water to a ſtarued ſnake.
Titus. When will this fearefull ſlumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two ſons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other baniſht ſonnes with this deere ſight
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a ſtony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy ſiluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmall ſight
The cloſing vp of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorme, why art thou ſtill?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha,
Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Ti. Why I haue not another teare to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would vſurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way ſhall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For theſe two heads doe ſeeme to ſpeake to me,
And threat me, I ſhall neuer come to bliſſe,
Till all theſe miſchiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me ſee what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And ſweare vnto my ſoule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou ſhalt be employd in theſe things:
Beare thou my hand ſweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raiſe an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kiſſe and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The woful'ſt man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble ſiſter,
O would thou wert as thou to fore haſt beene,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hateful griefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empreſſe
Beg at the gates likes *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes, and raiſe a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius*

A Bnaket.
Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.

An. So, ſo, now ſit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preſerue iuſt ſo much ſtrength in vs
As will reuenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize vppon my breaſt.
Who when my hart all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſignes,
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill?
Wound it with ſighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get ſome little knife betweene thy teeth,
And iuſt againſt thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that ſinke, and ſoaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea ſalt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vppon her tender life.
An. How now! Has ſorrow made thee doate already?
Why *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I:
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore doſt thou vrge the name of hands,
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Leaſt we remember ſtill that we haue none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I ſquare my talke
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands,
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what ſhe ſaies,
I can interpret all her martir'd ſignes,
She ſaies, ſhe drinkes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her ſorrow: meſh'd vppon her cheekes,

Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,
And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire leaue these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandsires heauinesse.
An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.
What doest thou strike at *Marcus* with knife.
Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flys
An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* broher: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.
An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmelesse Fly,
That with his pretty buzing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou hast kil'd him.
Mar. Pardon me sir,
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.
An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfes, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poyson me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamira*: Ah sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.
Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes, for true substances.
An. Come, take away: *Lauinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did.
Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?
Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane:
See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue read that *Hecubæ* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
Mar. Lucius I will.
Ti. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see,
Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge.
Ti. Lucius what booke is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsier 'tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me.
Mar. For loue of her that's gone,
Perhahs she culd it from among the rest.
Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel?*
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues
Ti. Lauinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
Ti. Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.
Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, Pallas, Ioue, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
Thi

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
And lulls him whilst she palyeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?
Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.
Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:
Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well aduis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit*
Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about? Let's see.
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec arcus.
Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, wa's tnot a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.
Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?
Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?
Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, andstately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.
Aron To whom?
Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?
Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,

What hath he fent her ?
Nurfe. A deuill.
Aron. Why then fhe is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull iffue.
Nurfe. A ioyleffe, difmall, blacke &, forrowfull iffue,
Heere is the babe as loathfome as a toad,
Among'ft the faireft breeders of our clime,
The Empreffe fends it thee, thy ftampe, thy feale,
And bids thee chriften it with thy daggers point.
Aron. Out you whore, is black fo bafe a hue ?
Sweet blowfe, you are a beautious bloffome fure:
Deme. Villaine what haft thou done ?
Aron. That which thou canft not vndoe.
Chi. Thou haft vndone our mother.
Deme. And therein hellifh dog, thou haft vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'ft the off-fpring of fo foule a fiend.
Chi. It fhall not liue.
Aron. It fhall not die.
Nurfe. *Aaron* it muft, the mother wils it fo.
Aron. What, muft it *Nurfe* ? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flefh and blood.
Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurfe giue it me, my fword fhall foone difpatch it.
Aron. Sooner this fword fhall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother ?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That fh'one fo brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars fharpe point,
That touches this my firft borne fonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye fanguine fhallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-houfe painted fignes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it fcornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although fhe laue them hourely in the flood :
Tell the Empreffe from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excufe it how fhe can.
Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble miftris thus ?
Aron. My miftris is my miftris : this my felfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe fafe,
Or fome of you fhall fmoake for it in Rome.
Deme. By this our mother is for euer fham'd.
Chi. Rome will defpife her for this foule efcape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chi. I blufh to thinke vpon this ignominie.
Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blufhing
The clofe enacts and counfels of the hart :
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke flaue fmiles vpon the father;
As who fhould fay, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, fenfibly fed
Of that felfe blood that firft gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprifoned were
He is infranchifed and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the furer fide,
Although my feale be ftamped in his face.
Nurfe. *Aaron* what fhall I fay vnto the Empreffe ?
Dem. Aduife thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all fubfcribe to thy aduife :
Saue thou the child, fo we may all be fafe.
Aron. Then fit we downe and let vs all confult.
My fonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleafure of your fafety.
Deme. How many women faw this childe of his ?
Aron. Why fo braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyoneffe,
The Ocean fwells not fo as *Aaron* ftormes :
But fay againe, how many faw the Childe ?
Nurfe. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my felfe,
And none elfe but the deliuered Empreffe.
Aron. The Empreffe, the Midwife, and your felfe,
Two may keepe counfell, when the third's away :
Goe to the Empreffe, tell her this I faid, *He kils her*
Weeke, weeke, fo cries a Pigge prepared to th'fpit.
Deme. What mean'ft thou *Aaron* ?
Wherefore did'ft thou this ?
Aron. O Lord fir, 'tis a deed of pollicie ?
Shall fhe liue to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Goffip ? No Lords no :
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yefternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumftance of all,
And how by this their Childe fhall be aduaunc'd,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And fubftituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeft whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye fee I haue giuen her phyficke,
And you muft needs beftow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes :
This done, fee that you take no longer daies
But fend the Midwife prefently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurfe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleafe.
Chi. *Aaron* I fee thou wilt not truft the ayre with fe(crets.
Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her felfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as fwift as Swallow flies,
There to difpofe this treafure in mine armes,
And fecretly to greete the Empreffe friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-flaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our fhifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whay, and fucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinfmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me fee your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there ftraight:
Terras Aftrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
She's gone, fhe's fled, firs take you to your tooles,
You Cofens fhall goe found the Ocean :
And caft your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little iuftice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muft doe it,

'Tis you muſt dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy Noble Vnckle thus diſtract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maiſters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,
Marrie for iuſtice ſhe is ſo imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe:
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettall *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelfe,
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnſollicited.

Marc. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maiſters draw, O well ſaid *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Mar. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his Maiſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?
Shall I haue Iuſtice, what ſayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he ſayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what ſayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas ſir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigions ſir, nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, did'ſt thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas ſir, I neuer came there, God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigions to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I could neuer ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou ſhalt haue Iuſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I ſir

Titus. Then here is aSupplication for you, andwhen you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you do it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you ſir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha haſt thou a knife? Come let me ſee it.
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou haſt giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he ſayes.

Clowne. God be with you ſir, I will. *Exit.*

Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, and her two ſonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus ſhot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are theſe? was euer ſeene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iuſtice, vſ'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath paſt,
But euen with law againſt the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterneſſe?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe.
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,

This

This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our Iniuſtice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no Iuſtice were.
But if I liue, his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he ſleepe,
Hee'l ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt Conſpirator that liues.

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pier'ſt him deepe, and ſcar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Then proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts. Why thus it ſhall become
High witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all: *Aſide.*
But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeake with vs?

Clow. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.

Tam. Empreſſe I am, but yonder ſits the Emperour.

Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigions heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clowne. How much money muſt I haue?

Tam. Come ſirrah you muſt be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end. *Exit.*

Satu. Deſpightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame deuiſe proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, ſhall ſhape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy ſlaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelfe ſhould gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cauſe,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high reſolued men, bent to the ſpoyle
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in courſe of this reuenge to do
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
Theſe tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſſe beat downe with ſtormes:
I, now begins our ſorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue ſo much,
My ſelfe hath often heard them ſay,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they haue wiſht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why ſhould you feare? Is not our City ſtrong?

King. I, but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. *King*, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle ſuffers little Birds to ſing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melodie.
Euen ſo mayeſt thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy ſpirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fiſh, or hony ſtalkes to ſheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can ſmooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promiſes, that were his heart
Almoſt Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet ſhould both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embaſſadour,
Say, that the Emperour requeſts a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Kiug. Emillius do this meſſage Honourably,
And if he ſtand in Hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.

Emill. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. *Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now ſweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuiſes.

Satu. Then goe ſucceſſantly and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approued warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which ſignifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witneſſe,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatiſfaction.

Goth. Braue ſlip, ſprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whoſe name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whoſe high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'ſt,
Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt Sommers day,
Led by their Maiſter to the flowred fields,
And be aueng'd on curſed *Tamora*:
And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a luſty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I ſtraid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monaſterie,

And

And as I earneftly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wafted building, fuddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyfe, when foone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this difcourfe:
Peace Tawny flaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whofe brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'ft haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muft beare thee to a trufty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreffe babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers fake.
With this, my weapon drawne I rufht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him fuddainely, and brought him hither
To vfe, as you thinke neeedefull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleaf'd your Empreffe eye,
And heere's the Bafe Fruit of his burning luft.
Say wall-ey'd flaue, whether would'ft thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doft not fpeake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his fide his Fruite of Baftardie.

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
Firft hang the Child that he may fee it fprall,
A fight to vexe the Fathers foule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, faue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreffe:
If thou do this, Ile fhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile fpeake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it pleafe me which thou fpeak'ft,
Thy child fhall liue, and I will fee it Nourifht.

Aron. And if it pleafe thee? why affure thee *Lucius*,
'Twill vexe thy foule to heare what I fhall fpeake:
For I muft talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maffacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Mifchiefe, Treafon, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittioufly preform'd,
And this fhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleffe thou fweare to me my Childe fhall liue.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I fay thy Childe fhall liue.

Aron. Sweare that he fhall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who fhould I fweare by,
Thou beleeueft no God,
That graunted, how can'ft thou beleeue an oath?

Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haft a thing within thee, called Confcience,
With twenty Popifh trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue feene thee carefull to obferue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he fweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou fhalt vow
By that fame God, what God fo ere it be
That thou adoreft, and haft in reuerence,
To faue my Boy, to nourifh and bring him vp,
Ore elfe I will difcouer nought to thee.

Luci. Euen by my God I fweare to to thee I will.

Aron. Firft know thou,
I be got him on the Empreffe.

Luci. Oh moft Infatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou fhalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Baffianus*,
They cut thy Sifters tongue, and rauifht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou faw'ft.

Lucius. Oh deteftable villaine!
Call'ft thou that Trimming?

Aron. Why fhe was wafht, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim fport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beaftly villaines like thy felfe!

Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to inftruct them,
That Codding fpirit had they from their Mother,
As fure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witneffe of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Baffianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou haft caufe to rue,
Wherein I had no ftroke of Mifcheife in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my felfe apart,
And almoft broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught fo hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empreffe of this fport,
She founded almoft at my pleafing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kiffes.

Goth. What canft thou fay all this, and neuer blufh?

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the faying is.

Luci. Art thou not forry for thefe hainous deedes?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thoufand more:
Euen now I curfe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compaffe of my curfe,
Wherein I did not fome Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elfe deuife his death,
Rauifh a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accufe fome Innocent, and forfweare my felfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Hayftackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And fet them vpright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their forrowes almoft was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your forrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thoufand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thoufand more.

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he muft not die
So fweet a death as hanging prefently.

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlafting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,

But

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luci. Sirs ftop his mouth, & let him fpeake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Meffenger from Rome
Defires to be admitted to your prefence.

Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderftands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers houfe
Willing you to demand your Hoftages,
And they fhall be immediately deliuered.

Goth. What faies our Generall?

Luc. *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*, *Flourifh.*
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes difguifed.

Tam. Thus in this ftrange and fad Habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And fay, I am Reuenge fent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his ftudy where they fay he keepes,
To ruminate ftrange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confufion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his ftudy dore.

Tit. Who doth molleft my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That fo my fad decrees may flie away,
And all my ftudie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue fet downe:
And what is written fhall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou haft the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ft know me,
Thou would'ft talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witneffe this wretched ftump,
Witneffe thefe crimfon lines,
Witneffe thefe Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witneffe the tyring day, andheauie night,
Witneffe all forrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreffe, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamo. Know thou fad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge fent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To eafe the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vaft obfcurity, or Mifty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detefted Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou fent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me fome feruice ere I come to thee:
Loe bythy fide where Rape and Murder ftands,
Now giue fome furance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon fwift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will difmount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Eptons* rifing in the Eaft,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou deftroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. Thefe are my Minifters, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Minifters, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called fo,
Caufe they take vengeance of fuch kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empreffe Sons they are,
And you the Empreffe: But we worldly men,
Haue miferable mad miftaking eyes:
Oh fweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This clofing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-ficke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your fpeeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him fend for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'ft I at a Banquet hold him fure,
Ile find fome cunning practife out of hand
To fcatter and difperfe the giddie Gothes,
Or at the leaft make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I muft play my theame.

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull houfe,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empreffe and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you fuch a deuill?
For well I wote the Empreffe neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you reprefent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had fuch a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what fhall we doe?

Tam. What would'ft thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am fent to be reueng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thoufand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all.

Tit. Looke round about the wicked ftreets of Rome,
And when thou find'ft a man that's like thy felfe,
Good Murder ftab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ftab him, he is a Rauifher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maift thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe fhe doth refemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them fome violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

ee *Tamora.*

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd vs, this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy houſe.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himſelfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop, and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe, thy angry heart:
What ſaies *Andronicus* to this deuiſe?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empreſſe too,
Feaſts at my houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
This do thou for my loue, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I do, and ſoone returne againe.
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſſe,
And take my Miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined ieſt?
Yeeld to his Humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Dem. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.
Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.
Tit. I know thou doo'ſt, and ſweet reuenge farewell.
Chi. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imploy'd?
Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe Sonnes
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Titus. Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them ſure,
Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Baſon.

Tit. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you haue ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe Chaſtity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you conſtrain'd and for'ſt.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'ſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold:
The Baſon that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Paſties of your ſhamefull Heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her increaſe.
This is the Feaſt, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vſ'd my Daughter,
And worſe then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come.
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paſte let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wiſh might proue,
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures Feaſt.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready, gainſt their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accurſed deuill,
Let him receiue no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperous face,
For teſtimony of her foule proceedings.
And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Aron. Some deuill whiſper curſes in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my ſwelling heart.
Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, *Flouriſh.*
The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?
Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a Sunne?
Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The Feaſt is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Pleafe you therfore draw nie and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*
A Table brought in.
Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the Table, and Lauinia with a vale ouer her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your ftomacks, pleafe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?
Tit. Becaufe I would be fure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highneffe, and your Empreffe.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?
Tit. And if your Highneffe knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour refolue me this,
Was it well done of rafh *Virginius*,
To flay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Becaufe fhe was enfor'ft, ftain'd, and deflowr'd?
Satur. It was *Andronicus*.
Tit. Your reafon, Mighty Lord?
Sat. Becaufe the Girle, fhould not furuine her fhame,
And by her prefence ftill renew his forrowes.
Tit. A reafon mighty, ftrong, and effectuall,
A patterne, prefident, and liuely warrant,
For me (moft wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy fhame with thee,
And with thy fhame, thy Fathers forrow die. *He kils her.*
Sat. What haft done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?
Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thoufand times more caufe then he.
Sat. What was fhe rauifht? tell who did the deed,
Tit. Wilt pleafe you eat,
Wilt pleafe your Higneffe feed?
Tam. Why haft thou flaine thine onely Daughter?
Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They rauifht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Satu. Go fetch them hither to vs prefently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed,
Eating the flefh that fhe herfelfe hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witneffe my kniues fharpe point. *He ftabs the Empreffe.*
Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accurfed deed.
Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You fad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores feuer'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempeftuous gufts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This fcattred Corne, into one mutuall fheafe,
Thefe broken limbs againe into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herfelfe be bane vnto herfelfe,
And fhee whom mightie kingdomes curfie too,
Like a forlorne and defperate caftaway,
Doe fhamefull execution on her felfe.
But if my froftie fignes and chaps of age,
Graue witneffes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erft our Aunceftor,
When with his folemne tongue he did difcourfe,
To loue-ficke *Didoes* fad attending eare,
The ftory of that balefull burning night,
When fubtil Greekes furpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell vs what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor fteele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
When it fhould moue you to attend me moft,
Lending your kind hand Commiferation.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him fpeake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That curfed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauifhed our Sifter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares defpif'd, and bafely coufen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And fent her enemies vnto the graue.
Laftly, my felfe vnkindly banifhed,
The gates fhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue preferu'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bofome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the fteele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My fcars can witneffe, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iuft and full of truth:
But foft, me thinkes I do digreffe too much,
Cyting my worthleffe praife: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praife themfelues,
Marc. Now is my turne to fpeake: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iffue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of thefe woes,
The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* houfe,
And as he is, to witneffe this is true.
Now iudge what courfe had *Titus* to reuenge
Thefe wrongs, vnfpeakeable paft patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what fay you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amiffe? fhew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronici*,
Will hand in hand all headlong caft vs downe,
And on the ragged ftones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall clofure of our houfe:
Speake Romaines fpeake, and if you fay we fhall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilli. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it fhall be fo.
Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* forrowfull houfe,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudg'd fome direfull flaughtering death,
As punifhment for his moft wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-slaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandsire, Grandsire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You sad *Andronici*, haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euents.

Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releeues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, than euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp. hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lauinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Housholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pitty,
And being so, shall haue like want of pitty.
See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euents, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Sampſon and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of Capulet.

Sampſon.

Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliars.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

Greg. I, While you liue, drawe your necke out o'th Collar.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly, being mou'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to ſtrike.

Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague*, moues me.

Greg. To moue, is to ſtir: and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runſt away.

Samp. A dogge of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues.*

Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Veſſels, are euer thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his Maides to the wall. (their men.

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Maſters, and vs

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant: when I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads, Take it in what ſence thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it ſence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand: And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fiſh: If thou had'ſt, thou had'ſt beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the Houſe of the *Mountagues.*

Enter two other Seruingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Sam. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the Law of our ſides: let them begin.

Gr. I wil frown as I paſſe by, & let thē take it as they liſt

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, ſir?

Sam. Is the Law of our ſide, if I ſay I? *Gre.* No.

Sam. No ſir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you ſir: but I bite my Thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir? no ſir. (as you

Sam. If you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a man

Abra. No better? *Samp.* Well ſir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my maſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy waſhing blow. *They Fight.*

Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among theſe heartleſſe Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword, Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee: Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partiſons, ſtrike, beat them down Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues.*

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noiſe is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I ſay: Old *Mountague* is come, And flouriſhes his Blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go

2\. *Wife.* Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foote to ſeeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-ſtained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernitious Rage,
With purple Fountaines iſſuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſtemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince.
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Caſt by their Graue beſeeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you difturbe our ftreets againe,
Your liues fhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reft depart away:
You *Capulet* fhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleafure in this cafe:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who fet this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere were the feruants of your aduerfarie,
And yours clofe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inftant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his fword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He fwong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in fcorne.
While we were enterchanging thrufts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, faw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worfhipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the Eaft,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
That Weft-ward rooteth from this City fide:
So earely walking did I fee your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And ftole into the couert of the wood,
I meafuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moft fought, wher moft might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary felfe,
Purfued my Honour, not purfuing his
And gladly fhunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene feene,
With teares augmenting the frefh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe fighes,
But all fo foone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheft Eaft begin to draw
The fhadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light fteales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himfelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himfelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous muft this humour proue,
Vnleffe good counfell may the caufe remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the caufe?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my felfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne affections counfeller,
Is to himfelfe (I will not fay how true)
But to himfelfe fo fecret and fo clofe,
So farre from founding and difcouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can fpread his fweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.
Could we but learne from whence his forrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, fo pleafe you ftep afide,
Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert fo happy by thy ftay,
To heare true fhrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Coufin.

Rom. Is the day fo young?

Ben. But new ftrooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, fad houres feeme long:
Was that my Father that went hence fo faft?

Ben. It was: what fadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them fhort

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue fo gentle in his view,
Should be fo tyrannous and rough in proofe.

Rom. Alas that loue, whofe view is muffled ftill,
Should without eyes, fee path-wayes to his will:
Where fhall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing, of nothing firft created:
O heauie lightneffe, ferious vanity,
Mifhapen Chaos of welfeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright fmoake, cold fire, ficke health,
Still waking fleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppreffion.

Rom. Why fuch is loues tranfgreffion.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaft,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preaft
With more of thine, this loue that thou haft fhowne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue, is a fmoake made with the fume of fighes,
Being purg'd, a fire fparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourifht with louing teares,
What is it elfe? a madneffe, moft difcreet,
A choking gall, and a preferuing fweet:
Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me fo, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue loft my felfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's fome other where.

Ben. Tell me in fadneffe, who is that you loue?

Rom. What fhall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but fadly tell me who.

Rom. A ficke man in fadneffe makes his will:
A word ill vrg'd to one that is fo ill:
In fadneffe Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aym'd fo neare, when I fuppof'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and fhee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is fooneft hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you miffe, fheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, fhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ftrong proofe of chaftity well arm'd:
From loues weake childifh Bow, fhe liues vncharm'd.
Shee will not ftay the fiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bid th'incounter of affailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Saint-feducing Gold:
O fhe is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when fhe dies, with beautie dies her ftore.

Ben. Then fhe hath fworne, that fhe will ftill liue chaft?

Rom. She hath, and in that fparing make huge waft?
For beauty fteru'd with her feuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all pofteritie.

She

She is too faire, too wifewi: fely too faire,
To merit bliffe by making me difpaire:
She hath forfworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I fhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,
Ro. 'Tis the way to cal hers (exquifit) in queftion more,
Thefe happy maskes that kiffe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ftrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treafure of his eye-fight loft:
Shew me a Miftreffe that is paffing faire,
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note,
Where I may read who paft that paffing faire.
Farewell thou can'ft not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elfe die in debt. *Exeunt*
Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.
Capu. Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men fo old as wee, to keepe the peace.
Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods fo long:
But now my Lord, what fay you to my fute?
Capu. But faying ore what I haue faid before,
My Child is yet a ftranger in the world,
Shee hath not feene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Pari. Younger then fhe, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too foone mar'd are thofe fo early made:
Earth hath fwallowed all my hopes but fhe,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her confent, is but a part,
And fhee agree, within her fcope of choife,
Lyes my confent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accuftom'd Feaft,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Gueft,
Such as I loue, and you among the ftore,
One more, moft welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houfe, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading ftarres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lufty young men feele,
When well apparrel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen fuch delight
Among frefh Fennell buds fhall you this night
Inherit at my houfe: heare all, all fee:
And like her moft, whofe merit moft fhall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May ftand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe firrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thofe perfons out,
Whofe names are written there, and to them fay,
My houfe and welcome, on their pleafure ftay. *Exit.*
Ser. Find them out whofe names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker fhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laft, the Fifher with his Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am fent to find thofe perfons whofe names are writ, &. can neuer find what names the writing perfon hath here writ (I muft to the learned) in good time.
Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.
Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lefned by anothers anguifh:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One defparate greefe, cures with anothers languifh:
Take t ou fome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyfon of the old wil die.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken fhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miferie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you fee?
Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye fay honeftly, reft you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.
He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anfelme and his beautious fifters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece Rofaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, & his Cofen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire affembly, whither fhould they come?
Ser. Vp.
Rom. Whither? to fupper?
Ser. To our houfe.
Rom. Whofe houfe?
Ser. My Maifters.
Rom. Indeed I fhould haue askt you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maifter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houfe of *Mountagues* I pray come and crufh a cup of wine. Reft you merry. *Exit.*
Ben. At this fame auncient Feaft of *Capulets*
Sups the faire *Rofaline*, whom thou fo loues:
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with fome that I fhall fhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines fuch falfhood, then turne teares to fire:
And thefe who often drown'd could neuer die,
Tranfparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue: the all-feeing Sun
Nere faw her match, fince firft the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you faw her faire, none elfe being by,
Herfelfe poyf'd with herfelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriftall fcales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue againft fome other Maid
That I will fhow you, fhining at this Feaft,
And fhe fhew fcant fhell, well, that now fhewes beft.
Rom. Ile goe along, no fuch fight to be fhowne,
But to reioyce in fplendor of mine owne.
Enter Capulets Wife and Nurfe.
Wife Nurfe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurfe. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what *Iuliet*?
Enter Iuliet..
Iuliet. How now, who calls?
Nur. Your Mother.
Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?
Wife. This is the matter: Nurfe giue leaue awhile, we
muft

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it spoken,
I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lamas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laide Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Iule?* And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not *Iulet* quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not *Iule?* It stinted: and said I.

Iule. And stint thou too, I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st suckt wisedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.

Old La: What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine euery seuerall liniament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pantery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie staies.

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or sixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speeh be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will.
Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

Rom. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And soare with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a Case to put my visage in,
A Visor for a Visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceless rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut,

Mer. Tut, duns the Moufe, the Conftables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or faue your reuerence loue, wherein thou ftickeft
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. Nay that's not fo.
Mer. I meane fir I delay,
We waft our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement fits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And fo did I.
Rom. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro. In bed a fleepe while they do dreame things true.
Mer. O then I fee Queene Mab hath beene with you: She is the Fairies Midwife, & fhe comes in fhape no bigger then Agat-ftone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens nofes as they lie afleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grafhoppers, her Traces of the fmalleft Spiders web, her coullers of the Moonfhines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, the Lafh of Philome, her Waggoner, afmall gray-coated Gnat, not halfe fo bigge as a round little Worme, prickt from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Hafelnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: and in this ftate fhe gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies ftrait: ore Lawyers fingers, who ftrait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who ftrait on kiffes dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blifters plagues, becaufe their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime fhe gallops ore a Courtiers nofe, & then dreames he of fmelling out afute; & fomtime comes fhe with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parfons nofe as a lies afleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime fhe driueth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambufcados, Spanifh Blades: Of Healths fiue Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he ftartes and wakes; and being thus frighted, fweares a prayer or two & fleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horfes in the night: & bakes the Elklocks in foule fluttifh haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preffes them, and learnes them firft to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is fhe.
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'ft of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantafie,
Which is as thin of fubftance as the ayre,
And more inconftant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bofome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his fide to the dew dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our felues,
Supper is done, and we fhall come too late.
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind mifgiues,
Some confequence yet hanging in the ftarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a defpifed life clof'd in my breft:
By fome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ftirrage of my courfe,
Direct my fute: on luftie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.
They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napktns.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helpes not to take away? He fhift a Trencher? he fcrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners, fhall lie in one or two mens hands, and they vnwafht too, 'tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the Ioynftooles, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, faue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loueft me, let the Porter let in *Sufan Grindftone* and *Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & fought for, in the great Chamber.
1 We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.
Exeunt.

Enter all the Guefts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Miftreffes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile fweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue feene the day
That I haue worne a Vifor, and could tell
A whifpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleafe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Mufitians play:
Mufícke plaies: and the dance.
A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah firrah, this vnlookt for fport comes well:
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paft our dauncing daies:
How long 'ift now fince laft your felfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not fo much, 'tis not fo much,
'Tis fince the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentycoft as quickely as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.
2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fir:
His Sonne is thirty.
3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not fir.
Rom. O fhe doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It feemes fhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare:
Beauty too rich for vfe, for earth too deare:
So fhewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes fhowes;
The meafure done, Ile watch her place of ftand,
And touching hers, make bleffed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I neuer ſaw true Beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and Honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our Solemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo.*
Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therfore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the Maiſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Gueſts:
You will ſet cocke a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcy Boy, 'iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you, I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I prophane wirh my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips to bluſhing Pilgrims did ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch, with a tender kiſſe.
Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Iul. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iul. You kiſſe by'th'booke.
Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe, and Vertuous,
I Nur'ſt her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe,
What is yond Gentleman:
Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio.*
Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.
Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.
Iul. My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I muſt loue a loathed Enemie.
Nur. What's this? whats this?
Iul. A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan'ſt withall. *One cals within, Iuliet.*
Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale Loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as Louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in Loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame ſweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo, Romeo.*
Merc. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio:*
Nay, Ile coniure too.

Mer.

Mer. *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Paſſion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but one rime, and I am ſatisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my goſſip *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I muſt coniure him,
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire and honeſt, & in his Miſtris name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe Trees
To be conſorted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Loue, and beſt befits the darke.
Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtreſſe were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, O that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*
Rom. He ieaſts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her Maid ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her Veſtal liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the Heauen,
Hauing ſome buſineſſe do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region ſtreame ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iul. Ay me.
Rom. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the ayre.
Iul. O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?
Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee diſlike.
Iul. How cam'ſt thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here,
Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch theſe Walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iul. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Iul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.
Iul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By Loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt-ſhore-waſhet with the fartheſt Sea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch Marchandiſe.
Iul. Thou knoweſt the maſke of night is on my face,
Elſe would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell Complement,
Doeſt thou Loue? I know thou wilt ſay I,
And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou fwear'ft,
Thou maieft proue falfe : at Louers periuries
Then fay *Ioue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doft Loue, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou thinkeft I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerfe, and fay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe : But elfe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond :
And therefore thou maieft thinke my behauiour light,
But truft me Gentleman, I'll proue more true,
Then thofe that haue coying to be ftrange,
I fhould haue beene more ftrange, I muft confeffe,
But that thou ouerheard'ft ere I was ware
My true Loues paffion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath fo difcouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with filuer all thefe Fruite tree tops.
Iul. O fweare not by the Moone, th'inconftant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaft that thy Loue proue likewife variable.
Rom. What fhall I fweare by ?
Iul. Do not fweare at all :
Or if thou wilt fweare by thy gratious felfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare loue.
Iuli. Well do not fweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rafh, too vnaduif'd, too fudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceafe to be
Ere, one can fay, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete :
Goodnight, goodnight, as fweete repofe and reft,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breft.
Rom. O wilt thou leaue me fo vnfatisfied ?
Iuli. What fatisfaction can'ft thou haue to night ?
Ro. Th' exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'ft requeft it :
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Rom. Would'ft thou withdraw it,
For what purpofe Loue ?
Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wifh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleffe as the Sea,
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are Infinite :
I heare fome noyfe within dear Loue adue :
Cals within.
Anon good Nurfe, fweet *Mountague* be true :
Stay but alittle, I will come againe.
Rom. O bleffed bleffed night, I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering fweet to be fubftantiall.
Iul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpofe marriage, fend me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.
Within : Madam.
I come, anon : but if thou meaneft not well,
I do befeech theee *Within :* Madam.
(By and by I come)
To ceafe thy ftrife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I fend.
Rom. So thriue my foule.
Iu. A thoufand times goodnight. *Exit.*
Rome. A thoufand times the worfe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as fchool-boyes frō thier books
But Loue frō Loue, towards fchoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet agaaine.

Iul. Hift *Romeo* hift : O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Taffel gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarfe, and may not fpeake aloud,
Elfe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarfe, then
With repetition of my *Romeo.*
Rom. It is my foule that calls vpon my name.
How filuer fweet, found Louers tongues by night,
Like fofteft Muficke to attending eares.
Iul. Romeo.
Rom. My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I fend to thee ?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me ftand here till thou remember it.
Iul. I fhall forget, to haue thee ftill ftand there,
Remembring how I Loue thy company.
Rom. And Ile ftill ftay, to haue thee ftill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iul. 'Tis almoft morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prifoner in his twifted Gyues,
And with a filken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iul. Sweet fo would I,
Yet I fhould kill thee with much cherifhing :
Good night, good night.
Rom. Parting is fuch fweete forrow,
That I fhall fay goodnight, till it be morrow.
Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breft.
*Rom.*Would I were fleepe and peace fo fweet to reft,
The gray ey'd morne fmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eafterne Clouds with ftreakes of light,
And darkneffe fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoftly Fries clofe Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier alone with a bafket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne fmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eafterne Cloudes with ftreaks of light :
And fleckled darkneffe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles :
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I muft vpfill this Ofier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe :
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We ſucking on her naturall boſome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
Omickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being taſted ſlayes all ſences with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encampe them ſtill,
In man as well as Hearbes grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedecite.
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden ſleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprous'd with ſome diſtemprature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin: waſt thou with *Roſaline?*

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher haſt thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aſke it me agen:
I haue beene feaſting with mine enemie,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred, bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, reſt homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is ſet,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet:*
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is heere?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt Loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſt,
To ſeaſon Loue that of it doth not taſt.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes, were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for louing *Roſaline.*

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one reſpect, Ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy proue,
To turne your houſhould rancor to pure Loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt. *Exeunt*

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-harted wench, that *Roſaline* torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anſwere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwere the Letters Maiſter how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead ſtab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt?*

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion, he reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button, a Dualiſt, a Dualiſt: a Gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhion Mongers, theſe pardon-mee's, who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie ſhe had a better Loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildinſgs and Harlots: *Thisbie* a gray eie or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Boniour*, there's a French ſalutation to your

French flop: you gaue vs the the counterfait fairely laſt night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy Pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſole-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd ieaſt,
Soly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs,
Swits and ſpurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Gooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the Wild-Gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the Gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the Gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

Rom. Nay, good Gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-ſweeting,
It is a most ſharpe ſawce.

Rom. And is it not well ſeru'd into a Sweet-Gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſir'st me to ſtop in my tale againſt the (haire.

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. *Peter?*

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter?*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſſe I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is ſaid, for himſelfe to, mar qua-tha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young *Romeo?*

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt well,
Very well tooke: Ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he ſir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to ſome Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No Hare ſir, vnleſſe a Hare ſir in a Lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.
But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a ſcore, when it hoares ere it be ſpent,
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie Merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then he will ſtand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, & a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauiour, as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurſe commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Rom. Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Beſhriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir? well ſhe ſhall be there.
Ro. And ſtay thou good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell, be truſtie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.
Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee: harke you ſir,
Rom. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?
Nurſe. Is your man ſecret, did you nere heare ſay two may keepe counſell putting one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as ſteele.
Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue a ſee Toade, a very Toade as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world. Doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
Rom. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*
Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would do you good to heare it.
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thouſand times. *Peter?*
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurſe and Peter.*

Enter Juliet.

Iul. The clocke ſtrook nine, when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him: that's not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, Loues Herauld ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides than the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres, yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, ſlow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, O hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.
Iul. Now good ſweet Nurſe:
O Lord, why lookeſt thou ſad?
Though newes, be ſad yet tell them merrily.
If good thou ſham'ſt the muſicke of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.
Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?
Iul. I would thou had'ſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.
Nur. Ieſu what haſt? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?
Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breth
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and Ile ſtay the circuſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?
Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy waies wench, ſerue God. What haue you din'd at home?
Iul. No no: but all this this did I know before
What ſaies he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother ſide: o my backe, my backe:
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.
Iul. Ifaith: I am ſorrie that that thou art ſo well.
Sweet ſweet, ſweet Nurſe, tell me what ſaies my Loue?
Nur. Your Loue ſaies like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?
Iul. Where is my Mother?
Why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou repli'ſt:
Your Loue ſaies like an honeſt Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.
Iul. Heere's ſuch a coile, come what ſaies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day?
Iul. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There ſtaies a Huſband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in Scarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to church, I muſt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Muſt climde a birds neſt Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iul. Hie to high Fortune, honeſt Nurſe, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.
Rom. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough. I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his owne delicioufneſſe,
And in the taſte confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues as tardie as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh ſo light a foot
Wll nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,

A Louer may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.
Iul. Good euen to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.
Iul. As much to him, elſe in his thanks too much.
Fri. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich muſickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.
Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to ſuch ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum vp ſome of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhal not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot dayes, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon the Table, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to be moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, we ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſell eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpie out ſuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou haſt quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine aſleepe in the Sun. Did'ſt thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the Fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-ſimple? O ſimple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*
Mer. By my heele I care not.
Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt inough to that ſir, and you will giue me occaſion.

Mercu. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?

Tib. *Mercutio* thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Conſort? what doſt thou make vs Minſtrels? & thou make Minſtrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but diſcords: heere's my fiddleſticke, heere's that ſhall make you daunce. Come conſort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greeuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eies gaze on vs.
Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.
Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir if he weare your Liuery.
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe, may call him man.
Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.
Rom. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.
Tib. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.
Rom. I do proteſt I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'ſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.
Mer. O calme, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:
Alla stucatho carries it away.
Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?
Tib. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe me hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make haſt, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come Sir, your Paſſado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes.
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both the Houſes, I am ſped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.
Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill ſerue: aſke for me to morrow, and you ſhall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houſes. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouſe, a Cat to ſcratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.
Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,
Or I ſhall faint: a plague a both your houſes.
They haue made wormes meat of me,

I haue it, and foundly to your Houfes. *Exit.*
Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ftain'd
With *Tibalts* flaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper foftned Valours fteele.
Enter Benuolio.
Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio's* is dead,
That gallant fpirit hath afpir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did fcorne the earth.
Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.
Enter Tybalt.
Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* flaine?
Away to heauen refpectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'ft me, for *Mercutios* foule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.
Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didft confort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.
They fight. Tybalt falles.
Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* flaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! Iam Fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doft thou ftay?
Exit Romeo.
Enter Citizens.
Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*
Citi. Vp fir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.
Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wiues and all.
Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can difcouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man flaine by young *Romeo*,
That flew thy kinfman braue *Mercutio.*
Cap. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Hufband, O the blood is fpild
Of my deare kinfman. Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, fhed bloud of *Mountague.*
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this Fray?
Ben. *Tybalt* here flaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did flay,
Romeo that fpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high difpleafure: all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruly fpleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peircing fteele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall fcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death afide, and with the other fends
It back to *Tybalt*, whofe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and fwifter then his tongue,
His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rufhes, vnderneath whofe arme,
An enuious thruft from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of ftout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ftout *Tybalt* flaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Cap. Wi. He is a kinfman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falfe, he fpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ftrife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuftice, which thou Prince muft giue:
Romeo flew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muft not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* flew him, he flew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.
Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law fhould end,
The life of *Tybalt.*
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an intereft in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with fo strong a fine,
That you fhall all repent the loffe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excufes,
Nor teares, nor prayers fhall purchafe our abufes.
Therefore vfe none, let *Romeo* hence in haft,
Elfe when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning thofe that kill.
Exeunt.
Enter Iuliet alone.
Iul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed fteedes,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, fuch a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weft,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy clofe Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to thefe armes, vntalkt of and vnfeene,
Louers can fee to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It beft agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou fober futed Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loofe a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of ftainleffe Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle, till ftrange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted fimple modeftie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I fhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ftarres,
And he will make the Face of heauen fo fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worfhip to the Garifh Sun.
O I haue bought the Manfion of a Loue,
But not poffeft it, and though I am fold,
Not yet enioy'd, fo tedious is this day,
As is the night before fome Feftiuall,

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos*, name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the Cords.

Iuli. Ay me, what newes?
Why dost thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Iul. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.

Iuli. What diuell art thou,
That dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight.

Iul. O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.

Nur. O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:
O curteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Iul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadful Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Iul. O God!
Did *Rom'os* hand shed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Woluish-rauening Lambe,
Dispised substance of Diuinest show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?

Iul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your natiue spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:
My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue slaine:
And *Tibalt* dead that would haue slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there was worser then *Tybalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt, Romeo, Iuliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Iu. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* banishment,
Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what newes?

What

What is the Princes Doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with ſuch ſowre Company:
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
Rom. What leſſe then Doomeſday,
Is the Princes Doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death, miſtearm'd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden Axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, O rude vnthankefulneſſe!
Thy ſalt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to baniſhment.
This is deare mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mouſe, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable ſtate, more Courtſhip liues
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this muſt flie,
And ſaiſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is baniſhed.
Had'ſt thou no poyſon mixt, no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed?
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how haſt thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A Sin-Abſoluer, and my Friend profeſt:
To mangle me with that word, baniſhed?
Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me ſpeake.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang vp Philoſophie:
Vnleſſe Philoſohpie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee, that Mad men haue no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they,
When wiſemen haue no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpaire with thee of thy eſtate,
Rom. Thou can'ſt not ſpeake of that ẏ doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as *Iuliet* my Loue:
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mighteſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurſe, and knockes.
Frier. Ariſe one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Rom. Not I,
Vnleſſe the breath of Hartſicke groanes
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
Knocke
Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp:
Knocke.
Run to my ſtudy: by and by, Gods will
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come.
Knocke.
Who knocks ſo hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in,
And you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy:
Pittious predicament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O.
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue ſtain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady, to our conceal'd Loue?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull Manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
The vnreaſonable Furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman, in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thyſelfe?
Why rayl'ſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once would'ſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer abound'ſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that Loue which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to ſhape and Loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe Souldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or bleſſing light vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe Courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaped and ſullen wench,
Thou putteſt vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all night,
To heare good counſell: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy paſt ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, ſhe Lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, ſhe'l not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. Theſe times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early tomorrow,
To night, ſhe is mewed vp to her heauineſſe.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendſday is too ſoone,
A Thurſday let it be: a Thurſday tell her,
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſt?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'ſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering Cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day
Stands tipto on the miſtie Mountaines tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.

Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not Larke whoſe noates do beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iuli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe diuideth vs.
Some ſay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt f-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and itli ght growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.
Iul. Nurse.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiffe and Ile defcend.
Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Hufband, Friend,
I muft heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ihall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.
Iul. O thinkeft thou we fhall euer meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all thefe woes fhall ferue
For fweet difcourfes in our time to come.
Iuilet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining foule,
Me thinkes I fee thee now, thou art fo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-fight failes, or thou look'ft pale.
Rom. And truft me Loue, in my eye fo do you:
Drie forrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.*
Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doft thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
Bu t fend him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Iul: Who ift that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is fhe not downe fo late, or vp fo early?
What vnaccuftom'd caufe procures her hither?
Lad. Why how now *Iuliet?*
Iul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wafh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'ft, thou could'ft not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, fome griefe fhewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, fhewes ftill fome want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weepe, for fuch a feeling loffe.
Lad. So fhall you feele the loffe, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.
Iul. Feeling fo the loffe,
I cannot chufe but euer weep the Friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'ft not fo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which flaughter'd him.
Iul. What Villaine, Madam?
Lad. That fame Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul. Villaine and he, be many Miles affunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
Lad. That is becaufe the Traitor liues.
Iul. I Madam from the reach of thefe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile fend to one in *Mantua,*
Where that fame banifht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him fuch an vnaccuftom'd dram,
That he fhall foone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be fatisfied.
Iul. Indeed I neuer fhall be fatisfied
With *Romeo,* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart fo for a kinfman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyfon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* fhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone fleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath flaughter'd him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find fuch a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iul. And ioy comes well, in fuch a needy time,
What are they, befeech your Ladyfhip?
Mo. Well, well, thou haft a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauineffe,
Hath forted out a fudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thurfday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.
Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He fhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haft, that I muft wed
Ere he that fhould be Hufband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I fweare
It fhallbe *Romeo,* whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris.* Thefe are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him fo your felfe,
And fee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun fets, the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunfet of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? a Conduit Gyrle, what ftill in teares?
Euermore fhowring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For ftill thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this falt floud, the windes thy fighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a fudden calme will ouer fet
Thy tempeft toffed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
Lady. I fir;
But fhe will none, fhe giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will fhe none? doth fhe not giue vs thanks?
Is fhe not proud? doth fhe not count her bleft,
Vnworthy as fhe is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome
Iul. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.
Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine ioints 'gainft Thurfday next,

To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church :
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad ?
Iul. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife : we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her :
Out on her Hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſedome ? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſip, go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one ſpeake ?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſſips bowles
For here we need it not.
La. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad :
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, ſtill my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they ſay with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue :
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me :
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend :
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtraue, die in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good :
Truſt too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forſworne *Exit.*
Iuli. Is there no pittie ſitting in the Cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe ?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul. O God !
O Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented ?
My Huſband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that Huſband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth ? Comfort me, counſaile me :
Hlacke, alacke, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou ? haſt thou not a word of ioy ?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is baniſhed, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you :
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Louely Gentleman :
Romeos a diſh-clout to him : an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quicke, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt : or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vſe of him.
Iul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart ?
Nur. And from my ſoule too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Iul. Amen.
Nur. What ?
Iul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marue'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iul. Auncient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend !
It is more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath praiſ'd him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times ? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henchforth ſhall be twaine :
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir ? the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſt.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind ?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therfore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway :
And in his wiſedome, haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe you know the reaſon of this haſt ?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.
Enter Iuliet.
Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.
Iul. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be Loue, on Thurſday next.
Iul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father ?
Iul. To anſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.
Iul. I will confeſſe to you that I Loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you Loue me.
Iul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Benig ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule, thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.
Iuli. The

Iul. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrong'ſt it more then teares with that report.
Iul. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, Holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.
My Lord you muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. Godſheild: I ſhould diſturbe Deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe. *Exit Paris.*
Iul. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet*, I alreadie know thy griefe,
It ſtreames me paſt the compaſſe of my wits:
I heare thou muſt and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Countie,
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome, thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with' his knife, Ile helpe it preſently.
God ioyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd:
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long expetien'ſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt, ſpeake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſtay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thinglike death to chide away this ſhame,
That coap'ſt with death himſelfe, to ſcape fro it:
And if thou dar'ſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather than marrie *Paris*,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell houſe,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reckie ſhankes and yellow chappels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtained wife to my ſweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris*: wenſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe, but ſurceaſe:
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The Roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To many aſhes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he ſhut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me ofcare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous:
In this reſolue, Ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength,
And ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurſe, and Seruing men, two or three.

Cap. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for Ile trie if they can licke their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou trie them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift
With merrie looke.
Cap. How now my headſtrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?
Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition:
To you and your beheſts, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand vp,

This

This is as't ſhould be, let me ſee the County:
I marrie go I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.
Iul. Nurſe will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there's time inough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt Iuliet and Nurſe.
Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
'Tis now neere night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deckevp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward Gyrle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Iuliet and Nurſe.

Iul. I thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many Oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt, is croſſe and full of ſin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my help?
Iul. No Madam, we haue cul'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoouefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. *Exeunt.*
Iul. Farewell:
God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall Sceane, I needs muſt act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrow'd, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, Spirits reſort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I walke, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrow'd?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As (with a club) daſh out my deſperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: ſtay *Tybalt*, ſtay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe, and Nurſe.

Lady. Hold,
Take theſe keies, and fetch more ſpices Nurſe.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtrie.
Enter old Capulet.
Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir,
The ſecond Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for leſſe cauſe, and nere beene ſicke.
La. I you haue bin a Mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
Exit Lady and Nurſe.
Cap. A iealous hood, a iealous hood,
Now fellow, what there?
Enter three or foure with ſpits, and logs, and baſkets.
Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſt, make haſt, ſirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Thou ſhalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.
Play Muſicke
The Countie will be here with Muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neere,
Nurſe, wife, what ho? what Nurſe I ſay?
Enter Nurſe.
Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haſt,
Make haſt, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make haſt I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris, what Miſtris? *Iuliet*? Faſt I warrant her ſhe
Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I ſay? Madam, ſweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noise is heere? *Enter Mother.*

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

Fa. Ha? let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene sep erated:
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the swetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Pa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accur'st, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care liues not
In these confusions, heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan'st,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan'st
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?
O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
But shee's best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:
Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will. *Exeunt*

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts ease, hearts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Musitions,
Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.

Mu. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2. *M.* Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.
Answere me like men:
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Musicke with her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound? why Musicke with her siluer sound?
what say you *Simon Catling*?

Mu. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest, what say you *Hugh Rebicke*?

2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for sil-(uer

Pet. Pratest to, what say you *Iames Sound-Post*?

3. *Mu.* Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer sound,

Becaufe Mufitions haue no gold for founding:
Then Muficke with her filuer found, with fpeedy helpe doth lend redreffe. *Exit.*

Mu. What a peftilent knaue is this fame?

M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and ftay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truft the flattering truth of fleepe,
My dreames prefage fome iovfull newes at hand:
My bofomes L. fits lightly in his throne:
And all thisan day an vccuftom'd fpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd fuch life with kiffes in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how fweet is loue it felfe poffeft,
When but loues fhadowes are fo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer?*
Doft thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet?* that I afke againe,
For nothing can be ill, if fhe be well.

Man. Then fhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body fleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I faw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And prefently tooke Pofte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing thefe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it euen fo?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knoweft my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Poft-Horfes, I will hence to night.

Man. I do befeech you fir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some mifaduenture.

Rom. Tufh, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre thofe Horfes, Ile be with thee ftraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets fee for meanes: O mifchiefe thou art fwift,
To enter in the thoughts of defperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miferie had worne him to thebones:
And in his needie fhop a Tortoyrs hung,
An Allegater ftuft, and other fkins
Of ill fhap'd fifhes, and about his fhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muftie feedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Rofes
Were thinly fcattered, to make vp a fhew.
Noting this penury, to my felfe I faid,
An if a man did need a poyfon now,
Whofe fale is perfent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would fell it him.
O this fame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this fame needie man muft fell it me.
As I remember, this fhould be the houfe,
Being holy day, the beggers fhop is fhut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who call's fo low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I fee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyfon, fuch foone fpeeding geare,
As will difperfe it felfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be difcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haftie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou fo bare and full of wretchedneffe,
And fear'ft to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opreffion ftarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe i
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will confents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ftrength
Of twenty men, it would difpatch you ftraight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worfe poyfon to mens foules,
Doing more murther in this loathfome world,
Then thefe poore compounds that thou maieft not fell,
I fell thee poyfon, thou haft fold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy felfe in flefh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyfon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muft I vfe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy *Francifcan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This fame fhould be the voice of Frier *Iohn.*
Welcome from *Mantua*, what fayes *Romeo?*
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to affociate me,
Here in this Citie vifiting the fick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Sufpecting that we both were in a houfe
Where the infectious peftilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my fpeed to *Mantua* there was ftaid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*

Iohn. I could not fend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meffenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ftraight
Vnto my Cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

Law. Now muft I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will befhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of thefe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe her at my Cell til *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and ſtand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.
Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew:
O woe, thy Canopie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares deſtil'd by mones;
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue, and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To croſſe my obſequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are ſauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble you
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip: take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Rom. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight, Ile cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is ſuppoſed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague:*
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die,
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiſſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet.*
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face:
Mercutius kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet.*
Said he not ſo? Or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet,*
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; ſlaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties enſigne yet
Is Crymſon in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thy enemie?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet:*
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh: Eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy Sea-ſicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.
Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.
Fri. St. Francis be my fpeed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ftumbled at graues? Who's there?
Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliffe be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyeleffe Sculles? As I difcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.
Man. It doth fo holy fir,
And there's my Mafter, one that you loue.
Fri. Who is it?
Man. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not Sir.
My Mafter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ftay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare fome ill vnluckie thing.
Man. As I did fleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maifter and another fought,
And that my Maifter flew him.
Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ftaines
The ftony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane thefe Mafterleffe, and goarie Swords
To lie difcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elfe? what *Paris* too?
And fteept in blood? Ah what an vn knd houre
Is guilt e of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ftirs.
Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I fhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo?*
Fri. I heare fome noyfe Lady, come from that neft
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall fleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bofome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile difpofe of thee,
Among a Sifterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queftion, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ftay. *Exit.*
Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will notuaway,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true lo: es hand?
Poyfon I fee hath bin his timeleffe end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiffe thy lips,
Happlie fome po yfon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die wth a reftoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.
Enter Boy and Watch.
Watch. Lead Boy, which way?
Iul. Yea noife?
Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy fheath, there ruft and let me die *Kils herfelfe.*
Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne
Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go fome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull fight, here lies the Countie flaine,
And *Iuliett* bleeding, warme and newly dead
Who here hath laine thefe two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raife vp the *Mountagues*, fome others fearch,
We fee the ground whereon thefe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all thefe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumftance defcry.
Enter Romeo'sman.
Watch. Here's *Romeo'r* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.
Con. Hold him in fafety, till the Prince come hither.
Enter Frier, and another Watchman.
3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, fighes, and weepe s
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard fide.
Con. A great fufpition, ftay the Frier too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What mifaduenture is fo earely vp,
That calls our perfon from our mornings reft?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.
Cap. What fhould it be that they fo fhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ftreete crie *Romeo.*
Some *Iuliet*, and fome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward out Monument.
Pri. What feare is this which ftartles in your eares?
Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* flaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.
Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Inftruments vpon them fit to open
Thefe dead mens Tombes.
Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath miftaine, for loe his houfe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is mifheathed in my Daughters bofome.
Wife. O me, this fight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To fee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath ftopt her breath:
What further woe confpires againft my age?
Prin. Looke: and thou fhalt fee.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,
To preffe before thy Father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outra ge for a while,
Till we can cleare thefe ambiguities,
And know their fpring, their head, their true defcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death? meane time forbeare,
And let mifchance be flaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of fufpition.
Fri. I am the greateft, able to doe leaft,
Yet moft fufpected as the time and place
Doth make againft me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ftand both to impeach and purge
My felfe condemned, and my felfe excus'd.
Prin. Then fay at once, what thou doft know in this?
Fri. I will be briefe, for my fhort date of breath
Is not fo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And fhe there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

I married them ; and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomeſday : whoſe vntimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt) Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that ſiege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuiſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo Tutor'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtay'd by accident ; and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience :
But then, a noyſe did ſcarre me from the Tombe,
And ſhe (too deſperate) would not go with me,
But (as it ſeemes) did violence on her ſelfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is priuy :
And if ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd, ſome houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt Law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man ? What can he ſay to this ?

Boy. I brought my Maſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch ?
Sirra, what made your Maſter in this place ?

Page. He came with flowres to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did :
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tydings of her death :
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe Enemies ? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue ;
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of Kinſmen : All are puniſh'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more :
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at that Rate be ſet,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for ſorrow will not ſhew his head ;
Go hence, to haue more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at seuerall doores.

Poet.

GOod day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' others a Ieweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Iew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuate goodnesse:
He passes.

Iew. I haue a Iewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?

Iewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Iewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idlely from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vses
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chases. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Liues in these toutches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboult to you.
You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Base o'th'Mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among'st them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis conceyu'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount
To climbe his happineſſe, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whiſperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his ſtyrrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him ſit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Tis common:
A thouſand morall Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue ſeene
The foot aboue the head.

Trumpets ſound.

Enter Lord Timon, addreſſing himſelfe curteouſly to euery Sutor.

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you?

Meſ. I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,
His meanes moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraite:
Your Honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe haue ſhut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My Friend when he muſt neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deſerues a helpe,
Which he ſhall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.

Meſ. Your Lordſhip euer bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.

Meſ. All happineſſe to your Honor. *Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, heare me ſpeake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou haſt a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius.*

Tim. I haue ſo: What of him?

Oldm. Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucillius.*

Luc. Heere at your Lordſhips ſeruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin elſe,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngeſt for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelfe haue ſpoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt,
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe, I will chooſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diſpoſſeſſe her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the preſent; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſeru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will ſtraine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Guie him thy Daughter,
What you beſtow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Moſt Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordſhip, neuer may
That ſtate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. *Exit*

Poet. Vouchſafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordſhip.

Tim. I thanke you, you ſhall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Naturall man:
For ſince Diſhonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-ſide: Theſe Penſil'd Figures are
Euen ſuch as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you ſhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preſerue ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We muſt needs dine together: ſir your Iewell
Hath ſuffered vnder praiſe.

Iewel. What my Lord, diſpraiſe?

Tim. A meere ſaciety of Commendations,
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclew me quite.

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maſters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apermantus.*

Mer. No my good Lord, he ſpeakes ye common toong
Which all men ſpeake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordſhip.

Mer. Hee'l ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus.*

Ape. Till I be gentle, ftay thou for thy good morrow. When thou art *Timons* dogge, and thefe Knaues honeft.

Tim. Why doft thou call them Knaues, thou know'ft them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Iew. You know me, *Apemantus?*

Ape. Thou know'ft I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus?*

Ape. Of nothing fo much, as that I am not like *Timon*

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honeft Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik'ft thou this picture *Apemantus?*

Ape. The beft, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's fhe, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus?*

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou fhould'ft, thoud'ft anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lafciuious apprehenfion.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'ft it,
Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doft thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus?*

Ape. Not fo well as plain-dealing, which wil not caft a man a Doit.

Tim. What doft thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philofopher?

Ape. Thou lyeft.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyeft:
Looke in thy laft worke, where thou haft fegin'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is fo.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldft do then *Apemantus?*

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy felfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus.*

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet founds. Enter a Meffenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mef. 'Tis *Alcibiades,* and fome twenty Horfe
All of Companionfhip.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You muft needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the reft.

Moft welcome Sir.

Ape. So, fo; their Aches contract, and fterue your fupple ioynts: that there fhould bee fmall loue amongeft thefe fweet Knaues, and all this Curtefie. The ftraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. Sir, you haue fau'd my longing, and I feed
Moft hungerly on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depatt, wee'l fhare a bounteous time
In different pleafures.
Pray you let vs in. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord* What time a day is't *Apemantus?*

Ape. Time to be honeft.

1 That time ferues ftill.

Ape. The moft accurfed thou that ftill omitft it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feaft.

Ape. I, to fee meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus?*

Ape. Should'ft haue kept one to thy felfe, for I meane to giue thee none.

1 Hang thy felfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requefts to thy Friend.

2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile fpurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Affe.

1 Hee's oppofite to humanity.
Comes fhall we in,
And tafte Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindneffe.

2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it felfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vfe of quittance.

1 The Nobleft minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.

2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes Playing lowd Muficke.

A great Banquet feru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prifon. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus difcontentedly like himfelfe.

Ventig. Moft honoured *Timon,*
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne thofe Talents
Doubled with thankes and feruice, from whofe helpe
I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no meanes,
Honeft *Ventigius:* You miftake my loue,

I gaue

I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely ſay he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſſe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſſe, ſorry ere 'tis ſhowne:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray ſit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies haue confeſt it.

Aper. Ho ho, confeſt it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?

Timo. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Aper. No: You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thruſt me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They ſay my Lords, *Ira furor breuis eſt*,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himſelfe:
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me ſtay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obſerue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I my ſelfe would haue no power, prythee let my meate make thee ſilent.

Aper. I ſcorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I ſhould nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It greeues me to ſee ſo many dip there meate in one mans blood, and all the madneſſe is, he cheeres them vp too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelues with men.
Me thinks they ſhould enuite them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and ſafer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that ſits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a diuided draught: is the readieſt man to kill him. 'Tas beene proued, if I were a huge man I ſhould feare to drinke at meales, leaſt they ſhould ſpie my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men ſhould drinke with harneſſe on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his tides well, thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate looke ill, *Timon*.
Heere's that which is too weake to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which nere left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feaſts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my ſelfe,
Graunt I may neuer proue ſo fond,
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that ſeemes aſleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I ſhould need'em.
Amen. So fall too't:
Richmen ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim. Captaine,
Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is euer at your ſeruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakefaſt of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a Feaſt.

Aper. Would all thoſe Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'ſt kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happineſſe my Lord, that you would once vſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſſe ſome part of our zeales, we ſhould thinke our ſelues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themſelues haue prouided that I ſhall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends elſe. Why haue you that charitable title from thouſands? Did not you chiefely belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my ſelfe, then you can with modeſtie ſpeake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. O h you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if we ſhould nere haue need of 'em? They were the moſt needleſſe Creatures liuing; ſhould we nere haue vſe for 'em? And would moſt reſemble ſweete Inſtruments hung vp in Caſes, that keepes there ſounds to themſelues. Why I haue often wiſht my ſelfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort 'tis, to haue ſo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out waterme thinks: to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weep'ſt to make them drinke, *Timon*.

2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that inſtant, like a babe ſprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a baſtard.

3. *Lord.* I promiſe you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taſte: the fiue beſt Sencesa cknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious boſome.
There taſt, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table riſe:
They onely now come but to Feaſt thine eies.

Timo. They'r wecome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Muſicke make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday,
What a ſweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madneffe is the glory of this life,
As this pompe fhewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our felues Fooles, to difport our felues,
And fpend our Flatteries, to drinke thofe men,
Vpon whofe Age we voyde it vp agen
With poyfonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;
Who dyes, that beares not one fpurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift:
I fhould feare, thofe that dance before me now,
Would one day ftampe vpon me: 'Tas bene doue,
Men fhut their doores againft a fetting Sunne.

The Lords rife from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to fhew their loues, each fingle out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a loftie ftraine or two to the Hoboyes, and ceafe.

Tim. You haue done our pleafures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fafhion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe fo beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vntoo't, and lufter,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 *Lord.* My Lord you take vs euen at the beft.

Aper. Faith for the worft is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Pleafe you to difpofe your felues.

All La. Moft thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. Flauius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?
There is no croffing him in's humor,
Elfe I fhould tell him well, yfaith I fhould;
When all's fpent, hee'ld be croft then, and he could:
'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readineffe.

2 *Lord.* Our Horfes.

Tim. O my Friends:
I haue one word to fay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I muft intreat you honour me fo much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 *Lord.* I am fo farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to vifit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I befeech your Honor, vouchfafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to fhew them entertainment.

Fla. I fcarfe know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it pleafe your Honor, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free loue) hath prefented to you
Foure Milke-white Horfes, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I fhall accept them fairely: let the Prefents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3. *Ser.* Pleafe you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's fent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his Purfe, or yeeld me this,
To fhew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wifhes good.
His promifes flye fo beyond his ftate,
That what he fpeaks is all in debt, he ows for eu'ry word:
He is fo kinde, that he now payes intereft for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then fuch that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit*

Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2. *Lord.* With more then common thankes
I will receyue it.

3. *Lord.* O he's the very foule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good words the other day of a Bay Courfer I rod on. Tis yours becaufe you lik'd it.

1. *L.* Oh, I befeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can iuftly praife, but what he does affect. I weighe my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none fo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your feuerall vifitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore fildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'ft the dead: and all the Lands thou haft
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. *Lord.* We are fo vertuoufly bound.

Tim. And fo am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1. *Lord.* The beft of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon*.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*

Aper. What a coiles heere, feruing of beckes, and iutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the fummes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendfhips full of dregges,
Me thinkes falfe hearts, fhould neuer haue found legges.
Thus honeft Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtfies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not fullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I fhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile vponthee, and then thou wouldft finne the fafter. Thou giu'ft fo long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt giue away thy felfe in paper fhortly. What needs thefe Feafts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am ſworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Muſicke. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou ſhalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares ſhould be
To Counſell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiue thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſumme,
Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, ſteale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would ſell my Horſe, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horſe to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me ſtraight
And able Horſes: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill inuites
All that paſſe by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can found his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere ſir, what is your pleaſure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haſt you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceaſt
With ſlight deniall; nor then ſilenc'd, when
Commend me to your Maſter, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vſes cry to me; I muſt ſerue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue ſmit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But muſt not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But finde ſupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do feare
When euery Feather ſtickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a Phœnix, get you gone.

Ca. I go ſir.

Sen. I go ſir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſſe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor reſume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be ſo vnwiſe, to be ſo kinde.
What ſhall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſſe too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore*?

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So ſoone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new dayes this moneth:
My Maſter is awak'd by great Occaſion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l ſuite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy ſelfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* ſeruant, my good Lord.

Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he humbly prayes your ſpeedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Maſters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, ſixe weekes, and paſt.

Iſi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſſely to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Giue me breath:
I do beſeech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you inſtantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long ſince due debts
Againſt my Honor?

Stew. Pleaſe you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this buſineſſe:
Your importunacie ceaſe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordſhip vnderſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo my Friends, ſee them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's ha ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuſe vs.

Iſid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How doſt Foole?

Ape. Doſt Dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy ſelfe. Come away.

Iſi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poore Rogues, and Vſurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Ape, That you ask me what you are, & do not know your ſelues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Miſtris?

Foole.

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wise Company.
How dost thou *Apermantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.
Answer not, I am gone. *Exit*

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serue three Vsurers?

All. I would they seru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masiers house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, somtime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother, aad Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walke neere,
Ile speake with you anon. *Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my state before me,
That I might so haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leysures I propose.

Tim. Go too:
Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptnesse made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honestie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickely were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proofe. So the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices haue beene opprest
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,
These flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vse
As I can bid thee speake.

Ste. Assurance blesse your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by these
Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue
How you mistake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flauius*, *Seruilius*?

Enter

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you seuerally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you sir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
Deseru'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th'instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Ste, I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the most generall way)
To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treature cannot
Do what they would, are sorrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,
Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to *Ventiddius* (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventiddius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd
Into a great estate: When he was poore,
Imprison'd, and in scarsitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
With those fiue Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes
To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so. *Exeunt*

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a seruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie respectiuely welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Mayster?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he wold embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, euery man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I haue noted thee alwayes wise. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe without securitie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned basenesse
To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master. *Exit L.*

Flam May these adde to the number ỷ may scald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lesse, thogh we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord. and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and shewed what

what neceſſity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour ſhew'd in't. For my owne part, I muſt needes confeſſe, I haue receyued ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee miſtooke him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne're haue denied his Occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue ſwet to ſee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindely met ſir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiſite Friend.

Seruil. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent——

Luci. Ha? what ha's he ſent? I am ſo much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer ſending: how ſhall I thank him think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Seruil. Has onely ſent his preſent Occaſion now my Lord: requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant vſe with ſo many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants leſſe my Lord.
If his occaſion were not vertuous,
I ſhould not vrge it halfe ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeake ſeriouſly *Seruilius?*

Seruil. Vpon my ſoule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaſt was I to disfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha ſhewn my ſelfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I ſhold Purchaſe the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius.* now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beaſt I ſay) I was ſending to vſe Lord *Timon* my ſelfe, theſe Gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the faireſt of mee, becauſe I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee ſo farre, as to vſe mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes ſir, I ſhall. *Exit Seruil.*

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilius.*
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly ſpeede. *Exit.*

1 Do you obſerue this *Hoſtilius?*

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds ſoule,
And iuſt of the ſame peece
Is euery Flatterers ſport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purſe:
Supported his eſtate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſſe of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull ſhape;
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer taſted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right Noble minde, illuſtrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made vſe of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the beſt halfe ſhould haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men muſt learne now with pitty to diſpence,
For Policy ſits aboue Conſcience. *Exeunt.*

Enter a third ſeruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon. All theſe
Owes their eſtates vnto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Baſe-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he ſend to me? Three? Humh?
It ſhewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.
Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? His Friends (like Phyſitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Muſt I take th'Cure vpon me?
Has much diſgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his Occaſions might haue wooed me firſt:
For in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke ſo backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it laſt? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th'reſt, and 'mong'ſt Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the ſumme,
Had ſent to me firſt, but for my mindes ſake:
I'de ſuch a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this anſwer ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, ſhall not know my Coyne. *Exit*

Ser. Excellent: your Lordſhips a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he croſſed himſelfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will ſet him cleere. How fairely this Lord ſtriues to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thoſe, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would ſet whole Realmes on fire, of ſuch a nature is his politike loue.
This was my Lords beſt hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, muſt be imploy'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter:
And this is all a liberall courſe allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. *Exit.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortenſius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortenſius*

Titus

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro.*
Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?
Luci. I, and I think one bufineffe do's command vs all. For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And fir *Philotus* too.
Phil. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome good Brother. What do you thinke the houre?
Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luci. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord feene yet?
Luci. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to fhine at feauen.
Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt fhorter with him:
You muft confider, that a Prodigall courfe
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:
'Tis deepeft Winter in Lord *Timons* purfe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.
Phil. I am of your feare, for that.
Tit. Ile fhew you how t'obferue a ftrange euent:
Your Lord fends now for Money?
Hort. Moft true, he doe's.
Tit. And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift,
For which I waite for money.
Hort. It is againft my heart.
Luci. Marke how ftrange it fhowes,
Timon in this, fhould pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord fhould weare rich Iewels,
And fend for money for 'em.
Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witneffe:
I know my Lord hath fpent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worfe then ftealth.
Varro. Yes, mine's three thoufand Crownes:
What's yours?
Luci. Fiue thoufand mine.
Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it fhould feem by th'fum
Your Mafters confidence was aboue mine,
Elfe furely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.
Luc. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordfhip: pray fignifie fo much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too (diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled fo?
He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you heare, fir?
2. *Varro.* By your leaue, fir.
Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.
Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, fir.
Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere fure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your fummes and Billes
When your falfe Mafters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could fmile, and fawne vpon his debts,
And take downe th'Intreft into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your felues but wrong, to ftirre me vp,
Let me paffe quietly:
Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to fpend.
Luci. I, but this anfwer will not ferue.
Stew. If't'twill not ferue, 'tis not fo bafe as you,
For you ferue Knaues.
1. *Varro.* How? What does his cafheer'd Worfhip mutter?
2. *Varro.* No matter what, hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can fpeake broader, then hee that has no houfe to put his head in? Such may rayle againft great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee fhall know fome anfwere.
Seru. If I might befeech you Gentlemen, to repayre fome other houre, I fhould deriue much from't. For tak't of my foule, my Lord leaues wondroufly to difcontent: His comfortable temper has forfooke him, he's much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.
Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not ficke:
And if it be fo farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he fhould the fooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.
Seruil. Good Gods.
Titus. We cannot take this for anfwer, fir.
Flaminius within. Seruilius helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd againft my paffage?
Haue I bin euer free, and muft my houfe
Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feafted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) fhew me an Iron heart?
Luci. Put in now *Titus.*
Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.
Luci. Here's mine.
1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.
2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.
Philo. All our Billes.
Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the Girdle.
Luc. Alas, my Lord.
Tim. Cut my heart in fummes.
Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Fiue thoufand Crownes, my Lord.
Tim. Fiue thoufand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?
1. *Var.* My Lord.
2. *Var.* My Lord.
Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Mafters may throwe their caps at their money, thefe debts may well be call'd defperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the flaues. Creditors? Diuels.
Stew. My deere Lord.
Tim. What if it fhould be fo?
Stew. My Lord.
Tim. Ile haue it fo. My Steward?
Stew. Heere my Lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and *Sempronius Vllorxa*: All,
Ile once more feaft the Rafcals.
Stew. O my Lord, you onely fpeake from your diftracted foule; there's not fo much left to furnifh out a moderate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide. *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. *Sen.* My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould dye:
Nothing imboldens ſinne ſo much, as Mercy.
2 Moſt true; the Law ſhall bruiſe 'em.
Alc. Honor, health, and compaſſion to the Senate.
1 Now Captaine.
Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the Law: which is paſt depth
To thoſe that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (ſetting his Fate aſide) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he ſoyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire ſpirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his Foe:
And with ſuch ſober and vnnoted paſſion
He did behooue his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.
1 *Sen.* You vndergo too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke ſuch paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-ſlaughter into forme, and ſet Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour miſ-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-ſides,
To weare them like his Rayment, careleſſely,
And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.
Alci. My Lord.
1. *Sen.* You cannot make groſſe ſinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.
Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I ſpeake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Aſſe, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiſer then the Iudge?
If Wiſedome be in ſuffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne raſhneſſe in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſinnes extreameſt Guſt,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis moſt iuſt.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.
2. *Sen.* You breath in vaine.
Alci. In vaine?
His ſeruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.
1 What's that?
Alc. Why ſay my Lords ha's done faire ſeruice,
And ſlaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himſelfe
In the laſt Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a ſworne Riotor, he has a ſinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour priſoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beaſtly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherriſh Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.
1 He dyes.
Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchaſe his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deſerts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is ſtrict, and Warre is nothing more.
1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that ſpilles another.
Alc. Muſt it be ſo? It muſt not bee:
My Lords, I do beſeech you know mee.
2 How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 What.
Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not elſe be, I ſhould proue ſo bace,
To ſue and be deny'de ſuch common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect:
We baniſh thee for euer.
Alc. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh vſurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.
1 If after two dayes ſhine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement.
And not to ſwell our Spirit,
He ſhall be executed preſently. *Exeunt.*
Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worſe then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large intereſt. I my ſelfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All thoſe, for this?
Is this the Balſome, that the vſuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Baniſhment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My diſcontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with moſt Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers ſhould brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter diuers Friends at feuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, fir.

2 I alfo wifh it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee encountred. I hope it is not fo low with him as he made it feeme in the triall of his feuerall Friends.

2 It fhould not be, by the perfwafion of his new Feafting.

1 I fhould thinke fo. He hath fent mee an earneft inuiting, which many my neere occafions did vrge mee to put off: but he hath coniur'd mee beyond them, and I muft needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat bufineffe, but he would not heare my excufe. I am forrie, when he fent to borrow of mee, that my Prouifion was out.

1 I am ficke of that greefe too, as I vnderftand how all things go.

2 Euery man heares fo: what would hee haue borrowed of you?

1 A thoufand Peeces.

2 A thoufand Peeces?

1 What of you?

2 He fent to me fir——Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Euer at the beft, hearing well of your Lordfhip.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordfhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, fuch Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ftay: Feaft your eares with the Muficke awhile: If they will fare fo harfhly o'th'Trumpets found: we fhall too't prefently.

1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordfhip, that I return'd you an empty Meffenger.

Tim. O fir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

2 My moft Honorable Lord, I am e'ne fick of fhame, that when your Lordfhip this other day fent to me, I was fo vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, fir.

2 If you had fent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All couer'd Difhes.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the feafon can yeild it

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is banifh'd: heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banifh'd?

3 'Tis fo, be fure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feaft toward

2 This is the old man ftill.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and fo.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his ftoole, with that fpurre as hee would to the lip of his Miftris: your dyet fhall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feaft of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the firft place. Sit, fit. The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, fprinkle our Society with Thankefulneffe. For your owne guifts, make your felues prais'd: But referue ftill to giue, leaft your Deities be defpifed. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forfake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Affembly of Twenty, be without a fcore of Villaines. If there fit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The reft of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amiffe in them, you Gods, make futeable for deftruction. For thefe my prefent Friends, as they are to mee nothing, fo in nothing bleffe them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncouer Dogges, and lap.

Some fpeake. What do's his Lordfhip meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feaft neuer behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* laft,
Who ftucke and fpangled you with Flatteries,
Wafhes it off, and fprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Moft fmiling, fmooth, detefted Parafites,
Curteous Deftroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beaft, the infinite Maladie
Cruft you quite o're. What do'ft thou go?
Soft, take thy Phyficke firft; thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feaft,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Gueft.
Burne houfe, finke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity. *Exit*

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you rhe quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Pufh, did you fee my Cap?

4 I haue loft my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors fwaies him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat. Did you fee my Iewell?

2 Did you fee my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no ftay.

2 Lord *Timons* mad.

3 I feel't vpon my bones.

4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day ftones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in thofe Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minifter in their fteeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th'Inftant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faft
Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
And cut your Trufters throates. Bound Seruants, fteale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Mafters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Mafters bed,
Thy Miftris is o'th'Brothell. Some of fixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iuftice, Truth,
Domefticke awe, Night-reft, and Neighbour-hood,
Inftruction, Manners, Myfteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obferuances, Cuftomes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confufion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for ftroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luft, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainft the ftreame of Vertue they may ftriue,
And drowne themfelues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bofomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprofie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendfhip) may
Be meerely poyfon. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakedneffe, thou deteftable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he fhall finde
Th'vnkindeft Beaft, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen. *Exit.*

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Mafter?
Are we vndone, caft off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what fhould I fay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.
1 Such a Houfe broke?
So Noble a Mafter falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.
2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their falfe vowes with him
Like empty purfes pickt; and his poore felfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his difeafe, of all fhunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.
Enter other Seruants.
Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd houfe.
3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuery,
That fee I by our Faces: we are Fellowes ftill,
Seruing alike in forrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, ftand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we muft all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
Stew. Good Fellowes all,
The lateft of my wealth Ile fhare among'ft you.
Where euer we fhall meete, for *Timons* fake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's fhake our heads, and fay
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Mafters Fortunes,
We haue feene better dayes. Let each take fome:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in forrow, parting poore.
Embrace and part feuerall wayes.
Oh the fierce wretchedneffe that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wifh to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Mifery and Contempt?
Who would be fo mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendfhip,
To haue his pompe, and all what ftate compounds,
But onely painted like his varnifht Friends:
Poore honeft Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodneffe: Strange vnvfuall blood,
When mans worft finne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe fo kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do ftill marre Men.
My deereft Lord, bleft to be moft accurft,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monftrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to fupply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer ferue his minde, with my beft will,
Whilft I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward ftill. *Exit.*

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O bleffed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sifters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whofe procreation, refidence, and birth,
Scarfe is diuidant; touch them with feuerall fortunes,
The greater fcornes the leffer. Not Nature
(To whom all fores lay fiege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raife me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators fhall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Natiue Honor.
It is the Paftour Lards, the Brothers fides,
The want that makes him leane: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood ftand vpright
And fay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is fmooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's obliquie:
There'snothing leuell in our curfed Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feafts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His femblable, yea himfelfe *Timon* difdaines,
Deftruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who feekes for better of thee, fawce his pallate
With thy moft operant Poyfon. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarift,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priefts and Seruants from your fides:
Plucke ftout mens pillowes from below their heads.

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, bleffe th'accurft,
Make the hoare Leprofie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-houfe, and vlcerous fores,
Would caft the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (ftrong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot ftand:
Nay ftay thou out for earneft.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? fpeake.
Tim. A Beaft as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For fhewing me againe the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is man fo hatefull to thee,
That art thy felfe a Man?
Tim. I am *Mifantropos*, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wifh thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee fomething.
Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and ftrange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not defire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what fhould warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more deftruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.
Phrin. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiffe thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.
Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendfhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alc. What is it *Timon?*
Tim. Promife me Friendfhip, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promife, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou do'ft performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.
Alc. I haue heard in fome fort of thy Miferies.
Tim. Thou faw'ft them when I had profperitie.
Alc. I fee them now, then was a bleffed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd fo regardfully?
Tim. Art thou *Timandra?* *Timan.* Yes.
Tim. Be a whore ftill, they loue thee not that vfe thee, giue them difeafes, leauing with thee their Luft. Make vfe of thy falt houres, feafon the flaues for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe Rofe-cheekt youth to the Fubfaft, and the Diet.
Timan. Hang thee Monfter.
Alc. Pardon him fweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loft in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How curfed Athens, mindeleffe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour ftates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.
Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon.*
Tim. How doeft thou pitty him whom y^u doft troble,
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is fome Gold for thee.
Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.
Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. Warr'ft thou 'gainft Athens.
Alc. I *Timon*, and haue caufe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conqueft,
And thee after, when thou haft Conquer'd.
Alc. Why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're fome high-Vic'd City, hang his poyfon
In the ficke ayre: let not thy fword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vfurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honeft,
Her felfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make foft thy trenchant Sword: for thofe Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But fet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whofe dimpled fmiles from Fooles exhauft their mercy;
Thinke it a Baftard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat fhall cut,
And mince it fans remorfe. Sweare againft Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whofe proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor fight of Priefts in holy Veftments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confufion: and thy fury fpent,
Confounded be thy felfe. Speake not, be gone.
Alc. Haft thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giueft me, not all thy Counfell.
Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Heauens curfe vpon thee.
Both. Giue vs fome Gold good *Timon*, haft y more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forfweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l fweare, terribly fweare
Into ftrong fhudders, and to heauenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile truft to your Conditions, be whores ftill.
And he whofe pious breath feekes to conuert you,
Be ftrong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your clofe fire predominate his fmoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines fix months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore ftill,
Paint till a horfe may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.
Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Beleeue't tnat wee'l do any thing for Gold.
Tim. Confumptions fowe
In hollow bones of man, ftrike their fharpe fhinnes,
And marre mens fpurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more falfe Title pleade,
Nor found his Quillets fhrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That fcold'ft againft the quality of flefh,
And not beleeues himfelfe. Downe with the Nofe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to forefee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
And let the vnfcarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue fome paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
The fourfe of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.
Both. More counfell with more Money, bounteous *Timon.*
Tim. More whore, more Mifcheefe firft, I haue giuen you earneft.
Alc. Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell *Timon*: if I thriue well, Ile vifit thee againe.
Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer fee thee more.
Alc. I neuer did thee harme.
Tim. Yes, thou fpok'ft well of me.
Alc. Call'ft thou that harme?
Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.
Alc. We but offend him, ftrike. *Exeunt.*
Tim. That Nature being ficke of mans vnkindneffe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whofe wombe vnmeafureable, and infinite breft
Teemes and feeds all: whofe felfefame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toade, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleffe venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crifpe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth fhine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From foorth thy plenteous bofome, one poore roote:
Enfeare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monfters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Manfion all aboue
Neuer prefented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourifh draughts
And Morfels Vnctious, greafes his pure minde,
That from it all Confideration flippes——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.
Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doft affect my Manners, and doft vfe them.
Tim. 'Tis then, becaufe thou doft not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Confumption catch thee.
Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly fprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and thefe lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye foft,
Hugge their difeas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not thefe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and feeke to thriue
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obferue
Blow off thy Cap: praife his moft vicious ftraine,
And call it excellent: thou waft told thus:
Thou gau'ft thine eares (like Tapfters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis moft iuft
That thou turne Rafcall, had'ft thou wealth againe,
Rafcals fhould haue't. Do not affume my likeneffe.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my felfe.
Ape. Thou haft caft away thy felfe, being like thy felf
A Madman fo long, now a Foole: what think'ft
That the bleake ayre, thy boyfterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy fhirt on warme? Will thefe moyft Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'ft out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning tafte
To cure thy o're-nights furfet? Call the Creatures,
Whofe naked Natures liue in all the fpight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whofe bare vnhoufed Trunkes,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Anfwer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou fhalt finde.
Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.
Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.
Tim. I hate thee worfe.
Ape. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'ft mifery.
Ape. I flatter not, but fay thou art a Caytiffe.
Tim. Why do'ft thou feeke me out?
Ape. To vex thee.
Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Doft pleafe thy felfe in't?
Ape. I.
Tim. What, a Knaue too?
Ape. If thou did'ft put this fowre cold habit on
To caftigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doft it enforcedly: Thou'dft Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing mifery
Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ftill, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wifh: beft ftate Contentleffe,
Hath a diftracted and moft wretched being,
Worfe then the worft, Content.
Thou fhould'ft defire to dye, being miferable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miferable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer clafpt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ft thou like vs from our firft fwath proceeded,
The fweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To fuch as may the paffiue drugges of it
Freely command'ft: thou would'ft haue plung'd thy felf
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Luft, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of refpect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my felfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberleffe vpon me ftucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brufh
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery ftorme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is fome burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in fufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why fhould'ft ỳ hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haft thou giuen?
I

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'ld giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

Ape. Heere is no vse for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyest a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.
Where feed'st thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest, but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, yͧ should'st haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My selfe.

Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou neerest compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neerest, but men: men are the things themselues. What would'st thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confusion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. I *Timon.*

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse: If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee; and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee, & oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse: wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the spottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not subiect to a Beast: and what a Beast are thou already, that seest not thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus.*

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.

Ape. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slaue.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere necessities vpon't:
Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and Fire: thou bright defiler
of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap.
Thou visible God,
That souldrest close Impossibilities,
And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue

To euerie purpofe: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy flaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beafts
May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would 'twere fo,
But not till I am dead. Ile fay th'haft Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too fhortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Liue, and loue thy mifery.

Tim. Long liue fo, and fo dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then. *Exit Apeman.*

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where fhould he haue this Gold? It is fome poore Fragment, fome flender Ort of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a maffe of Treafure.

3 Let vs make the affay vpon him, if he care not for't, he will fupply vs eafily: if he couetoufly referue it, how fhall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his defcription.

3 He? I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon.*

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greateft want is, you want much of meat:
Why fhould you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Maft, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Hufwife Nature, on each bufh,
Layes her full Meffe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot liue on Graffe, on Berries, Water,
As Beafts, and Birds, and Fifhes.

Ti. Nor on the Beafts themfelues, the Birds & Fifhes,
You muft eate men. Yet thankes I muft you con,
That you are Theeues profeft: that you worke not
In holier fhapes: For there is boundleffe Theft
In limited profeffions. Rafcall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, fucke the fubtle blood o'th'Grape,
Till the high Feauor feeth your blood to froth,
And fo fcape hanging. Truft not the Phyfitian,
His Antidotes are poyfon, and he flayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, fince you proteft to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vafte Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, fhe fnatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whofe liquid Surge, refolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a compofture ftolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your felues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open fhoppes, nothing can you fteale
But Theeues do loofe it: fteale leffe, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howfoere: Amen.

3 Has almoft charm'd me from my Profeffion, by perfwading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduifes vs not to haue vs thriue in our myftery.

2 Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.

1 Let vs firft fee peace in Athens, there is no time fo miferable, but a man may be true. *Exit Theeues.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd defpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly beftow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has defp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Nobleft mindes, to bafeft ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guife,
When man was wifht to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Thofe that would mifcheefe me, then thofe that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will prefent my honeft griefe vnto him; and as my Lord, ftill ferue him with my life.
My deereft Mafter.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why doft aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'ft, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.

Stew. An honeft poore feruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I neuer had honeft man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to ferue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witneffe,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doft thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I loue thee
Becaufe thou art a woman, and difclaim'ft
Flinty mankinde: whofe eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Luft and Laughter: pittie's fleeping:
Strange times ỳ weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greefe, and whil'ft this poore wealth lafts,
To entertaine me as your Steward ftill.

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, fo iuft, and now fo comfortable?
It almoft turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiue my generall, and exceptleffe rafhneffe
You perpetuall fober Gods. I do proclaime
One honeft man: Miftake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'ft thy felfe. But all faue thee,
I fell with Curfes.
Me thinkes thou art more honeft now, then wife:
For, by oppreffing and betraying mee,

Thou

Thou might'ſt haue ſooner got another Seruice:
For many ſo arriue at ſecond Maſters,
Vpon their firſt Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I muſt euer doubt, though ne're ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſſe ſubtle, couetous,
If not a Vſuring kindneſſe, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe breſt
Doubt, and ſuſpect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You ſhould haue fear'd falſe times, when you did Feaſt.
Suſpect ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeue it,
My moſt Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'de exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by mak'ng rich your ſelfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis ſo: thou ſingly honeſt man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miſerie
Ha's ſent thee Treaſure. Go, liue rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the Bone,
Ere thou releeue the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyeſt to men. Let Priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blaſted woods
And may Diſeaſes licke vp their falſe bloods,
And ſo farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me ſtay, and comfort you, my Maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes
Stay not: flye, whil'ſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne're ſee thou man, and let me ne're ſee thee. *Exit*

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's ſo full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*
Had Gold of him. He likewiſe enrich'd
Poore ſtragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis ſaide, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty ſumme.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing elſe:
You ſhall ſee him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flouriſh with the higheſt:
Therefore, 'tis not amiſſe, we tender our loues
To him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſſe of his:
It will ſhew honeſtly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purpoſes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iuſt and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now
To preſent vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Viſitation: onely I will promiſe him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I muſt ſerue him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the beſt.
Promiſing, is the verie Ayre o'th'Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vſe.
To Promiſe, is moſt Courtly and faſhionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Teſtament
Which argues a great ſickneſſe in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo badde
As is thy ſelfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I haue prouided for him:
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelfe:
A Satyre againſt the ſoftneſſe of Proſperity,
With a Diſcouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Muſt thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do ſo, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's ſeeke him.
Then do we ſinne againſt our owne eſtate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day ſerues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worſhipt
In a baſer Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Barke, and plow'ſt the Fome,
Setleſt admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worſhipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon.*

Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir:
Hauing often of your open Bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whoſe thankeleſſe Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whoſe Starre-like Nobleneſſe gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
The monſtrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my ſelfe
Haue trauail'd in the great ſhowre of your guifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honeſt man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our ſeruice.

Timon. Moſt honeſt men:

Why

Why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you ſeruice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am ſure you haue, ſpeake truth, y'are honeſt men.
Pain. So it is ſaid my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Timon. Good honeſt men: Thou draw'ſt a counterfet
Beſt in all Athens, th'art indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfet'ſt moſt liuely.
Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.
Tim. E'ne ſo ſir as I ſay. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verſe ſwels with ſtuffe ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honeſt Natur'd friends)
I muſt needs ſay you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take much paines to mend.
Both. Beſeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankefully, my Lord.
Timon. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's neuer a one of you but truſts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him diſſemble,
Know his groſſe patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your boſome, yet remaine aſſur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine.
Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me theſe Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man a part, all ſingle, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines ſhall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'ſt not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye ſlaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumiſt, make Gold of that:
Out Raſcall dogges. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would ſpeake with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo onely to himſelfe,
That nothing but himſelfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.
1.*Sen.* Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promiſe to th'Athenians
To ſpeake with *Timon*.
2.*Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring v s t him
And chanc'd it as it may.
Stew. Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Looke out, and ſpeake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their moſt reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.
1 Worthy *Timon*.
Tim. Of none but ſuch as you,
And you of *Timon*.
1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.
Tim. I thanke them,
And would ſend them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 O forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelues in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On ſpeciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy beſt vſe and wearing.
2 They confeſſe
Toward thee, forgetfulneſſe too generall groſſe;
Which now the publike Body, which doth ſildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it ſelfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath ſince withall
Of it owne fall, reſtraining ayde to *Timon*,
And ſend forth vs, to make their ſorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen ſuch heapes and ſummes of Loue and Wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe theſe comforts, worthy Senators.
1 Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with abſolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: ſo ſoone we ſhall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too ſauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.
2 And ſhakes his threatning Sword
Againſt the walles of *Athens*.
1 Therefore *Timon*.
Tim. Well ſir, I will: therefore I will ſir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he ſacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the ſtaine
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeakes it,

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Kniues care not,
While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'vnruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seene to morrow. My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1 We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.

1 That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countreymen.

1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
That mine owne vse inuites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlasting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon,

1 His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

1 It requires swift foot. *Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou hast painfully discouer'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I haue spoke the least.
Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old loue made a particular force,
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Caue,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his sake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare. *Exeunt*

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in euerie Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is. *Exit.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare vpon the wals.

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of Iustice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young;
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
Aboue their quantitie.

2 So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue
The common stroke of warre.

1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by rheir hands, from whom
You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools shold fall
For priuate faults in them.

2 Nor are they liuing

Who

Who were the motiues that you firſt went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceſſe)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let dye the ſpotted.
1 All haue not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thoſe Kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.
2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.
1 Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampyr'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou't enter Friendly.
2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt vſe the warres as thy redreſſe,
And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue ſeal'd thy full deſire.
Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your ſelues ſhall ſet out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſſe his quarter, or offend the ſtreame
Of Regular Iuſtice in your Citties bounds,
But ſhall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heavieſt anſwer.
Both. 'Tis moſt Nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keepe your words.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Graueſtone, this Inſculpture which
With wax I brought away: whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.
Heere lies a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague conſume you, wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,
Paſſe by, and curſe thy fill, but paſſe and ſtay not here thy gate.
Theſe well expreſſe in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorrd'ſt in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd'ſt our Braines flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vſe the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE ACTORS

NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senatours.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.
Seruilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensis } *Seuerall Seruants to Vsurers.*
Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With diuers other Seruants,
And Attendants.

THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flauius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flauius.

Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou sawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see *Cæsar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheeles?
You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophees: Ile about,
And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare aboue the view of men,
And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnesse. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flauius.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speakes.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their fterrile curfe.
Ant. I fhall remember,
When *Cæfar* fayes, Do this ; it is perform'd.
Cæf. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæfar.
Cæf. Ha? Who calles?
Cask. Bid euery noyfe be ftill: peace yet againe.
Cæf. Who is it in the preffe, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue fhriller then all the Muficke
Cry, *Cæfar*: Speake, *Cæfar* is turn'd to heare.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæf. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-fayer bids you beware the Ides of March
Cæf. Set him before me, let me fee his face.
Caffi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Cæfar*.
Cæf. What fay'ft thou to me now? Speak once againe.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæf. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Paffe.
Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Caff.
Caffi. Will you go fee the order of the courfe?
Brut. Not I.
Caffi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gamefom: I do lacke fome part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*
Let me not hinder *Caffius* your defires;
Ile leaue you.
Caffi. Brutus, I do obferue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentleneffe
And fhew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:
You beare too ftubborne, and too ftrange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.
Bru. Caffius,
Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely vpon my felfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with paffions of fome difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my felfe,
Which giue fome foyle (perhaps) to my Behauiours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number *Caffius* be you one)
Nor conftrue any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himfelfe at warre,
Forgets the fhewes of Loue to other men.
Caffi. Then *Brutus*, I haue much miftook your paffion,
By meanes whereof, this Breft of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you fee your face?
Brutus. No *Caffius*:
For the eye fees not it felfe but by reflection,
By fome other things.
Caffius. 'Tis iuft,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you haue no fuch Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthineffe into your eye,
That you might fee your fhadow:
I haue heard,
Where many of the beft refpect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Cæfar*) fpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath thi s Ages yoake,
Haue wifh'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Caffius*?
That you would haue me feeke into my felfe,
For that which is not in me?
Caf. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:
And fince you know, you cannot fee your felfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glaffe,
Will modeftly difcouer to your felfe
That of your felfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vfe
To ftale with ordinary Oathes my loue
To euery new Protefter: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after fcandall them: Or if you know,
That I profeffe my felfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourifh, and Shout.

Bru. What Meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People choofe *Cæfar*
For their King.
Caffi. I, do you feare it?
Then muft I thinke you would not haue it fo.
Bru. I would not *Caffius*, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere fo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods fo fpeed mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.
Caffi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the fubiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my fingle felfe,
I had as liefe not be, as liue to be
In awe of fuch a Thing, as I my felfe.
I was borne free as *Cæfar*, fo were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Guftie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæfar faide to me, Dar'ft thou *Caffius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And fwim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: fo indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lufty Sinewes, throwing it afide,
And ftemming it with hearts of Controuerfie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Cæfar cride, Helpe me *Caffius*, or I finke.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Anceftor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his fhoulder
The old *Anchyfes* beare) fo, from the waues of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Cæfar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Caffius* is
A wretched Creature, and muft bend his body,
If *Cæfar* carelefly but nod on him.
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did fhake: Tis true, this God did fhake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that fame Eye, whofe bend doth awe the World,
Did loofe his Luftre: I did heare him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Giue me fome drinke *Titinius*,

As a ficke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of fuch a feeble temper fhould
So get the ftart of the Maiefticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. Flourifh.

Bru. Another generall fhout?
I do beleeue, that thefe applaufes are
For fome new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæfar.*

Caffi. Why man, he doth beftride the narrow world
Like a Coloffus, and we petty men
Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our felues difhonourable Graues.
Men at fometime, are Mafters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus)* is not in our Starres,
But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.
Brutus and *Cæfar:* What fhould be in that *Cæfar?*
Why fhould that name be founded more then yours
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth afwell:
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will ftart a Spirit as foone as *Cæfar.*
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæfar* feede,
That he is growne fo great? Age, thou art fham'd.
Rome, thou haft loft the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, fince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they fay (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompaft but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers fay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As eafily as a King.

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me too, I haue fome ayme:
How I haue thought of this, and of thefe times
I fhall recount heereafter. For this prefent,
I would not fo (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue faid,
I will confider: what you haue to fay
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and anfwer fuch high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himfelfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder thefe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.

Caffi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue ftrucke but thus much fhew of fire from *Brutus.*

Enter Cæfar and his Traine.

Brn. The Games are done,
And *Cæfar* is returning.

Caffi. As they paffe by,
Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his fowre fafhion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do fo: but looke you *Caffius,*
The angry fpot doth glow on *Cæfars* brow,
And all the reft, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with fuch Ferret, and fuch fiery eyes
As we haue feene him in the Capitoll
Being croft in Conference, by fome Senators.

Caffi. *Caska* will tell vs what the matter is.

Cæf. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæfar.*

Cæf. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and fuch as fleepe a-nights:
Yond *Caffius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: fuch men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Cæfar,* he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

Cæf. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I fhould auoyd
So foone as that fpare *Caffius.* He reades much,
He is a great Obferuer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou doft *Antony:* he heares no Muficke;
Seldome he fmiles, and fmiles in fuch a fort
As if he mock'd himfelfe, and fcorn'd his fpirit
That could be mou'd to fmile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts eafe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themfelues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæfar.*
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'ft of him. *Sennit.*

Exeunt Cæfar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you fpeake with me?

Bru. I *Caska,* tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæfar* lookes fo fad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I fhould not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a fhouting.

Bru. What was the fecond noyfe for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Caffi. They fhouted thrice: what was the laft cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honeft Neighbors fhowted.

Caffi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why *Antony.*

Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska.*

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I fawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of thefe Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and ftill as he refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their fweatie Night-cappes, and vttered fuch a deale of ftinking breath, becaufe *Cæfar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almoft) choaked *Cæfar:* for hee fwoonded, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durft not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre.

kk 2 *Caffi.*

Caſſi. But ſoft I pray you: what, did *Cæſar* ſwound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſſe.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling ſickneſſe.

Caſſi. No, *Cæſar* hath it not: but you, and I, And honeſt *Caska*, we haue the Falling ſickneſſe.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hiſſe him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they vſe to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What ſaid he, when he came vnto himſelfe?

Cask Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and ſo hee fell. When he came to himſelfe againe, hee ſaid, If hee had done, or ſaid any thing amiſſe, he deſir'd their Worſhips to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alaſſe good Soule, and forgaue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no leſſe.

Brut. And after that, he came thus ſad away.

Cask I.

Caſſi. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Cask. I, he ſpoke Greeke.

Caſſi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th'face againe. But thoſe that vnderſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flauius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæſars* Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Caſſi. Will you ſuppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſſi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Caſſi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe ſo: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Caſſi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudeneſſe is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men ſtomacke to diſgeſt his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And ſo it is:
For this time I will leaue you:
To morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſſi. I will doe ſo: till then, thinke of the World.
Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I ſee,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who ſo firme, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humor me. I will this Night,
In ſeuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from ſeuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obſcurely
Cæſars Ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For wee will ſhake him, or worſe dayes endure.
Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good euen, *Caska*: brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſſe, and why ſtare you ſo?

Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the ſway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirme? O *Cicero*,
I haue ſeene Tempeſts, when the ſcolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue ſeene
Th'ambitious Ocean ſwell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempeſt-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Ciuill ſtrife in Heauen,
Or elſe the World, too ſawcie with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common ſlaue, you know him well by ſight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd vnſcorch'd.
Beſides, I ha'not ſince put vp my Sword,
Againſt the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd vpon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gaſtly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the ſtreetes.
And yeſterday, the Bird of Night did ſit,
Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howting, and ſhreeking. When theſe Prodigies
Doe ſo conioyntly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their Reaſons, they are Naturall:
For I beleeue, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Cleane from the purpoſe of the things themſelues.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This diſturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell Cicero. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Caſſi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.
Caſſius, what Night is this?

Caſſi. A very pleaſing Night to honeſt men.

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace ſo?

Caſſi. Thoſe that haue knowne the Earth ſo full of faults.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the ftreets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Caska*, as you fee,
Haue bar'd my Bofome to the Thunder-ftone:
And when the croffe blew Lightning feem'd to open
The Breft of Heauen, I did prefent my felfe
Euen in the ayme, and very flafh of it. (uens?

Cask. But wherefore did you fo much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the moft mightie Gods, by tokens fend
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to aftonifh vs.

Caffi. You are dull, *Caska*:
And thofe fparkes of Life, that fhould be in a Roman,
You doe want, or elfe you vfe not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And caft your felfe in wonder,
To fee the ftrange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would confider the true caufe,
Why all thefe Fires, why all thefe gliding Ghofts,
Why Birds and Beafts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all thefe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monftrous qualitie; why you fhall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with thefe Spirits,
To make them Inftruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto fome monftrous State.
Now could I *(Caska)* name to thee a man,
Moft like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thyfelfe, or me,
In perfonall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as thefe ftrange eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Cæfar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Caffius*?

Caffi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Anceftors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers fpirits,
Our yoake, and fufferance, fhew vs Womanifh.

Cask. Indeed, they fay, the Senators to morrow
Meane to eftablifh *Cæfar* as a King:
And he fhall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, faue here in Italy.

Caffi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then:
Caffius from Bondage will deliuer *Caffius*:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake moft ftrong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braffe,
Nor ayre-leffe Dungeon, nor ftrong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiue to the ftrength of fpirit:
But Life being wearie of thefe worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to difmiffe it felfe.
If I know this, know all the World befides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can fhake off at pleafure. *Thunder ftill.*

Cask. So can I:
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

Caffi. And why fhould *Cæfar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he fees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Thofe that with hafte will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trafh is Rome?
What Rubbifh, and what Offall? when it ferues
For the bafe matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæfar*. But oh Griefe,
Where haft thou led me? I (perhaps) fpeake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My anfwere muft be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You fpeake to *Caska*, and to fuch a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redreffe of all thefe Griefes,
And I will fet this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes fartheft.

Caffi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Nobleft minded Romans
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous confequence;
And I doe know by this, they ftay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no ftirre, or walking in the ftreetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Moft bloodie, fierie, and moft terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand clofe a while, for heere comes one in hafte.

Caffi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where hafte you fo?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber*?

Caffi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ftay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue feene ftrange fights.

Caffi. Am I not ftay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Caffius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Caffi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; fet this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you fhall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To feeke you at your houfe. Well, I will hie,
And fo beftow thefe Papers as you bad me.

Caffi. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houfe: three parts of him
Is ours alreadie, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Cask. O, he fits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richeft Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthineffe.

Caffi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be fure of him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guesse how neere to day--*Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of *Cæsar*,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common proofe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may;
Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Giues him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:
Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.
Such instigations haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome
The *Tarquin* driue, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated
To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I haue not slept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in councell; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discouer them,
By any marke of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euills are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy natiue semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cass. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, euery man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and euery one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius.*

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, *Decius Brutus.*

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cymber.*

Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper.*

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake heere?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Seafon of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He firft prefents his fire, and the high Eaft
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.
Bru. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.
Caf. And let vs fweare our Refolution.
Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The fufferance of our Soules, the times Abufe;
If thefe be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And euery man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-fighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if thefe
(As I am fure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to fteele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What neede we any fpurre, but our owne caufe
To pricke vs to redreffe? What other Bond,
Then fecret Romans, that haue fpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honefty to Honefty ingag'd,
That this fhall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Priefts and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and fuch fuffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad caufes, fweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not ftaine
The euen vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'infuppreffiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Caufe, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a feuerall Baftardie,
If he do breake the fmalleft Particle
Of any promife that hath paft from him.
Caf. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we found him?
I thinke he will ftand very ftrong with vs.
Cask. Let vs not leaue him out.
Cyn. No, by no meanes.
Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haires
Will purchafe vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It fhall be fayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildeneffe, fhall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.
Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caf. Then leaue him out.
Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man elfe be toucht, but onely *Cæfar*?
Caf. *Decius* well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, fo well belou'd of *Cæfar*,
Should out-liue *Cæfar*, we fhall finde of him
A fhrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improue them, may well ftretch fo farre
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæfar* fall together.
Bru. Our courfe will feeme too bloody, *Caius Cafsius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Cæfar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all ftand vp againft the fpirit of *Cæfar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæfars* Spirit,
And not difmember *Cæfar*! But (alas)
Cæfar muft bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Difh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaffe fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as fubtle Mafters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,
And after feeme to chide 'em. This fhall make
Our purpofe Neceffary, and not Enuious.
Which fo appearing to the common eyes,
We fhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Cæfars* Arme,
When *Cæfars* head is off.
Caf. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Cæfar*.
Bru. Alas, good *Cafsius*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Cæfar*, all that he can do
Is to himfelfe; take thought, and dye for *Cæfar*,
And that were much he fhould: for he is giuen
To fports, to wildeneffe, and much company.
Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.
Clocke ftrikes.
Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.
Caf. The Clocke hath ftricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caff But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæfar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superftitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantafie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, thefe apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccuftom'd Terror of this night,
And the perfwafion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.
Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be fo refolu'd,
I can ore-fway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaffes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He fayes, he does; being then moft flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.
Caf. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight houre, is that the vttermoft?
Cin. Be that the vttermoft, and faile not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Cæfar* hard,
Who rated him for fpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reafons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fafhion him.
Caf. The morning comes vpon's:
Wee'l leaue you *Brutus*,
And Friends difperfe your felues; but all remember
What you haue faid, and fhew your felues true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke frefh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purpofes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Conftancie,
And fo good morrow to you euery one. *Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus.
Boy: *Lucius*: Faft afleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou haft no Figures, nor no Fantafies,
Whic!

Which buſie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.

Bru. Portia: What meane you? wherfore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yeſternight at Supper
You ſodainly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your armes a-croſſe:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.
I vrg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtampt with your foote:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gaue ſigne for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which ſometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor ſleepe;
And could it worke ſo much vpon your ſhape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I ſhould not know you *Brntus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of greefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why ſo I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſicke? And is it Phyſicall
To walke vnbraced, and ſucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* ſicke?
And will he ſteale out of his wholſome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto hit ſickneſſe? No my *Brutus*,
You haue ſome ſicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your ſelfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had reſort to you: for heere haue beene
Some ſixe or ſeuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darkneſſe.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I ſhould not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no ſtronger then my Sex
Being ſo Father'd, and ſo Husbanded?
Tell me your Counſels, I will not diſcloſe 'em:
I haue made ſtrong proofe of my Conſtancie,
Giuing my ſelfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy boſome ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will conſtrue to thee,
All the Charractery of my ſad browes:
Leaue me with haſt. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a ſicke man that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you choſe out braue *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not ſicke.

Cai. I am not ſicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere diſcard my ſickneſſe. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorciſt, haſt coniur'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will ſtriue with things impoſſible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make ſicke men whole.

Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſicke?

Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is my *Caius*,
I ſhall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*

Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt*

Thunder & Lightning.
Enter Julius Cæſar in his Night-gowne.

Cæſar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her ſleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther *Cæſar*. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæſ. Go bid the Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Succeſſe.

Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæſar*? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtirre out of your houſe to day.

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Calp.

Calp. *Cæsar*, I neuer ſtood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Beſides the things that we haue heard and ſeene,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeene by the Watch.
A Lioneſſe hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noiſe of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horſſes do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghoſts did ſhrieke and ſqueale about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar*, theſe things are beyond all vſe,
And I do feare them.
Cæſ. What can be auoyded
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæſar*.
Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets ſeen,
The Heauens themſelues blaze forth the death of Princes
Cæſ. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taſte of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It ſeemes to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould feare,
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end
Will come, when it will come.
Enter a Seruant.
What ſay the Augurers?
Ser. They would not haue you to ſtirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beaſt.
Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of Cowardice:
Cæſar ſhould be a Beaſt without a heart
If he ſhould ſtay at home to day for feare:
No *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæſar* ſhall go foorth.
Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wiſedome is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the houſe, and not your owne.
Wee'l ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate houſe,
And he ſhall ſay, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.
Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will ſtay at home.
Enter Decius.
Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.
Deci. *Cæſar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Cæſar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate houſe.
Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is falſe: and that I dare not, falſer:
I will not come to day, tell them ſo *Decius*.
Calp. Say he is ſicke.
Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a Lye?
Haue I in Conqueſt ſtretcht mine Arme ſo farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Cæſar* will not come.
Deci. Moſt mighty *Cæſar* let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your priuate ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere, my wife ſtayes me at home:
She dreampt to night, ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred ſpouts
Did run pure blood: and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And theſe does ſhe apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to day.
Deci. This Dreame is all amiſſe interpreted,
It was a viſion, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome ſhall ſucke
Reuiuing blood, and that great men ſhall preſſe
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cogniſance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is ſignified.
Cæſ. And this way haue you well expounded it.
Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can ſay:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Beſides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When *Cæſars* wife ſhall meete with better Dreames.
If *Cæſar* hide himſelfe, ſhall they not whiſper
Loe *Cæſar* is affraid?
Pardon me *Cæſar*, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reaſon to my loue is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am aſhamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Welcome *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo earely too?
Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæſar was ne're ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?
Brut. *Cæſar*, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thanke you for your paines and curteſie.
Enter Antony.
See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights
Is notwithſtanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.
Ant. So to moſt Noble *Cæſar*
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I haue an houres talke in ſtore for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.
Treb. *Cæſar* I will: and ſo neere will I be,
That your beſt Friends ſhall wiſh I had beene further.
Cæſ. Good Friends go in, and taſte ſome wine with me
And we (like Friends) will ſtraight way go together.
Bru. That euery like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke vpon. *Exeunt*
Enter Artemidorus.
Cæſar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Caſsius; come not neere

neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, *Artemidorus.*

Heere will I stand, till *Cæsar* passe along,
And as a Sutor will I giue him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Cæsar*, thou mayest liue;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue. *Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes *Cæsar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *Exit*

Por. I must go in:
Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Cæsar*: Read this Scedule.

Deci. *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art. O *Cæsar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches *Cæsar* neerer. Read it great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, giue place.

Cassi. What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.

Cassi. What enterprize *Popillius*?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popillius Lena*?

Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue:
I feare our purpose is discouered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæsar*: marke him.

Cassi. *Caska* be sodaine, for we feare preuention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Cæsar* neuer shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:
Popillius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cassi. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redresse?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puisant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must preuent thee *Cymber*:
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that *Cæsar* beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

T

To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſars* eare,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd Brother?
Bru. I kiſſe thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæſar*:
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.
Cæſ. What *Brutus*?
Caſſi. Pardon *Cæſar*: *Cæſar* pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Caſſius* fall,
To begge infranchiſement for *Publius Cymber*.
Cæſ. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me:
But I am conſtant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whoſe true fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred ſparkes,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth ſhine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furniſh'd well with Men,
And Men are Fleſh and Blood, and apprehenſiue;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnaſſayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnſhak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, euen in this:
That I was conſtant *Cymber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remaine to keepe him ſo.
Cinna. O *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Decius. Great *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſſe kneele?
Cask. Speake hands for me.
They ſtab Cæſar.
Cæſ. *Et Tu Brutè?*——Then fall *Cæſar*. *Dyes*
Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.
Caſſi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchiſement.
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, ſtand ſtill: Ambitions debt is paid.
Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.
Dec. And *Caſſius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius*?
Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together, leaſt ſome Friend of *Cæſars*
Should chance——
Bru. Talke not of ſtanding. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe: ſo tell them *Publius*.
Caſſi. And leaue vs *Publius*, leaſt that the people
Ruſhing on vs, ſhould do your Age ſome miſchiefe.
Bru. Do ſo, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.
Enter Trebonius.
Caſſi. Where is *Antony*?
Treb. Fled to his Houſe amaz'd:
Men, Wiues, and Children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomeſday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleaſures:
That we ſhall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men ſtand vpon.
Cask Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off ſo many yeares of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Cæſars* Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, ſtoope,
And let vs bathe our hands in *Cæſars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and beſmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.
Caſſi. Stoop then, and waſh. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Baſis lye along,
No worthier then the duſt?
Caſſi. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſſi. I, euery man away.
Brutus ſhall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of Rome.
Enter a Seruant.
Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.
Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Maſter bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay:
Brutus is Noble, Wiſe, Valiant, and Honeſt;
Cæſar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe, that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolu'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſeru'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, ſhall not loue *Cæſar* dead
So well as *Brutus* liuing; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State,
With all true Faith. So ſayes my Maſter *Antony*.
Bru. Thy Maſter is a Wiſe and Valiant Romane,
I neuer thought him worſe:
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come vnto this place
He ſhall be ſatisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vntouch'd.
Ser. Ile fetch him preſently. *Exit Seruant.*
Bru. I know that we ſhall haue him well to Friend.
Caſſi. I wiſh we may: But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much: and my miſgiuing ſtill
Falles ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.
Enter Antony.
Bru. But heere comes *Antony*:
Welcome *Mark Antony*.
Ant. O mighty *Cæſar*! Doſt thou lye ſo lowe?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Meaſure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is ranke:
If I my ſelfe, there is no houre ſo fit
As *Cæſars* deaths houre; nor no Inſtrument
Of halfe that worth, as thoſe your Swords; made rich
With the moſt Noble blood of all this World.
I do beſeech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'ſt your purpled hands do reeke and ſmoake,
Fulfill your pleaſure. Liue a thouſand yeeres,
I ſhall not finde my ſelfe ſo apt to dye.
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no meane of death,
As heere by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Maſter Spirits of this Age.
Bru. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we muſt appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our preſent Acte
You ſee we do: Yet ſee you but our hands,
And

And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, so pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.

Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselues with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cause,
Why I, that did loue *Cæsar* when I strooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though last, not least in loue, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee *Cæsar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cassi. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Cæsar*, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cassi. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a sauage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seeke,
And am moreouer sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall *Marke Antony*.

Cassi. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsars* death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, heere take you *Cæsars* body:
You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of *Cæsar*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pitty choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Cæsars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell aboue the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octauio's Seruant.

You serue *Octauius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth———
O *Cæsar!*

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octauius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,

Thou ſhalt not backe, till I haue borne this courſe
Into the Market place: There ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell iſſue of theſe bloody men,
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To yong *Octauius*, of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Brutus, and goes into the Pulpit, and Caſſius, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be ſatisfied: let vs be ſatisfied,
Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Caſſius go you into the other ſtreete,
And part the Numbers:
Thoſe that will heare me ſpeake, let 'em ſtay heere;
Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publike Reaſons ſhall be rendred
Of *Cæſars* death.
1.*Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* ſpeake.
2. I will heare *Caſſius*, and compare their Reaſons,
When ſeuerally we heare them rendred.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is aſcended: Silence.
Bru. Be patient till the laſt.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cauſe, and be ſilent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue reſpect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Cenſure me in your Wiſedom, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Aſſembly, any deere Friend of *Cæſars*, to him I ſay, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæſar*, was no leſſe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my anſwer: not that I lou'd *Cæſar* leſſe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were liuing, and dye all *S*laues; then that *Cæſar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæſar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I ſlew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere ſo baſe, that would be a Bondman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, ſpeake, for him haue I offended. I pauſe for a Reply.

All. None *Btutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Cæſar*, then you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The Queſtion of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæſars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Cōmonwealth, as which of you ſhall not. With this I depart, that as I ſlewe my beſt Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the ſame Dagger for my ſelfe, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.
1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his houſe.
2. Giue him a Statue with his Anceſtors.
3. Let him be *Cæſar*.
4. *Cæſars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.
1. Wee'l bring him to his Houſe,
With Showts and Clamors.
Bru. My Country-men.
2. Peace, ſilence, *Brutus* ſpeakes.
1. Peace ho.
Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my ſake) ſtay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæſars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæſars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permiſſion) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue ſpoke. *Exit*
1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.
3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.
Ant. For *Brutus* ſake, I am beholding to you.
4 What does he ſay of *Brutus*?
3 He ſayes, for *Brutus* ſake
He findes himſelfe beholding to vs all.
4 'Twere beſt he ſpeake no harme of *Brutus* heere?
1 This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.
3 Nay that's certaine:
We are bleſt that Rome is rid of him.
2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.
An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæſar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Cæſar* was Ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the reſt
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to ſpeake in *Cæſars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iuſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
Whoſe Ranſomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæſar* hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuffe,
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice preſented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And ſure he is an Honourable man.
I ſpeake not to diſprooue what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But heere I am, to ſpeake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without cauſe,
What cauſe with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men haue loſt their Reaſon. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pawſe, till it come backe to me.
1 Me thinkes there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
2 If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar ha's had great wrong. (his place.
3 Ha's hee Maſters? I feare there will a worſe come in

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ye Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.
2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony.*
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poore to do him reuerence.
O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar,*
I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue.
4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony.*
All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Cæsars* Will.
Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar,*
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it?
4 Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony:*
You shall reade vs the Will, *Cæsars* Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar:* I do feare it.
4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Testament.
2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar,*
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?
All. Come downe.
2 Descend.
3 You shall haue leaue.
4 A Ring, stand round.
1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2 Roome for *Antony,* most Noble *Antony.*
Ant. Nay presse not so vpon me, stand farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.
Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time euer *Cæsar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the *Neruij.*
Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:
Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,
As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus,* as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:
This was the most vnkindest cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.
1. O pitteous spectacle!
2. O Noble *Cæsar!*
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O most bloody sight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor liue.
Ant. Stay Country-men.
1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony.*
2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.
Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp
To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
I tell you that, which you your selues do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus,*
And *Brutus Antony,* there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Cæsar,* that should moue
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1 Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus.*
3 Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake
All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony,* most Noble *Antony.*
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deseru'd your loues?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Wil.
Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Cæsars* Seale:
To euery Roman Citizen he giues,
To euery seuerall man, seuenty fiue Drachmaes.

2. *Ple.*

2 *Ple.* Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, wee'l reuenge his death.
3 *Ple.* O Royall *Cæſar.*
Ant. Heare me with patience.
All. Peace hoe
Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleaſures
To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelues.
Heere was a *Cæſar*: when comes ſuch another?
1.*Ple.* Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houſes.
Take vp the body.
2.*Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3.*Ple.* Plucke downe Benches.
4.*Ple.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exit Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it worke: Miſcheefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now Fellow?
Enter Seruant.
Ser. Sir, *Octauius* is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſars* houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes vpon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octauius*. *Exeunt*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar*,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet ſomething leads me foorth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2. Anſwer euery man directly.
1. I, and breefely.
4. I, and wiſely.
3. I, and truly, you were beſt.
Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to anſwer euery man, directly and breefely, wiſely and truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.
2 That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that marrie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.
Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæſars* Funerall.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
2. That matter is anſwered directly.
4. For your dwelling: breefely.
Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3. Your name ſir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.
1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.
Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4. Teare him for his bad verſes, teare him for his bad verſes.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conſpirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* Houſe, and ſome to *Caska*'s; ſome to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octauius, and Lepidus.

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are prickt
Octa. Your Brother too muſt dye: conſent you *Lepidus*?
Lep. I do conſent.
Octa. Pricke him downe *Antony*.
Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* ſhall not liue,
Who is your Siſters ſonne, *Marke Antony*.
Ant. He ſhall not liue; looke, with a ſpot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſars* houſe:
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? ſhall I finde you heere?
Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus*
Ant. This is a ſlight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World diuided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who ſhould be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proſcription.
Ant. *Octauius*, I haue ſeene more dayes then you,
And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelues of diuers ſland'rous loads,
He ſhall but beare them, as the Aſſe beares Gold,
To groane and ſwet vnder the Buſineſſe,
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Aſſe) to ſhake his eares,
And graze in Commons.
Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horſe *Octauius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to ſtop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren ſpirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vſe, and ſtal'de by other men
Begin his faſhion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octauius*,
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are leuying Powers; We muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, our meanes ſtretcht,
And let vs preſently go ſit in Councell,
How couert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.
Octa. Let vs do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And ſome that ſmile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Miſcheefes. *Exeunt*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.
Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.
Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Caſſius* neere?
Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his Maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your Maſter *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Maſter will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiu'd you: let me be reſolu'd.
Lucil. With courteſie, and with reſpect enough,
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
When Loue begins to ſicken and decay
It vſeth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and ſimple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew, and promiſe of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they ſhould endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Creſts, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?
Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horſe in generall
Are come with *Caſſius*.

Enter Caſſius and his Powers.

Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.
Caſſi. Stand ho.
Bru. Stand ho, ſpeake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Caſſi. Moſt Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.
Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a Brother.
Caſſi. Brutus, this ſober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them———
Brut. Caſſius, be content,
Speake your greefes ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which ſhould perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Caſſius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will giue you Audience.
Caſſi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore. *Exeunt*

Manet Brutus and Caſſius.

Caſſi. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man was ſlighted off.
Brn. You wrong'd your ſelfe to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſſi. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence ſhould beare his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you *Caſſius*, you your ſelfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To ſell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeſeruers.
Caſſi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeakes this,
Or by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſſius* Honors this corruption,
And Chaſticement doth therefore hide his head.
Caſſi. Chaſticement?
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remẽber:
Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iuſtice ſake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for Iuſtice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That ſtrucke the Formoſt man of all this World,
But for ſupporting Robbers: ſhall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large Honors
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then ſuch a Roman.
Caſſi. Brutus, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your ſelfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your ſelfe
To make Conditions.
Bru. Go too: you are not *Caſſius*.
Caſſi. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſſi. Vrge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away ſlight man.
Caſſi. Is't poſſible?
Bru. Heare me, for I will ſpeake.
Muſt I giue way, and roome to your raſh Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman ſtares?
Caſſi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go ſhew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muſt I bouge?
Muſt I obſerue you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Vnder your Teſtie Humour? By the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile vſe you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waſpiſh.
Caſſi. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine owne part,
I ſhall be glad to learne of Noble men.
Caſſ. You wrong me euery way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I ſaide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I ſay Better?
Bru. If you did, I care not. (me.
Caſſ. When *Cæſar* liu'd, he durſt not thus haue mou'd
Brut. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo haue tempted him.

Caſſ

Cassi. I durst not.
Bru. No.
Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cassi. Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You haue done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I haue answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Couetous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.
Cassi. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cassi. You loue me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cassi. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.
Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octauius* come,
Reuenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto*'s Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it foorth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'st at *Cæsar*: For I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, ẏ loued'st him better
Then euer thou loued'st *Cassius*.
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
And straite is cold agen.
Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Cassi. Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cassi. O *Brutus*!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cassi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.
Bru. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.
Lucil. You shall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.
Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I haue seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.
Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?
Bru. Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.
Cas. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.
Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these Iigging Fooles?
Companion, hence.
Cas Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet*
Bru. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Cas. And come your selues, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to vs.
Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.
Cas. I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.
Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many greefes.
Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no vse,
If you giue place to accidentall euills.
Bru. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Cas. Ha? *Portia*?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!
Vpon what sicknesse?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong *Octauius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themselues so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.
Cas. And dy'd so?
Bru. Euen so.
Cas. O ye immortall Gods!
Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.
Bru. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindnesse *Cassius*. *Drinkes*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities.
Cass. *Portia*, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Messala, I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Meſſ. My ſelfe haue Letters of the ſelfe-ſame Tenure.
Bru. With what addition.
Meſſ. That by proſcription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octauius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine ſpeake of ſeuenty Senators, that dy'de
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſſi. *Cicero* one?
Meſſa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proſcription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. That me thinkes is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Meſſa. No my Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Meſſa. Then like a Roman beare the truth I tell,
For certaine ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: We muſt die *Meſſala*:
With meditating that ſhe muſt dye once,
I haue the patience to endure it now.
Meſſa. Euen ſo great men, great loſſes ſhold indure.
Caſſi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not beare it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently.
Caſſi. I do not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſſi. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemie ſeeke vs,
So ſhall he waſte his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himſelfe offence, whil'ſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſſe.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force giue place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection:
For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number vp,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd:
From which aduantage ſhall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our backe.
Caſſi. Heare me good Brother.
Bru. Vnder your pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we haue tride ye vtmoſt of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe,
The Enemy encreaſeth euery day,
We at the height, are readie to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miſeries.
On ſuch a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerues,
Or looſe our Ventures.
Caſſi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our ſelues, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
And Nature muſt obey Neceſſitie,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt:
There is no more to ſay.
Caſſi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Meſſala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſſi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come ſuch diuiſion 'tweene our ſoules:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well.
Caſſi. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good Brother.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farwell euery one. *Exeunt.*
Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Inſtrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and ſome other of my men,
Ile haue them ſleepe on Cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?
Bru. I pray you ſirs, lye in my Tent and ſleepe,
It may be I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſſe to my Brother *Caſſius*.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand,
And watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will it not haue it ſo: Lye downe good ſirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I ſought for ſo:
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not giue it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canſt thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Inſtrument a ſtraine or two.
Luc. I my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty Sir.
Brut. I ſhould not vrge thy duty paſt thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of reſt.
Luc. I haue ſlept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,
I will be good to thee.

Muſicke, and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune: O Murd'rous ſlumbler!
Layeſt thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That playes thee Muſicke? Gentle knaue good night:
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'ſt nod, thou break'ſt thy Inſtrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me ſee, let me ſee; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakeneſſe of mine eyes
That ſhapes this monſtrous Apparition.
It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome Angell, or ſome Diuell,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my haire to ſtare?
Speake to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*
Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?
Ghost. I, at *Philippi.*
Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius, Varrus, Claudio,* Sirs: Awake:
Claudio.
Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.
Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucus,* that thou so cryedst out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio,* Fellow,
Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octauius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony,* our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octauius,* leade your Battaile softly on
Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.
Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would haue parley.
Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius,* we must out and talke.
Octa. *Mark Antony,* shall we giue signe of Battaile?
Ant. No *Cæsar,* we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.
Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?
Octa. Not that we loue words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octauius.*
An. In your bad strokes *Brutus,* you giue good words
Witnesse the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
Crying long liue, Haile *Cæsar.*
Cassi *Antony,*
The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leaue them Hony-lesse.
Ant. Not stinglesse too.
Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:
For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony,*
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feete;
Whil'st damned *Caska,* like a Curre, behinde
Strooke *Cæsar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till *Cæsars* three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Brut. *Cæsar,* thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
Cassi. A peeuish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you haue stomackes.
Exit Octauius, Antony, and Army
Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius,* hearke, a word with you.
Lucillius and Messala stand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Cassi *Messala.*
Messa. What sayes my Generall?
Cassi. *Messala,* this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*:
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from *Sardis,* on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who

Who to *Philippi* heere consorted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

Messa. Beleeue not so.

Cassi. I but beleeue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Euen so *Lucillius.*

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus,*
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato,* for the death
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius,* no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlasting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius,*
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus:*
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala,* ride and giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octauio's* wing:
And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala,* let them all come downe. *Exeunt*

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius,* looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius, Brutus* gaue the word too early,
Who hauing some aduantage on *Octauius,*
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whil'st we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius,* flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. Titinius, if thou louest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*

Cassi. Go *Pindarus,* get higher on that hill,
My sight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius,*
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

Pind. Aboue. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius.* Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Showt.*
And hearke, they shout for ioy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,
That whatsoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword——*Cæsar,* thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not so haue beene
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius,*
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius:* for *Octauius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony.*

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius.*

Messa. Where did you leaue him.

Titin. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Titin No, this was he *Messala,*
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;

S

So in his red blood *Caſsius* day is ſet.
The Sunne of Rome is ſet. Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſſe hath done this deed.
Meſſa. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſſe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'ſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error ſoone conceyu'd,
Thou neuer com'ſt vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'ſt the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?
Meſſa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilſt I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his eares; I may ſay thruſting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this ſight.
Tit. Hye you *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'ſt thou ſend me forth braue *Caſsius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'ſt thou not heare their
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued euery thing. (ſhowts?
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſsius*:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Caſsius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, yong Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?
Meſſa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is vpward.
Cato. He is ſlaine.
Bru. O *Iulius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*
Cato. Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Caſsius*.
Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing ſuch as theſe?
The laſt of all the Romans, far thee well:
It is impoſſible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall finde time, *Caſsius*: I ſhall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharſus* ſend his body,
His Funerals ſhall not be in our Campe,
Leaſt it diſcomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,
Labio and *Flauio* ſet our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We ſhall try Fortune in a ſecond fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucillius, and Flauius.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.
Cato. What Baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
Enter Souldiers, and fight.
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyeſt, as brauely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato*'s Sonne.
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyeſt.
Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not: a Noble Priſoner.

Enter Antony.

2.*Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1.*Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is hee?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take aliue the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame,
When you do finde him, or aliue, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelfe.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſſe in worth; keepe this man ſafe,
Giue him all kindneſſe. I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And ſee where *Brutus* be aliue or dead,
And bring vs word, vnto *Octauius* Tent:
How euery thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, reſt on this Rocke.
Clit. *Statillius* ſhew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or ſlaine.
Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: ſlaying is the word,
It is a deed in faſhion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.
Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. Ile rather kill my ſelfe.
Brut. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.
Dard. Shall I doe ſuch a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.
Dard. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Veſſell full of griefe,
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, liſt a word.
Volum. What ſayes my Lord?
Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this laſt Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.
Volum. Not ſo, my Lord.
Brut. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou ſeeſt the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarums.*
It is more worthy, to leape in our ſelues,
Then tarry till they puſh vs. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whileſt I runne on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum still.
Clit. Fly

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt bin all this while aſleepe:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall haue glory by this looſing day
More then *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attaine vnto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his liues Hiſtory:
Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prythee *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect:
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?
Stra. Giue me your hand firſt. Fare you wel my Lord.
Bru. Farewell good *Strato.* —— *Cæſar*, now be ſtill,
I kill'd not thee with halfe ſo good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octauius, Meſſala, Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that?
Meſſa. My Maſters man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?
Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Meſſala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely ouercame himſelfe,
And no man elſe hath Honor by his death.
Lucil. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou haſt prou'd *Lucillius* ſaying true,
Octa. All that ſeru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Meſſala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala.*
Meſſa. How dyed my Maſter *Strato*?
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Meſſa. *Octauius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſeruice to my Maſter.
Ant. This was the Nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the Conſpirators ſaue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cæſar*:
He, onely in a generall honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand vp,
And ſay to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vſe him
Withall Reſpect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall ly,
Moſt like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. WHen ſhall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's loſt, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the ſet of Sunne.
1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donal-baine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainſt my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didſt leaue it.
Cap. Doubtfull it ſtood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercileſſe *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe ſwarme vpon him) from the Weſterne Iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroſſes is ſupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deſerues that Name)
Diſdayning Fortune, with his brandiſht Steele,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his paſſage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r ſhooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnſeam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.
King. O valiant Couſin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No ſooner Iuſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping Kernes to truſt their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, ſurueying vantage,
With furbuſht Armes, and new ſupplyes of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
King. Diſmay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh*?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled ſtroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha,*
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gaſhes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They ſmack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Roſſe.
Lenox. What a haſte lookes through his eyes?
So ſhould he looke, that ſeemes to ſpeake things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſaue the King.
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane*?
Roſſe. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himſelfe, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a diſmall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with ſelfe-compariſons,
Point againſt Point, rebellious Arme 'gainſt Arme,
Curbing his lauiſh ſpirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.
King. Great happineſſe.
Roſſe. That now *Sweno,* the Norwayes King,
Craues compoſition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disburſed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,
Ten thouſand Dollars, to our generall vſe.
King. No

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor ſhall deceiue
Our Boſome intereſt: Goe pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
Roſſe. Ile ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haſt thou beene, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Maſter o'th' *Tiger:*
But in a Syue Ile thither ſayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my ſelfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, ſhew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not ſeene.
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeeme to vnderſtand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are ſo.
Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth,* haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth,* haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth,* that ſhalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you ſtart, and ſeeme to feare
Things that doe ſound ſo faire? i'th'name of truth
Are ye fantaſticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he ſeemes wrapt withall: to me you ſpeake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And ſay, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Leſſer then *Macbeth,* and greater.
2. Not ſo happy, yet much happyer.
3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth,* and *Banquo.*
1. *Banquo,* and *Macbeth,* all haile.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *Witches vaniſh.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what ſeem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had ſtay'd.
Banq. Were ſuch things here, as we doe ſpeake about?
Or haue we eaten on the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not ſo?
Banq. Toth' ſelfe-ſame tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth,*
The newes of thy ſucceſſe: and when he reades
Thy perſonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayſes doe contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th'ſelfe-ſame day,
He findes thee in the ſtout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelfe didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and euery one did beare
Thy prayſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
Ang. Wee are ſent,
To giue thee from our Royall Maſter thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:
In

In which addition, haile moſt worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
Banq. What, can the Deuill ſpeake true ?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues :
Why doe you dreſſe me in borrowed Robes ?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deſerues to looſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage ; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not :
But Treaſons Capitall, confeſs'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.
Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor :
The greateſt is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
When thoſe that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſſe to them.
Banq. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Beſides the *Tkane* of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange :
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Inſtruments of Darkneſſe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeſt Trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen :
This ſupernaturall ſolliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good.
If ill ? why hath it giuen me earneſt of ſucceſſe,
Commencing in a Truth ? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good ? why doe I yeeld to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my ſeated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Againſt the vſe of Nature ? Preſent Feares
Are leſſe then horrible Imaginings :
My Thought, whoſe Murther yet is but fantaſticall,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man,
That Function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my ſtirre.
Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vſe.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the rougheſt Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee ſtay vpon your leyſure.
Macb. Giue me your fauour :
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are regiſtred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King : thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd : and at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs ſpeake
Our free Hearts each to other.
Banq. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough :
Come friends. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor* ?
Or not thoſe in Commiſſion yet return'd ?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue ſpoke with one that ſaw him die :
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſſe Pardon,
And ſet forth a deepe Repentance :
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſſe Trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes conſtruction in the Face :
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt.
Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, and Angus.
O worthyeſt Couſin,
The ſinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art ſo farre before,
That ſwifteſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadſt leſſe deſeru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine : onely I haue left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb. The ſeruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it ſelfe.
Your Highneſſe part, is to receiue our Duties :
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants ; which doe but what they ſhould,
By doing euery thing ſafe toward your Loue
And Honor.
King. Welcome hither :
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſſe deſeru'd, nor muſt be knowne
No leſſe to haue done ſo : Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The Harueſt is your owne.
King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulneſſe, ſeeke to hide themſelues
In drops of ſorrow. Sonnes, Kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate vpon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland : which Honor muſt
Not vnaccompanied, inueſt him onely,
But ſignes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres, ſhall ſhine
On all deſeruers. From hence to Enuernes,
And binde vs further to you.
Macb. The Reſt is Labor, which is not vs'd for you :
Ile be my ſelfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach :
So humbly take my leaue.
King. My worthy *Cawdor*.
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland : that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall downe, or elſe o're-leape,

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light ſee my black and deepe deſires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to ſee. *Exit.*
King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full ſo valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whoſe care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peereleſſe Kinſman. *Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſſe: and I haue learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they haue more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelues Ayre, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſiues from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that ſhalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſſe) that thou might'st not looſe the dues of reioycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſſe is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*
Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindneſſe,
To catch the neereſt way. Thou would'ſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illneſſe ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily: would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly winne.
Thould'ſt haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou muſt doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'ſt feare to doe,
Then wiſheſt ſhould be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſicall ayde doth ſeeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Meſſenger.*
What is your tidings?
Meſſ. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.
Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Then would make vp his Meſſage.
Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Meſſenger.*
The Rauen himſelfe is hoarſe,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnſex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'acceſſe, and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breſts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-euer, in your ſightleſſe ſubſtances,
You wait on Natures Miſchiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feele now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Muſt be prouided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great Buſineſſe into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue ſolely ſoueraigne ſway, and Maſterdome.
Macb. We will ſpeake further.
Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:
Leaue all the reſt to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The ayre nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelfe
Vnto our gentle ſences.
Banq. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Manſonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muſt breed, and haunt: I haue obſeru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*
King. See, ſee, our honor'd Hoſteſſe:
The Loue that followes vs, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſeruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and ſingle Buſineſſe, to contend
Againſt thoſe Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maieſtie loades our Houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we reſt your Ermites.

King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We courst him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.
La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hostesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Seruice ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter, This euen-handed Iustice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almost supt: why haue you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he ha's?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.
Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselues, and that their fitnesse now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this.
Macb. If we should faile?
Lady. We faile?
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?
Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock.
Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not ſleepe:
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?
Macb. A Friend.
Banq. What Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnuſuall Pleaſure,
And ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſſe,
And ſhut vp in meaſureleſſe content.
Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the ſeruant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free haue wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters:
To you they haue ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to ſerue,
We would ſpend it in ſome words vpon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.
Banq. At your kind'ſt leyſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleaue to my conſent,
When 'tis, it ſhall make Honor for you.
Banq. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My Boſome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
Macb. Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready,
She ſtrike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not fatall Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?
I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature ſeemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Heccats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whoſe howle's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* rauiſhing ſides, towards his deſigne
Moues like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth
Heare not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.
A Bell rings.
I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made thē drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that ſhriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the ſtern'ſt good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the ſurfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poſſets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't.
My Husband?
Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didſt thou not heare a noyſe?
Lady. I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeake?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. I.
Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th'ſecond Chamber?
Lady. *Donalbaine.*
Mac. This is a ſorry ſight.
Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I ſtood, and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,
And addreſt them againe to ſleepe.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe vs, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeene me with theſe Hangmans hands:
Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay God bleſſe vs.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deepely.
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe wayes: ſo, it will make vs mad.
Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chiefe nouriſher in Life's Feaſt.
Lady. What doe you meane?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houſe:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble ſtrength, to thinke
So braine-ſickly of things: Goe get ſome Water,

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and sneare
The sleepie Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Diuell: If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.
Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th'name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name? Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Heauen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further: I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'euerlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed, That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock: And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine. Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye, leaues him.

Macd. I beleeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost slipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limitted seruice. *Exit Macduffe.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The night ha's been vnruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euents,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was feuorous,
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th'Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?

Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake:

See, and then ſpeake your ſelues: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treaſon,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey ſleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it ſelfe: vp, vp, and ſee
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme, Banquo*,
As from your Graues riſe vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. What's the Buſineſſe?
That ſuch a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the Houſe? ſpeake, ſpeake.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can ſpeake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, Our Royall Maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our Houſe?
Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy ſelfe,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiſſe?
Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is ſtopt, the very Source of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted,
No mans Life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waſtfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?
Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.
Macd. Looke to the Lady.
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That moſt may clayme this argument for ours?
Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let vs meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and ſcruples ſhake vs:
In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treaſonous Mallice.
Macd. And ſo doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readineſſe,
And meet i'th'Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falſe man do's eaſie.
Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland, I:
Our ſeperated fortune ſhall keepe vs both the ſafer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our ſafeſt way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horſe,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But ſhift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which ſteales it ſelfe, when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſſe, with an Old man.

Old man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue ſeene
Houres dreadfull, and things ſtrange: but this ſore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ha, good Father,
Thou ſeeſt the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth'Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night ſtrangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes ſhame,
That Darkneſſe does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light ſhould kiſſe it?
Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tueſday laſt,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowſing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncans* Horſes,
(A thing moſt ſtrange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and ſwift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their ſtalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.
Old man. 'Tis ſaid, they eate each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo:

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why fee you not?

Roff. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Thofe that *Macbeth* hath flaine.

Roff. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were fubborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are ftolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Sufpition of the deed.

Roffe. 'Gainft Nature ftill,
Thriftleffe Ambition, that will rauen vp
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis moft like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inuefted.

Roffe. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-houfe of his Predeceffors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Roffe. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cofin, Ile to Fife.

Roffe. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you fee things wel done there: Adieu
Leaft our old Robes fit eafier then our new.

Roffe. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyfon go with you, and with thofe
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haft it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou play'dft moft fowly for't: yet it was faide
It fhould not ftand in thy Pofterity,
But that my felfe fhould be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches fhine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And fet me vp in hope. But hufh, no more.

Senit founded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Roffe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Gueft.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feaft,
And all-thing vnbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a folemne Supper fir,
And Ile requeft your prefence.

Banq. Let your Highneffe
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moft indiffoluble tye
For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We fhould haue elfe defir'd your good aduice
(Which ftill hath been both graue, and profperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horfe the better,
I muft become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feaft.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are beftow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confeffing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With ftrange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we fhall haue caufe of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horfe:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb. I wifh your Horfes fwift, and fure of foot:
And fo I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let euery man be mafter of his time,
Till feuen at Night, to make focietie
The fweeter welcome:
We will keepe our felfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend thofe men
Our pleafure?

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be fafely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* fticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleffe temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wifdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in fafetie. There is none but he,
Whofe being I doe feare: and vnder him
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is faid
Mark Anthonies was by *Cæfar*. He chid the Sifters,
When firft they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them fpeake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitleffe Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine fucceeding: if't be fo,
For *Banquo's* Iffue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Veffell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then fo, come Fate into the Lyft,
And champion me to th'vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and ftay there till we call.

Exit Seruant.

Was it not yefterday we fpoke together?

Murth. It was, fo pleafe your Highneffe.

Macb. Well then,
Now haue you confider'd of my fpeeches:

Know.

Know, that it was he, in the times paſt,
Which held you ſo vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ſelfe.
This I made good to you, in our laſt conference,
Paſt in Probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments: who wrought with them:
And all things elſe, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo.*
1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.
Macb. I did ſo:
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting.
Doe you finde your patience ſo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?
1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.
Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you haue a ſtation in the file,
Not i'th' worſt ranke of Manhood, ſay't,
And I will put that Buſineſſe in your Boſomes,
Whoſe execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.
2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſſe what I doe,
To ſpight the World.
1. *Murth.* And I another,
So wearie with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.
Murth. True, my Lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That euery minute of his being, thruſts
Againſt my neer'ſt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweepe him from my ſight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my ſelfe ſtruck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance doe make loue,
Masking the Buſineſſe from the common Eye,
For ſundry weightie Reaſons.
2. *Murth.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.
1. *Murth.* Though our Liues--
Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this houre, at moſt,
I will aduiſe you where to plant your ſelues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a cleareneſſe; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleans, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whoſe abſence is no leſſe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: reſolue your ſelues apart,
Ile come to you anon.
Murth. We are reſolu'd, my Lord.
Macb. Ile call vpon you ſtraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo,* thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, muſt finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?
Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leyſure,
For a few words.
Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*
Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer, to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by deſtruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of ſorryeſt Fancies your Companions making,
Vſing thoſe Thoughts, which ſhould indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We haue ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le cloſe, and be her ſelfe, whileſt our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things diſ-ioynt,
Both the Worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and ſleepe
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreames,
That ſhake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue ſent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reſtleſſe extaſie.
Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he ſleepes well,
Treaſon ha's done his worſt: nor Steele, nor Poyſon,
Mallice domeſtique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, ſleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Gueſts to Night.
Macb. So ſhall I Loue, and ſo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo,*
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnſafe the while, that wee muſt laue
Our Honors in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.
Lady. You muſt leaue this.
Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* liues.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou iocund : ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed : Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood :
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou maruell'st at my words : but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill :
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust.
1. Then stand with vs :
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approches
The subiect of our Watch.
3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee :
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th'Court.
1. His Horses goe about.
3. Almost a mile : but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth'Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis hee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe : the Sonne is fled.
2. We haue lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe :
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty.
Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host :
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen : heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Mac. Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans* :
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.
Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe :
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre :
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?
Mur. I, my good Lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thankes for that :
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making :
'Tis giuen, with welcome : to feede were best at home :
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer :
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present :
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance.
Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Mcab.

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere is a place referu'd Sir.
Macb. Where ?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moues your Highneffe ?
Macb. Which of you haue done this ?
Lords. What, my good Lord ?
Macb. Thou canft not fay I did it: neuer fhake
Thy goary lockes at me.
Roffe. Gentlemen rife, his Highneffe is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You fhall offend him, and extend his Paffion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man ?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper ftuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you faid
Led you to *Duncan.* O, thefe flawes and ftarts
(Impoftors to true feare) would well become
A womans ftory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: fhame it felfe,
Why do you make fuch faces ? When all's done
You looke but on a ftoole.
Macb. Prythee fee there:
Behold, looke, loe, how fay you:
Why what care I, if thou canft nod, fpeake too.
If Charnell houfes, and our Graues muft fend
Thofe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.
La. What ? quite vnmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I ftand heere, I faw him.
La. Fie for fhame.
Macb. Blood hath bene fhed ere now, i'th'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and fince too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rife againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And pufh vs from our ftooles. This is more ftrange
Then fuch a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not mufe at me my moft worthy Friends,
I haue a ftrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thofe that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then Ile fit downe: Giue me fome Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghoft.
I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we miffe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirft,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my fight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleffe, thy blood is cold:
Thou haft no fpeculation in thofe eyes
Which thou doft glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Cuftome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it fpoyles the pleafure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruffian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any fhape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, proteft mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible fhadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why fo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you fit ftill.
La. You haue difplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moft admir'd diforder.
Macb. Can fuch things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our fpeciall wonder ? You make me ftrange
Euen to the difpofition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold fuch fights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Roffe. What fights, my Lord ?
La. I pray you fpeake not: he growes worfe & worfe
Queftion enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maiefty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will haue blood they fay:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to fpeake:
Augures, and vnderftood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The fecret'ft man of Blood. What is the night ?
La. Almoft at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How fay'ft thou that *Macduff* denies his perfon
At our great bidding.
La: Did you fend to him Sir ?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will fend:
There's not a one of them but in his houfe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sifters.
More fhall they fpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worft meanes, the worft, for mine owne good,
All caufes fhall giue way. I am in blood
Stept in fo farre, that fhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which muft be acted, ere they may be fcand.
La. You lacke the feafon of all Natures, fleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to fleepe: My ftrange & felf-abufe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vfe:
We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly ?
Hec. Haue I not reafon (Beldams) as you are ?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Miſtris of your Charmes,
The cloſe contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And which is worſe, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th'Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Deſtinie.
Your Veſſels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and euery thing beſide;
I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile ſpend
Vnto a diſmall, and a Fatall end.
Great buſineſſe muſt be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by Magicke ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch Artificiall Sprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his Confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurne Fate, ſcorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wiſedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefeſt Enemie.

Muſicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit ſee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and ſtayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make haſt, ſhee'l ſoone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I ſay
Things haue bin ſtrangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may ſay (if't pleaſe you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men muſt not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeue *Macbeth*? Did he not ſtraight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of ſleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wiſely too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
To heare the men deny't. So that I ſay,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't pleaſe Heauen he ſhall not) they ſhould finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So ſhould *Fleans.*
But peace; for from broad words, and cauſe he fayl'd
His preſence at the Tyrants Feaſt, I heare
Macduffe liues in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtowes himſelfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the Engliſh Court, and is receyu'd
Of the moſt Pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of theſe (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, ſleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feaſts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate their King, that hee
Prepares for ſome attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an abſolute Sir, not I
The clowdy Meſſenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Anſwer.

Lenox. And that well might
Aduiſe him to a Caution, t hold what diſtance
His wiſedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Meſſage ere he come, that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoone returne to this our ſuffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile ſend my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poyſond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold ſtone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom ſleeping got,
Boyle thou firſt i'th'charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd ſalt Sea ſharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:
Liuer of Blaſpheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Ecclipſe:
Noſe

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and ſlab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And euery one ſhall ſhare i'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron ſing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Muſicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. How now you ſecret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Profeſſe,
(How ere you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches: Though the yeſty Waues
Confound and ſwallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treaſure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till deſtruction ſicken: Anſwer me
To what I aske you.
1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 Wee'l anſwer.
1 Say, if th'hadſt rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Maſters.
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's ſweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly ſhow. *Thunder.*
1. *Apparition, an Armed Head.*
Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe*,
Beware the Thane of Fife: diſmiſſe me. Enough.
He Deſcends.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haſt harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.
1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the firſt. *Thunder.*
2 *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*
2 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.
2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & reſolute:
Laugh to ſcorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Deſcends.*
Mac. Then liue *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make aſſurance: double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not liue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And ſleepe in ſpight of Thunder. *Thunder*
3 *Apparition, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*
What is this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeake not too't.
3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall neuer vanquiſh'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunſmane Hill
Shall come againſt him. *Deſcend.*
Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impreſſe the Forreſt, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnan riſe, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall liue the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cuſtome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo*'s iſſue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinkes that Caldron? & what noiſe is this? *Hoboyes*
1 Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like ſhadowes, ſo depart.
A ſhew of eight Kings, and Banquo laſt, with a glaſſe in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's ſeare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you ſhew me this?——A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line ſtretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? a ſeauenth? Ile ſee no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glaſſe,
Which ſhewes me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this ſo?
1 I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheere we vp his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a ſound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Muſicke.*
The Witches Dance, and vaniſh.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize,
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Rosse. You must haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.
Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wisedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminitiue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.
Rosse. My deerest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing vpon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-lesse.
Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leaue at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.
Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Euery one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?
Wife. Euery one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men, and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickely haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger*
Wife. Whether should I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs ſeeke out ſome deſolate ſhade, & there
Weepe our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let vs rather
Hold faſt the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new ſorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I beleeue, Ile waile;
What know, beleeue; and what I can redreſſe,
As I ſhall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but ſomething
You may diſcerne of him through me, and wiſedome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I ſhall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace muſt ſtill looke ſo.
Macd. I haue loſt my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawneſſe left you Wife, and Childe?
Thoſe precious Motiues, thoſe ſtrong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealouſies, be your Diſhonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iuſt,
What euer I ſhall thinke.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſſe dare not check thee: wear ỹ thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'ſt,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graſpe,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeake not as in abſolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country ſinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry wayes then euer,
By him that ſhall ſucceede.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will ſeeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Eſteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineleſſe harmes.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euils, to top *Macbeth.*
Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, Falſe, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, ſmacking of euery ſinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuouſneſſe: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Ceſterne of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then ſuch an one to reigne.
Macd. Boundleſſe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeeme cold. The time you may ſo hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure ſo many
As will to Greatneſſe dedicate themſelues,
Finding it ſo inclinde.
Mal With this, there growes
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſſe Auarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Iewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels vniuſt againſt the Good and Loyall,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Auarice
ſtickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath bin
The Sword of our ſlaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyſons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iuſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſſe,
Bounty, Perſeuerance, Mercy, Lowlineſſe,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no relliſh of them, but abound
In the diuiſion of each ſeuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I ſhould
Poure the ſweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuerſall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to gouerne, ſpeake:
I am as I haue ſpoken.
Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natiõ miſerable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome dayes againe?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction ſtands accuſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moſt Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de euery day ſhe liu'd. Fare thee well,

Theſe

These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish *Macbeth*,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
Scarsely haue coueted what was mine owne.
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting foorth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They presently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Euill.
A most myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All swolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly guift of Prophesie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarse ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest griefe?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome giues out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,
Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound
That euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse, Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Malc. Mercifull Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I haue said.

Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I muſt alſo feele it as a man ;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me: Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part ? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all ſtrooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſoules: Heauen reſt them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your ſword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my ſelfe
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape
Heauen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Inſtruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceiue no truth in your report. When was it ſhee laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maieſty went into the Field, I haue ſeene her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vppon her, vnlocke her Cloſſet, take foorth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witneſſe to confirme my ſpeech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.* Lo you, heere ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and vpon my life faſt aſleepe: obſerue her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why it ſtood by her: ſhe ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now? Looke how ſhe rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeeme thus waſhing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a ſpot.

Doct. Heark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet downe what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would haue thought the olde man to haue had ſo much blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you ſhould not.

Gent. She ha's ſpoke what ſhee ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heauen knowes what ſhe ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The hart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue ſuch a heart in my boſome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practiſe: yet I haue knowne thoſe which haue walkt in their ſleep, who haue dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not ſo pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whiſp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needs ſhe the Diuine, then the Phyſitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And ſtill keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde ſhe ha's mated, and amaz'd my ſight,
I thinke, but dare not ſpeake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The Engliſh powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere cauſes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many vnruffe youths, that euen now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies:
Some ſay hee's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

He cannot buckle his diftemper'd caufe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feele
His fecret Murthers fticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Thofe he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loofe about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfifh Theefe.
Ment. Who then fhall blame
His pefter'd Senfes to recoyle, and ftart,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It felfe, for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the fickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.
Lenox. Or fo much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme?*
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Confequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly falfe Thanes,
And mingle with the Englifh Epicures,
The minde I fway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer fagge with doubt, nor fhake with feare.
Enter Seruant.
The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'ft thou that Goofe-looke.
Ser. There is ten thoufand.
Macb. Geefe Villaine?
Ser. Souldiers Sir.
Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, thofe Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counfailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?
Ser. The Englifh Force, fo pleafe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am fick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I fay, this pufh
Will cheere me euer, or dif-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which fhould accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I muft not looke to haue: but in their fteed,
Curfes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?
Enter Seyton.
Sey. What's your gracious pleafure?
Macb. What Newes more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flefh be hackt.
Giue me my Armor.
Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horfes, skirre the Country round,
Hang thofe that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not fo ficke my Lord,
As fhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her reft.
Macb. Cure of that:
Can'ft thou not Minifter to a Minde difeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with fome fweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanfe the ftufft bofome, of that perillous ftuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Muft minifter to himfelfe.
Macb. Throw Phyficke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, fend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come fir, difpatch. If thou could'ft Doctor, caft
The Water of my Land, finde her Difeafe,
And purge it to a found and priftiue Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That fhould applaud againe. Pull't off I fay,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would fcowre thefe Englifh hence: hear'ft y͏ͤ of them?
Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare fomething.
Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forreft come to Dunfinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe fhould hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Cofins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be fafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Syew. What wood is this before vs?
Ment. The wood of Birnane.
Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby fhall we fhadow
The numbers of our Hoaft, and make difcouery
Erre in report of vs.
Sold. It fhall be done.
Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes ftill in Dunfinane, and will indure
Our fetting downe befor't.
Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and leffe haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none ferue with him, but conftrained things,
Whofe hearts are abfent too.
Macd. Let our iuft Cenfures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

Induftrious Souldierfhip.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decifion make vs know
What we fhall fay we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts fpeculatiue, their vnfure hopes relate,
But certaine iffue, ftroakes muft arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ftill, they come: our Caftles ftrength
Will laugh a Siedge to fcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thofe that fhould be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyfe?
A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I haue almoft forgot the tafte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my fences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-fhrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a difmall Treatife rowze, and ftirre
As life were in't. I haue fupt full with horrors,
Direneffe familiar to my flaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ftart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She fhould haue dy'de heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for fuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laft Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yefterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to dufty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ftruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of found and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meffenger.*
Thou com'ft to vfe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mef. Gracious my Lord,
I fhould report that which I fay I faw,
But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, fay fir.

Mef. As I did ftand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.

Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not fo:
Within this three Mile may you fee it comming.
I fay, a mouing Groue.

Macb. If thou fpeak'ft falfe,
Vpon the next Tree fhall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy fpeech be footh,
I care not if thou doft for me as much.
I pull in Refolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunfinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wifh th'eftate o'th'world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaft wee'l dye with Harneffe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And fhew like thofe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Cofin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firft Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elfe remaines to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets fpeak, giue thẽ all breath
Thofe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a ftake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muft fight the courfe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ft thy felfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Y. Sey. The diuell himfelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou lyeft abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou fpeak'ft.
Fight, and young Seyward flaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I fmile at, Weapons laugh to fcorne,
Brandifh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noife is: Tyrant fhew thy face,
If thou beeft flaine, and with no ftroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghofts will haunt me ftill:
I cannot ftrike at wretched Kernes, whofe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or elfe my Sword with an vnbattered edge
I fheath againe vndeeded. There thou fhould'ft be,
By this great clatter, one of greateft note

Seemes

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We haue met with Foes
That strike beside vs.
Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.* *Alarum*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.
Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarum*
Macb. Thou loosest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.
Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd.
Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne.
Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th'Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.
All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

WHo's there?

Fran. Nay anſwer me: Stand & vnfold your ſelfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now ſtrook twelue, get thee to bed *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am ſicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haſt.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honeſt Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.

Mar. Horatio ſaies, 'tis but our Fantaſie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and ſpeake to it.

Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our Story,
What we two Nights haue ſeene.

Hor. Well, ſit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.

Barn. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame Starre that's Weſtward from the Pole
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghoſt.*
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; ſpeake to it *Horatio.*

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*

Hora. Moſt like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be ſpoke too.

Mar. Queſtion it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that vſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maieſty of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee ſpeake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it ſtalkes away.

Hor. Stay: ſpeake; ſpeake: I Charge thee, ſpeake.

Exit the Ghoſt.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this ſomething more then Fantaſie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeue
Without the ſenſible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norwey combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis ſtrange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iuſt at this dead houre,
With Martiall ſtalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groſſe and ſcope of my Opinion,
This boades ſome ſtrange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now ſit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the Land,
And why ſuch dayly Caſt of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why ſuch impreſſe of Ship-wrights, whoſe ſore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At

At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo: Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras:* who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a Liſt of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to ſome Enterprize
That hath a ſtomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And termes Compulſatiue, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his Father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourſe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghoſt againe.

But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or vſe of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) O ſpeake.
Or, if thou haſt vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*

We do it wrong, being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to ſpeake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This preſent Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some ſayes, that euer 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then (they ſay) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruſſet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eaſterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Siſter Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelues.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wiſedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be diſioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to peſter vs with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, ſcarſely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect: and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your haſt commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?

You

You told vs of ſome ſuite. What is't *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeake of Reaſon to the Dane,
And looſe your voyce. What would'ſt thou beg *Laertes,*
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The Hand more Inſtrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes?*
Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your Father's leaue?
What ſayes *Pollonius?*
Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beſeech you giue him leaue to go.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes,* time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet,* and my Sonne?
Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that liues muſt dye,
Paſſing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be;
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cuſtomary ſuites of ſolemne Blacke,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the Viſage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, ſhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet,*
To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for ſome terme
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſeuer
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubborneſſe. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderſtanding ſimple, and vnſchool'd:
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh Oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cried,
From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſſe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.
Qu. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet:*
I prythee ſtay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you Madam.
King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens ſhall bruite againe,
Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*
Manet Hamlet.
Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt Selfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in Nature
Poſſeſſe it meerely. That it ſhould come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: ſo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe,* all teares. Why ſhe, euen ſhe.
(O Heauen! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules.* Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous Teares
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to Inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordſhip.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my ſelfe.
Hor. The ſame my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio?*

Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge?*
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not haue your Enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour?*
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to ſee my Mothers Wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio:* the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer ſeene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I ſaw him once; he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I ſhall not look vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.
Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together, had theſe Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waſt and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe,*
Appeares before them, and with ſollemne march
Goes ſlow and ſtately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppreſt and feare-ſurprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilſt they beſtil'd
Almoſt to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſt away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hun-(dred.
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His Beard was griſly? no.
Hor. It was, as I haue ſeene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd.
Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-(gaine.
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble Fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it, though Hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this ſight;
Let it bee treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoeuer els ſhall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderſtanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; ſo, fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt ſome foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule; foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Siſter, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is aſſiſtant; doe not ſleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet,* and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; ſweet not laſting
The ſuppliance of a minute? No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more:
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ſeruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no ſoyle nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you muſt feare

His

His greatneſſe weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himſelfe is ſubiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued perſons doe,
Carue for himſelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The ſanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumſcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he ſayes he loues you,
It fits your wiſedome ſo farre to beleeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his ſaying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his Songs;
Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſt Treaſure open
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Siſter,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
The charieſt Maid is Prodigall enough,
If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare;
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though none elſe neere.

Ophe. I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilſt like a puft and reckleſſe Libertine
Himſelfe, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for there: my bleſſing with you;
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenſure; but reſerue thy iudgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell: my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your ſeruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*

Polon. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?

Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomthing touching the L. *Hamlet.*

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You ſpeake like a greene Girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous Circumſtance.
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your ſelfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender your ſelfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable faſhion.

Polon. I, faſhion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: theſe blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueſtments ſhow:
But meere implorators of vnholy Sutes,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites ſhrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the (ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What

What does this meane my Lord? (rouſe,
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waſſels and the ſwaggering vpſpring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Reniſh downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horat. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry iſt;
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obſeruance.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blaſts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearſed in death,
Haue burſt their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarſe againe in compleat ſteele,
Reuiſits thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe?

Ghoſt beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſumes ſome other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe thinke of it?
Ham. It wafts me ſtill: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghoſt & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; Ile go no fur-(ther.
Gho. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Gho. My hower is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.
Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-Houſe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blaſon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and bloud; liſt *Hamlet*, oh liſt,
If thou didſt euer thy deare Father loue.
Ham. Oh Heauen!
Gho. Reuenge his foule and moſt vnnaturall Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foule, ſtrange, and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haſt, haſt me to know it,
That with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May ſweepe to my Reuenge.
Ghoſt. I finde thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rots it ſelfe in eaſe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my Propheticke ſoule: mine Vncle?
Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to ſeduce? Won to to this ſhamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whoſe loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whoſe Naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen:
So Luſt, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will ſate it ſelfe in a Celeſtiallbed, & prey on Garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
That youth and obseruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ist't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reueale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once (think it?
But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come frome the
Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
For euery man ha's businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Marcell. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.

Gho. Sweare. *Ghost cries vnder the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.
Sweare by my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & vbique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so (fast?
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you:
Sweare.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curſed ſpight,
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and theſe notes *Reynoldo.*

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You ſhall doe maruels wiſely: good *Reynoldo,*
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well ſaid;
Very well ſaid. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are Companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarelling, drabbiug. You may goe ſo farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would diſhonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A ſauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall aſſault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working: (found,
Marke you your party in conuerſe; him you would
Hauing euer ſeene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence:
Good ſir, or ſo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomthing: where did I leaue?

Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence:
At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman.

Polon. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouſe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſaile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your bait of falſhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wiſedome and of reach
With windleſſes, and with aſſaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.

Reynol. I ſhall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Muſicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia,* what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene ſo affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pitious in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What ſaid he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo pittious and profound,
That it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of Loue,
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelfe,

And

And leads the will to deſperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any paſſion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am ſorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorrie that wi h better ſpeed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beſhrew my iealouſie:
It ſeemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger ſort
To lacke diſcretion. Come, go we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, ẘ being kept cloſe might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Roſincrane, and Guildenſterne Cumalijs.

King. Welcome deere *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne.*
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The neede we haue to vſe you, did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: ſo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him:
And ſince ſo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time: ſo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from Occaſions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the ſupply and profit of our Hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſin. Both your Maieſties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.
Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our ſelues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.
King. Thankes *Roſincrance,* and gentle *Guildenſterne.*
Qu. Thankes *Guildenſterne* and gentle *Roſincrance.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heauens make our preſence and our practiſes
Pleaſant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambaſſadors from Norwey, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt bin the Father of good Newes.
Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, ſo ſure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* Lunacie.
King. Oh ſpeake of that, that I do long to heare.
Pol. Giue firſt admittance to th'Ambaſſadors,
My Newes ſhall be the Newes to that great Feaſt.
King. Thy ſelfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my ſweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and ſourſe of all your Sonnes diſtemper.
Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-haſty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome good Frends:
Say *Voltumand,* what from our Brother Norwey?
Volt. Moſt faire returne of Greetings, and Deſires.
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe, whereat greeued,
That ſo his Sickneſſe, Age, and Impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras,* which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thouſand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiſſion to imploy thoſe Soldiers
So leuied as before, againſt the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further ſhewne,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet downe.
King. It likes vs well:
And at our more conſider'd time wee'l read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this Buſineſſe.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your reſt, at night wee'l Feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. *Exit Ambaſſ.*
Pol. This buſineſſe is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Maieſtie ſhould be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, ſince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediouſneſſe, the limbes and outward flouriſhes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madneſſe,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.
Qu. More matter, with leſſe Art.
Pol. Madam, I ſweare I vſe no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewell it: for I will vſe no Art.

Mad let vs grant him then : and now remaines
That we finde out the caufe of this effect,
Or rather fay, the caufe of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by caufe,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'ft fhe is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and furmife.

The Letter.

To the Celeftiall, and my Soules Idoll, the moft beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phrafe, a vilde Phrafe, beautified is a vilde Phrafe: but you fhall heare thefe in her excellent white bofome, thefe.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam ftay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But neuer Doubt, I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at thefe Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee beft, oh moft Beft beleeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore moft deere Lady, whilft this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter fhew'd me:
And more aboue hath his foliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath fhe receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine proue fo. But what might you think?
When I had feene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I muft tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maieftie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle fight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Miftris) thus I did befpeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This muft not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That fhe fhould locke her felfe from his Refort,
Admit no Meffengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, fhe tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulfed. A fhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneffe, then into a Faft,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneffe,
Thence to a Lightneffe, and by this declenfion
Into the Madneffe whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene fuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue poffitiuely faid, 'tis fo,
When it prou'd otherwife?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwife,
If Circumftances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know fometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At fuch a time Ile loofe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reafon falne thereon;
Let me be no Affiftant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where fadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do befeech you, both away,
Ile boord him prefently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fifhmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were fo honeft a man.

Pol. Honeft, my Lord?

Ham. I fir, to be honeft as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thoufand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiffing Carrion———
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne: Conception is a blefsing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How fay you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at firft; he faid I was a Fifhmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I fuffred much extreamity for loue: very neere this. Ile fpeake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall flaue faies here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I moft powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it not Honeftie to haue it thus fet downe: For you your felfe Sir, fhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneffe,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
How pregnant (fometimes) his Replies are?
A happineffe,
That often Madneffe hits on,
Which Reafon and Sanitie could not
So profperoufly be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And fodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will moft humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Thefe tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to feeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Rofincran and Guildenfterne.

Rofin. God faue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rofin. My moft deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ft thou *Guildenfterne*? Oh, *Rofincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rofin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rofin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wafte, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the fecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moft true: fhe is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rofin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honeft.

Ham. Then is Doomefday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queftion more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deferued at the hands of Fortune, that fhe fends you to Prifon hither?

Guil. Prifon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prifon.

Rofin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worft.

Rofin. We thinke not fo my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it fo: to me it is a prifon.

Rofin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutfhell, and count my felfe a King of infinite fpace; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very fubftance of the Ambitious, is meerely the fhadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it felfe is but a fhadow.

Rofin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of fo ayry and light a quality, that it is but a fhadowes fhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-ftretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: fhall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reafon?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No fuch matter. I will not fort you with the reft of my feruants: for to fpeake to you like an honeft man: I am moft dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendfhip, What make you at *Elfonower*?

Rofin. To vifit you my Lord, no other occafion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and fure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free vifitation? Come, deale iuftly with me: come, come; nay fpeake.

Guil. What fhould we fay my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpofe; you were fent for; and there is a kinde confeffion in your lookes; which your modefties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue fent for you.

Rofin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muft teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowfhip, by the confonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preferued loue, and by what more deare, a better propofer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were fent for or no.

Rofin. What fay you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were fent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; fo fhall my anticipation preuent your difcouery of your fecricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my mirth, forgone all cuftome of exercife; and indeed, it goes fo heauenly with my difpofition; that this goodly frame the Earth, feemes to me a fterrill Promontory; this moft excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiefticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, than a foule and peftilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reafon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expreffe and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehenfion, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteffence of Duft? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your fmiling you feeme to fay fo.

Rofin. My Lord, there was no fuch ftuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I faid, Man delights not me?

Rofin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players fhall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King fhall be welcome; his Maiefty fhall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight fhal vfe his Foyle and Target: the Louer fhall not figh *gratis*, the humorous man fhall end his part in peace: the Clowne fhall make thofe laugh whofe lungs are tickled a'th' fere: and the Lady fhall fay her minde freely; or the blanke Verfe fhall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rofin. Euen thofe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their refidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rofin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the fame eftimation they did when I was in the City? Are they fo follow'd?

Rofin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rufty?

Rofin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yafes, that crye out on the top of queftion; and are moft tyrannically clap't for't: thefe are now the

fafhi-

fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarse come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselues to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no finne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham, Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you. When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome——

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse——

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more, The which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to sticke:

So

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the Heauens, the Racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As huſh as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pauſe,
A ro wſed Vengeance ſets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for Proofe Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee ſay on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee ſleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1.*Play.* But who, O who, had ſeen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1.*Play.* Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortunes State, would Treaſon haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt, ſoone. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players wel beſtow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abſtracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vſe euerie man after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: vſe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leſſe they deſerue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs. *Exit Polon.*

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Doſt thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elſonower*?

Roſin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlaue am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's Aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for paſſion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raſcall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property, and moſt deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croſſe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Noſe? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this is moſt braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scœne,
Bene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will ſpeake
With moſt myraculous Organ. Ile haue theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I haue ſeene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneſſe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſtern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion:
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet

Witl.

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.
Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.
Qu. Did he receiue you well?
Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.
Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me,
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.
Rosin. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia.* Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.
Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.
Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.
Pol. Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The diuell himselfe.
King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!
Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia?* Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.
Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.
Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.
Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poor, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty should admit no discourse to your Beautie.
Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce then your Honestie?
Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse. This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it proofe. I did loue you once.
Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue so.
Ham. You should not haue beleeued me. For vertue cannot so innocculate our old stocke, but we shall rellish of it. I loued you not.
Ophe. I was the more deceiued.
Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such

Fe

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne houſe. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you ſweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doeſt Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farwell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your ſelfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you liſpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneſſe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will haue no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectanſie and Roſe of the faire State,
The glaſſe of Faſhion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all Obſeruers, quite, quite downe.
Haue I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuck'd the Honie of his Muſicke Vowes:
Now ſee that Noble, and moſt Soueraigne Reaſon,
Like ſweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harſh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blaſted with extaſie. Oh woe is me,
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene: ſee what I ſee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madneſſe. There's ſomething in his ſoule?
O're which his Melancholly ſits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus ſet it downe. He ſhall with ſpeed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I beleeue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Opheli*.?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* ſaide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd ſo, pleaſe you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If ſhe finde him not,
To England ſend him: Or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſſe in great Ones, muſt not vnwatch'd go.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ſaw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vſe all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the Whirle-winde of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneſſe. O it offends mee to the Soule, to ſee a robuſtious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paſſion to tatters, to verie ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, & noiſe: I could haue ſuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance: That you ore-ſtop not the modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done, is frō the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to ſhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preſſure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The cenſure of the which One, muſt in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue ſeene Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Norman, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abhominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clownes, ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's Villanous, & ſhewes a moſt pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vſes it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt, *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to haſten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iuſt a man
As ere my Conuerſation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew haſt, but thy good ſpirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why ſhold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Doſt thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Miſtris of my choyſe,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelfe. For thou haſt bene
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe Blood and Iudgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Giue me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scœne of it comes neere the Circumſtance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou ſee'ſt that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obſerue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it ſelfe vnkennell in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we haue ſeene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he ſteale ought the whil'ſt this Play is Playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſterne, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh March. Sound a Flouriſh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Coſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions diſh: I eate the Ayre promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I haue nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th'Vniuerſity, you ſay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill ſo Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Roſin. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, ſhall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what ſhould a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſuite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he muſt builde Churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horſſe, whoſe Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles and makes ſhew of Proteſtation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, and powres poyſon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes comes in againe, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyſoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, ſhe ſeemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Miſcheefe.

Ophe. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counſell, they'l tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'l ſhew him. Bee not you aſham'd to ſhew, hee'l not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeſie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie Times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you: yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muſt:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In

In neither ought, or in extremity :
Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is ſiz'd, my Feare is ſo.

King. Faith I muſt leaue thee Loue, and ſhortly too :
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do :
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband ſhalt thou———

Bap. Oh confound the reſt :
Such Loue, muſt needs be Treaſon in my breſt :
In ſecond Husband, let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The inſtances that ſecond Marriage moue,
Are baſe reſpects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A ſecond time, I kill my Husband dead,
When ſecond Husband kiſſes me in Bed.

King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you ſpeak :
But what we do determine, oft we breake :
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie :
Which now like Fruite vnripe ſtickes on the Tree,
But fall vnſhaken, when they mellow bee.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our ſelues, what to our ſelues is debt :
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne ennactors with themſelues deſtroy :
Where Ioy moſt Reuels, Greefe doth moſt lament ;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange
That euen our Loues ſhould with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elſe Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies :
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall neuer lacke a Frend :
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do ſo contrary run,
That our Deuices ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repoſe locke from me day and night :
Each oppoſite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deſtroy :
Both heere, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould breake it now.

King. 'Tis deepely ſworne :
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come miſchance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play ?

Qu. The Lady proteſts to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but ſhee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poyſon in ieſt, no Offence i'th'world.

King. What do you call the Play ?

Ham. The Mouſe-trap: Marry how ? Tropically : This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna* : *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta* : you ſhall ſee anon : 'tis a knauiſh peece of worke : But what o'that ? Your Maieſtie, and wee that haue free ſoules, it touches vs not : let the gall'd iade winch : our withers are vnrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue : if I could ſee the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Reuenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing :
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe, no Creature ſeeing :
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholſome life, vſurpe immediately.

Powres the poyſon in his eares.

Ham. He poyſons him i'th'Garden for's eſtate : His name's *Gonzago* : the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You ſhall ſee anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord ?

Pol. Giue o're the Play.

King. Giue me ſome Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play :
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleepe ;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forreſt of Feathers, if the reſt of my Fortunes turne Turke with me ; with two Prouinciall Roſes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowſhip in a crie of Players ſir.

Hor. Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou doſt know : Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme diſmantled was of Ioue himſelfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue ?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyſoning ?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Roſincrance and Guildenſterne.

Ham. Oh, ha ? Come ſome Muſick. Come y^e Recorders :
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come ſome Muſicke.

Guild Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guild. The King, ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer, to ſignifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne ſhall bee the end of my Buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwere: my wits diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhal command: or rather you ſay, my Mother: therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you ſay.

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behauior hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her Cloſſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Roſin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe, for your Succeſſion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Prouerbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue mee into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: gouerne theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſicke. Looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would ſeeme to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myſterie; you would ſound mee from my loweſt Note, to the top of my Compaſſe: and there is much Muſicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am eaſier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Clowd? that's almoſt in ſhape like a Camell.

Polon, By'th'Miſſe, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is eaſily ſaid. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it ſelfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero,* enter this firme boſome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake Daggers to her, but vſe none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule conſent.

Enter King, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our ſelues prouide:
Moſt holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feede vpon your Maieſtie.

Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceaſe of Maieſtie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King ſighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will hafte vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloffet:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my felfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant fhee'l tax him home,
And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,
'Tis meete that fome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, fhould o're-heare
The fpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it fmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not.
Though inclination be as fharpe as will:
My ftronger guilt, defeats my ftrong intent,
And like a man to double bufineffe bound,
I ftand in paufe where I fhall firft begin,
And both neglect; what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the fweet Heauens
To wafh it white as Snow? Whereto ferues mercy,
But to confront the vifage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ftalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is paft. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ferue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, fince I am ftill poffeft
Of thofe effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may fhoue by Iuftice,
And oft 'tis feene, the wicked prize it felfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not fo aboue,
There is no fhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our felues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What refts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ftate! Oh bofome, blacke as death!
Oh limed foule, that ftrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make affay:
Bow ftubborne knees, and heart with ftrings of Steele,
Be foft as finewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and fo he goes to Heauen,
And fo am I reueng'd: that would be fcann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this fame Villaine fend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father groffely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as frefh as May,
And how his Audit ftands, who knowes, faue Heauen:
But in our circumftance and courfe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and feafon'd for his paffage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke afleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceftuous pleafure of his bed,
At gaming, fwearing, or about fome acte
That ha's no rellifh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ftayes,
This Phyficke but prolongs thy fickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ftraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath fcree'nd, and ftoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile filence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. *Hamlet,* thou haft thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you anfwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queftion with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet?*

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile fet thofe to you that can fpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not boudge:
You go not till I fet you vp a glaffe,
Where you may fee the inmoft part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am flaine. *Killes Polonius.*

Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rafh, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almoft as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rafh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ft to be too bufie, is fome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for fo I fhall
If it be made of penetrable ftuffe;
If damned Cuftome haue not braz'd it fo,
That it is proofe and bulwarke againft Senfe.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wag thy tong,
In noife fo rude againft me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blufh of Modeftie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rofe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blifter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falfe as Dicers Oathes. Oh fuch a deed,

A

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very foule, and fweete Religion makes
A rapfidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this folidity and compound maffe,
With triftfull vifage as againft the doome,
Is thought-ficke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares fo lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet prefentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was feated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himfelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kiffing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did feeme to fet his Seale,
To giue the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blafting his wholfom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would ftep from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath coufend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blufh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canft mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no fhame,
When the compulfiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Froft it felfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As Reafon panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet*, fpeake no more.
Thou turn'ft mine eyes into my very foule,
And there I fee fuch blacke and grained fpots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke fweat of an enfeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nafty Stye.

Qu. Oh fpeake to me, no more,
Thefe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more fweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth patt the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurfe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a fhelfe, the precious Diadem ftole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghoft.

Ham. A King of fhreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Paffion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh fay.

Ghoft. Do not forget: this Vifitation
Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpofe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother fits;
O ftep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies, ftrongeft workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold difcourfe.
Forth at your eyes, your fpirits wildely peepe,
And as the fleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and ftand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diftemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and caufe conioyn'd, preaching to ftones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pitteous action you conuert
My fterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you fpeake this?

Ham. Do you fee nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our felues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it fteals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileffe Creation extafie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extafie?
My Pulfe as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muficke. It is not madneffe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Teft
And I the matter will re-word: which madneffe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your foule,
That not your trefpaffe, but my madneffe fpeakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'ft ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnfeene. Confeffe your felfe to Heauen,
Repent what's paft, auoyd what is to come,
And do not fpred the Compoft or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatneffe of this purfie times,
Vertue it felfe, of Vice muft pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haft cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Affume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that fhall lend a kinde of eafineffe
To the next abftinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are defirous to be bleft,
Ile bleffing begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it fo,
To punifh me with this, and this with me,
That I muft be their Scourge and Minifter.
I will beftow him, and will anfwer well
The death I gaue him: fo againe, good night.
I muft be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worfe remaines behinde.

Qu. What fhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Moufe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiffes,

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I effentially am not in madneffe,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, fober, wife,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do fo,
No in defpight of Senfe and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houfes top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclufions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou haft faide to me.

Ham. I muft to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis fo concluded on.

Ham. This man fhall fet me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counfellor
Is now moft ftill, moft fecret, and moft graue,
Who was in life, a foolifh prating Knaue.
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in thefe fighes.
Thefe profound heaues
You muft tranflate; Tis fit we vnderftand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I feene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleffe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing fomething ftirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainifh apprehenfion killes
The vnfeene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin fo with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your felfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how fhall this bloody deede be anfwered?
It will be laide to vs, whofe prouidence
Should haue kept fhort, reftrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But fo much was our loue,
We would not vnderftand what was moft fit,
But like the Owner of a foule difeafe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madneffe like fome Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels bafe
Shewes it felfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no fooner fhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will fhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muft with all our Maiefty and Skill
Both countenance, and excufe. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenftern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with fome further ayde:
Hamlet in madneffe hath *Polonius* flaine,
And from his Mother Cloffets hath he drag'd him.
Go feeke him out, fpeake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haft in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wifeft friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My foule is full of difcord and difmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ftowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord *Hamlet.*

Ham. What noife? Who cals on *Hamlet*?
Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildenfterne.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duft, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Rosin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counfell, and not mine owne. Befides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication fhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but fuch Officers do the King beft feruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, firft mouth'd to be laft fwallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but fqueezing you, and Spundge you fhall be dry againe.

Rosin. I vnderftand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauifh fpeech fleepes in a foolifh eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you muft tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt*

Enter King.

King. I haue fent to feeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe:
Yet muft not we put the ftrong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the diftracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis fo, th'Offenders fcourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all fmooth, and euen,
This fodaine fending him away, muft feeme
Deliberate paufe, difeafes defperate growne,
By defperate appliance are releeued,
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*
How now? What hath befalne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleafure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildenfterne*? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenfterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elfe to fat vs, and we fat our felfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable feruice to difhes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What doft thou meane by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a Progreſſe through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius.*

Ham. In heauen, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go vp the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Go ſeeke him there.

Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpecial ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fierie Quickneſſe. Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Aſſociates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherube that ſee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That elſe leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haſt.
And England, if my loue thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soueraigne Proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go ſafely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not ſpeake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would ſhe haue?

Hor. She ſpeakes much of her Father; ſaies ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at Strawes, ſpeakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe ſenſe: Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my ſicke ſoule (as ſinnes true Nature is)
Each toy ſeemes Prologue, to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of Artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
It ſpill's it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia diſtracted.

Ophe, Where is the beauteous Maieſty of Denmark.

Qu. Now now *Ophelia?*

Ophe. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sandal ſhoone.

Qu. Alas ſweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with ſweet flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue ſhowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for ſhame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muſt bee patient, but I cannot chooſe but weepe, to thinke they ſhould lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother ſhall knowe of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight ſweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyſon of deepe greefe, it ſprings
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
When ſorrowes comes, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battaliaes. Firſt, her Father ſlaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire Iudgement.

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beafts.
Laft, and as much containing as all thefe,
Her Brother is in fecret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himfelfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With peftilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in neceffitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing fticke our perfons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me fuperfluous death. *A Noife within.*

Enter a Meffenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyfe is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Mef. Saue your felfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Lift)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious hafte
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cuftome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choofe we? *Laertes* fhall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes fhall be King, *Laertes* King.
Qu. How cheerefully on the falfe Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you falfe Danifh Dogges.

Noife within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
Al. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.
Qu. Calmely good *Laertes.*
Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Baftard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chafte vnfmirched brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the caufe *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes fo Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our perfon:
There's fuch Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treafon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenft? Let him go *Gertrude.*
Speake man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackeft diuell.
Confcience and Grace, to the profoundeft Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I ftand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Moft throughly for my Father.
King. Who fhall ftay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them fo well,
They fhall go farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*:
If you defire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-ftake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loofer.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repaft them with my blood.
King. Why now you fpeake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleffe of your Fathers death,
And am moft fenfible in greefe for it,
It fhall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noife within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noife is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares feuen times falt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madneffe fhall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rofe of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, fweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't poffible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It fends fome precious inftance of it felfe
After the thing it loues.
Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.
Laer. Had'ft thou thy wits, and did'ft perfwade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.
Ophe. You muft fing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the falfe Steward that ftole his mafters daughter.
Laer. This nothings more then matter.
Ophe. There's Rofemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madneffe, thoughts & remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's fome for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you muft weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Dayfie, I would giue you fome Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They fay, he made a good end;
For bonny fweet Robin is all my ioy.
Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paffion, Hell it felfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettineffe.
Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Chriftian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*
Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?
King. Laertes, I muft common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt Friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo:
His meanes of death, his obſcure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Ser. Saylors ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleſſe you Sir.

Hor. Let him bleſſe thee too.

Say. Hee ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadours that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, *When thou ſhalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue theſe Fellowes ſome meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our ſelues too ſlow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the inſtant they got cleare of our Shippe, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much haſt as thou wouldeſt flye death. I haue words to ſpeake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good Fellowes will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrance *and* Guildenſterne *hold their courſe for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlaine,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feates,
So crimefull, and ſo Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp?

King. O for two ſpeciall Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeeme much vnſinnowed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoſt by his lookes: and for my ſelfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo coniunctiue to my life and ſoule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And ſo haue I a Noble Father loſt,
A Siſter driuen into deſperate tearmes,
Who was (if praiſes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your ſleepes for that,
You muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe, ſo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine———

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? What Newes?

Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet.* This to your Maieſty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet?* Who brought them?

Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King. Laertes you ſhall heare them:
Leaue vs. *Exit Meſſenger*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (firſt asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th' Occaſions of my ſodaine, and more ſtrange returne.
Hamlet.

What ſhould this meane? Are all the reſt come backe?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Poſtſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you aduiſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I ſhall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddeſt thou.

Kin. If it be ſo *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo:
How otherwiſe will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If ſo you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame ſhall breath,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they ran well on Horſebacke; but this Gallant
Had

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his Horſe,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beaſt, ſo farre he paſt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes,
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was't?
Kin. A Norman.
Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound.*
Kin. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.
Kin. Hee mad confeſſion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a Maſterly report,
For Art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your Rapier moſt eſpecially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and begge,
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.
Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?
Kin Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To ſhow your ſelfe your Fathers ſonne indeed,
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.
Kin. No place indeed ſhould murder Sanctурize;
Reuenge ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruſe the Foiles? So that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A Sword vnbaited, and in a paſſe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpoſe Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death,
That is but ſcratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
Kin Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape, if this ſhould faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proofe: Soft, let me ſee
Wee'l make a ſolemne wager on you commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; how ſweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they'l follow: your Siſter's drown'd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growes aſlant a Brooke,
That ſhewes his hore leaues in the glaſſie ſtreame:
There with fantaſticke Garlands did ſhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayſies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious ſliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her ſelfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then, is ſhe drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a ſpeech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*
Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is ſhe to bee buried in Chriſtian buriall, that wilfully ſeekes her owne ſaluation?

Other. I tell thee ſhe is, and therefore make her Graue ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnleſſe ſhe drowned her ſelfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clo. It muſt be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee elſe: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall ſhe drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere ſtands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himſele; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himſelfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Queſt Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe———

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pateof a Polititian which this Asse o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.
for and a shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'ene so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likeliehood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingeniousfence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the graue.
Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile

Ile doo't. Doſt thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madneſſe:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd' you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'l put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue ſhall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,
(And praiſe be raſhneſſe for it) let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that ſhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnſeale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio,*
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſon;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuize no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhoud be ſtruck off.

Hor. Iſt poſſible?

Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leyſure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans ſeruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare,
And ſtand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like Aſſis of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſſe,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſodaine death,
Not ſhriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Modell of that Daniſh Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac't it ſafely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was ſement,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſterne* and *Roſincrance,* go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conſcience; their debate
Doth by their owne inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkſt thee, ſtand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iſſue of the buſineſſe there.

Ham. It will be ſhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a man life's no more
Then to ſay one: but I am very ſorry good *Horatio,*
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelfe;
For by the image of my Cauſe, I ſee
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But ſure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Oſricke.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Denmarke.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doſt know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings Meſſe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I ſaw ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leyſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your Bonet to his right vſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thanke your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very ſoultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Oſricke.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Osr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.

Giue

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
Ham. Come on ſir.
Laer. Come on ſir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,
Trumpets ſound, and ſhot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſſe.
King. Our Sonne ſhall win.
Qu. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almoſt 'gainſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. *Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
In ſcuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Oſr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't my Lord?
Oſr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Oſricke*,
I am iuſtly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyſon'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art ſlaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to riſe againe: Thy Mothers poyſon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treaſon, Treaſon.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou inceſtuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
Laer. He is iuſtly ſeru'd.
It is a poyſon temp'red by himſelfe:
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrick'd in his Arreſt) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'ſt, report me and my cauſes right
To the vnſatisfied.
Hor. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet ſome Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things ſtanding thus vnknowne) ſhall liue behind me.
If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and ſhout within.
What warlike noyſe is this?

Enter Oſricke.

Oſr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come frō Poland
To th'Ambaſſadors of England giues rhis warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:
The potent poyſon quite ore-crowes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do propheſie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leſſe,
Which haue ſolicited. The reſt is ſilence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*
Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight ſweet Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and Engliſh Ambaſſador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it ye would ſee;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou ſo many Princes, at a ſhoote,
So bloodily haſt ſtrooke.
Amb. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are ſenſeleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his comma nd'ment is fulfill'd,

That *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead:
Where should we haue our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are ro claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,
Hor. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.
Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are shot off.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Glouceſter, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes ſeeme ſo to vs: But now in the diuiſion of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes moſt, for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; wherevpon ſhe grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere ſhe had a husband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it, being ſo proper.

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, ſome yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came ſomthing ſawcily to the world before he was ſent for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good ſport at his making, and the horſon muſt be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he ſhall againe. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloſter.

Glou. I ſhall, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we ſhal expreſſe our darker purpoſe.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all Cares and Buſineſſe from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger ſtrengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our ſon of *Cornwal*,
And you our no leſſe louing Sonne of *Albany*,
We haue this houre a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſeuerall Dowers, that future ſtrife
May be preuented now. The Princes, *France* & *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And heere are to be anſwer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diueſt vs both of Rule,
Intereſt of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we, our largeſt bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild yͤ matter,
Deerer then eye-ſight, ſpace, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No leſſe then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* ſpeake? Loue, and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With ſhadowie Forreſts, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* iſſues
Be this perpetuall. What ſayes our ſecond Daughter?
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that ſelfe-mettle as my Siſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde ſhe names my very deede of loue:
Onely ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſſe
My ſelfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe profeſſes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highneſſe loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validitie, and pleaſure
Then that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy,
Although our laſt and leaſt; to whoſe yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be intereſt. What can you ſay, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Siſters? ſpeake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeake againe.
Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maieſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſſe.
Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt you may marre your Fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and moſt Honour you.
Why haue my Siſters Husbands, if they ſay
They loue you all? Happily when I ſhall wed,
That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I ſhall neuer marry like my Siſters.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo vntender?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The miſeries of *Heccat* and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,
As thou my ſometime Daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery. Hence and avoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digeſt the third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her:
I doe inueſt you ioyntly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſty. Our ſelfe by Monthly courſe,
With reſeruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we ſhall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennew Execution of the reſt,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.
Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldeſt thou do old man?
Think'ſt thou that dutie ſhall haue dread to ſpeake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainneſſe honour's bound,
When Maieſty falls to folly, reſerue thy ſtate,
And in thy beſt conſideration checke
This hideous raſhneſſe, anſwere my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongeſt Daughter do's not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reuerbe no hollowneſſe.
Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage againſt thine enemies, nere feare to looſe it,
Thy ſafety being motiue.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
Kear. Now by *Apollo*,
Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou ſwear.ſt thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. O Vaſſall! Miſcreant.
Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.
Kent. Kill thy Phyſition, and thy fee beſtow
Vpon the foule diſeaſe, reuoke thy guift,
Or whil'ſt I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou doſt euill.
Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This ſhall not be reuok'd,
Kent. Fare thee well King, ſith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and baniſhment is here;
The Gods to their deere ſhelter take thee Maid,
That iuſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:
And your large ſpeeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe, in a Country new. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Gloſter with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of *Bugundie*,
We firſt addreſſe toward you, who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of Loue?
Bur. Moſt Royall Maieſty,
I craue no more then hath your Highneſſe offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſſe?
Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was deare to vs, we did hold her ſo,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leaue her.

Bur. Par-

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in fuch conditions.
Le. Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make fuch a ftray,
To match you where I hate, therefore befeech you
T'auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is afham'd
Almoft t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moft ftrange,
That fhe whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praife, balme of your age,
The beft, the deereft, fhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing fo monftrous, to difmantle
So many folds of fauour: fure her offence
Muft be of fuch vnnaturall degree,
That monfters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muft be a faith that reafon without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.
Cor. I yet befeech your Maiefty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To fpeake and purpofe not, fince what I will intend,
Ile do't before I fpeake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or fouleneffe,
No vnchafte action or difhonoured ftep
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ftill foliciting eye, and fuch a tongue,
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loft me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou had'ft'
Not beene borne, then not t haue pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardineffe in nature,
Which often leaues the hiftory vnfpoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What fay you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that ftands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?
She is herfelfe a Dowrie.
Bur. RoyallKing,
Giue but that portion which your felfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheffe of *Burgundie*.
Lear. Nothing, I haue fworne, I am firme.
Bur. I am forry then you haue fo loft a Father,
That you muft loofe a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Since that refpect and Fortunes are his loue,
I fhall not be his wife.
Fra. Faireft *Cordelia*, that art moft rich being poore,
Moft choife forfaken, and moft lou'd defpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I feize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caft away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis ftrange, that from their cold'ft neglect
My Loue fhould kindle to enflam'd refpect.
Thy dowreleffe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watrifh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou loofeft here a better where to finde.
Lear. Thou haft her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no fuch Daughter, nor fhall euer fee
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flourifh. Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farwell to your Sifters.
Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with wafh'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sifter am moft loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your profeffed bofomes I commit him,
But yet alas, ftood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Regn. Prefcribe not vs our dutie.
Gon. Let your ftudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience fcanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.
Cor. Time fhall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at laft with fhame derides:
Well may you profper.
Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*
Gon. Sifter, it is not little I haue to fay,
Of what moft neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.
Reg. That's moft certaine, and with you: next moneth
Gon. You fee how full of changes his age is, the obferuation we haue made of it hath beene little; he alwaies lou'd our Sifter moft, and with what poore iudgement he hath now caft her off, appeares too groffely.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but flenderly knowne himfelfe.
Gon. The beft and foundeft of his time hath bin but rafh, then muft we looke from his age, to receiue not alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but therewithall the vnruly way-wardneffe, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.
Reg. Such vnconftant ftarts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* banifhment.
Gon. There is further complement of leaue-taking betweene *France* and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our Father carry authority with fuch difpofition as he beares, this laft furrender of his will but offend vs.
Reg. We fhall further thinke of it.
Gon. We muft do fomething, and i'th'heate. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baftard.

Baft. Thou Nature art my Goddeffe, to thy Law
My feruices are bound, wherefore fhould I
Stand in the plague of cuftome, and permit
The curiofity of Nations, to depriue me?
For that I am fome twelue, or fourteene Moonfhines
Lag of a Brother? Why Baftard? Wherefore bafe?
When my Dimenfions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my fhape as true
As honeft Madams iffue? Why brand they vs
With Bafe? With bafenes Barftadie? Bafe, Bafe?
Who in the luftie ftealth of Nature, take
More compofition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull ftale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tweene a fleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muft haue your land,
Our Farhers loue, is to the Baftard *Edmond*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter ſpeed,
And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the baſe
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I proſper:
Now Gods, ſtand vp for Baſtards.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Glou. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp ẏ Letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not ſuch neede to hide it ſelfe. Let's ſee: come, if it bee nothing, I ſhall not neede Spectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for ſo much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glou. Giue me the Letter, Sir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderſtand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my Brothers iuſtification, hee wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldneſſe cannot relliſh them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwayes not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more. If our Father would ſleepe till I wak'd him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother. Edgar.
Hum? Conſpiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Caſement of my Cloſſet.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his: but in reſpect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Baſt. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he neuer before ſounded you in this buſines?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father ſhould bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, deteſted, brutiſh Villaine; worſe then brutiſh: Go ſirrah, ſeeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know my L. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my Brother, til you can deriue from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhold run a certaine courſe: where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and ſhake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular aſſurance haue your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot bee ſuch a Monſter. *Edmond* ſeeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Buſineſſe after your owne wiſedome. I would vnſtate my ſelfe, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeeke him Sir, preſently: conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs: though the wiſedome of Nature can reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Loue cooles, friendſhip falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord; in Pallaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son againſt Father, the King fals from byas of Nature, there's Father againſt Childe. We haue ſeene the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſſe, treacherie, and all ruinous diſorders follow vs diſquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villain *Edmond*, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-harted Kent baniſh'd; his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. *Exit*

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in fortune, often the ſurfets of our own behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on. An admirable euaſion of Whore-maſter-man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Starre, My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrſa Maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I ſhould haue bin that I am, had the maidenleſt Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a ſighe like *Tom* o'Bedlam.——O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diuiſions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelfe with that?

Baſt. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of, ſucceede vnhappily.
When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good termes? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Baſt. Bethink your ſelfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbeare his preſence, vntill ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchiefe

chiefe of your perſon, it would ſcarſely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you haue a continent forbearance till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord ſpeake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do ſtirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduiſe you to the beſt, I am no honeſt man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told you what I haue ſeene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit.*

Edm. I do ſerue you in this buſineſſe:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none: on whoſe fooliſh honeſtie
My practiſes ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſſe.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flaſhes into one groſſe crime, or other,
That ſets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelfe vpbraides vs
On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it Ile anſwer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to queſtion;
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my Siſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue ſaid.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you: what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, Ile write ſtraight to my Siſter to hold my courſe; prepare for dinner. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent
May carry through it ſelfe to that full iſſue
For which I raiz'd my likeneſſe. Now baniſht *Kent*,
If thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Maſter whom thou lou'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? What would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I do profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme; to ſerue him truely that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe and ſaies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chooſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'ſt as poore for a ſubiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldſt thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young Sir to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerue me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So pleaſe you——— *Exit.*

Lear. What ſaies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He ſaies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement your Highneſſe is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindneſſe appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saiſt thou ſo?

Knigh. I beſeech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I thinke your Highneſſe wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of mine owne Conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curioſitie, then as a very pretence and purpoſe of vnkindneſſe; I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I have not ſeene him this two daies.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir.

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would ſpeake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whorſon dog, you ſlaue, you curre.

Ste. I am none of theſe my Lord,
I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Raſcall?

Ste. Ile not be ſtrucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.
Thou ſeru'ſt me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir, ariſe, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wiſedome, ſo.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earneſt of thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doſt thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were beſt take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch colde ſhortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's baniſh'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my ſelfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog muſt to kennell, hee muſt bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by'th'fire and ſtinke.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Haue more then thou ſhoweſt,
Speake leſſe then thou knoweſt,
Lend leſſe then thou oweſt,
Ride more then thou goeſt,
Learne more then thou troweſt,
Set leſſe then thou throweſt;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou ſhalt haue more,
Then two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vſe of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'ſt thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a ſweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clouest thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'ſt away both parts, thou boar'ſt thine Aſſe on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'ſt thy golden one away; if I ſpeake like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt findes it ſo.
Fooles had nere leſſe grace in a yeere,
For wiſemen are growne foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Le. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs ſirrah?

Foole. I haue vſed it Nunckle, ere ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt downe thine owne breeches, then they
For ſodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaſter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie ſirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor cruſt, not crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheal'd Peſcod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull
By what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholeſome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make vſe of your good wiſedome
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

Foole. May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes the Horse?
Whoop Iugge, I loue thee.
Lear. Do's any heere know me?
This is not *Lear*:
Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Foole. *Lears* shadow.
Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'sauour
Of other your new prankes. I do beseech you
To vnderstand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame itselfe doth speake
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begges,
A little to disquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your Age,
Which know themselues, and you.
Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.
Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet haue I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable, make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.
Alb. Pray Sir be patient.
Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.
My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the most exact regard, support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear*!
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.
Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you.
Lear. It may be so, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe conuey sterrility,
Drie vp in her the Organs of increase,
And from her derogate body, neuer spring
A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.
Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thanklesse Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*
Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?
Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:
But let his disposition haue that scope
As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blastes and Fogges vpon thee:
Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curse
Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I haue another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt finde,
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke
I haue cast off for euer. *Exit*
Gon. Do you marke that?
Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Gonerill*,
To the great loue I beare you.
Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald*, hoa?
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.
Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a Daughter,
Should sure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole followes after. *Exit*
Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our liues in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.
Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.
Gon. Safer then trust too farre;
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I haue shew'd th'vnfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald*?
What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?
Stew. I Madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And haften your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleneffe, and courfe of yours
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon
You are much more at task for want of wifedome,
Then prai'sd for harmefull mildneffe.
Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.
Gon. Nay then———
Alb. Well, well, the'uent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Glofter* with thefe Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not fpeedy, I fhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not fleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit fhall not go flip-fhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt fee thy other Daughter will vfe thee kindly, for though fhe's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ft tell Boy?

Foole. She will tafte as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canft tell why ones nofe ftands i'th'middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either fide's nofe, that what a man cannot fmell out, he may fpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can'ft tell how an Oyfter makes his fhell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a houfe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his daughters, and leaue his hornes without a cafe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, fo kind a Father? Be my Horffes ready?

Foole. Thy Affes are gone about 'em; the reafon why the feuen Starres are no mo then feuen, is a pretty reafon.

Lear. Becaufe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'ft make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monfter Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou fhouldft not haue bin old, till thou hadft bin wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad fweet Heauen: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horfes ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnleffe things be cut fhorter.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Baftard, and Curan, feuerally.

Baft. Saue thee *Curan.*
Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Ducheffe
Will be here with him this night.
Baft. How comes that?
Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whifper'd ones, for they are yet but eare-kiffing arguments.
Baft. Not I: pray you what are they?
Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?
Baft. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*
Baft. The Duke be here to night? The better beft,
This weaues it felfe perforce into my bufineffe,
My Father hath fet guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie queftion
Which I muft act, Briefeneffe, and Fortune worke.
Enter Edgar.
Brother, a word, difcend; Brother I fay,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not fpoken 'ginft the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' hafte,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing faid
Vpon his partie 'gainft the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduife your felfe.
Edg. I am fure on't, not a word.
Baft. I heare my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I muft draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, feeme to defend your felfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, fo farewell.
Exit Edgar.
Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue feene drunkards
Do more then this in fport; Father, Father,
Stop, ftop, no helpe?

Enter Glofter, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?
Baft. Here ftood he in the dark, his fharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To ftand aufpicious Miftris.
Glo. But where is he?
Baft. Looke Sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?
Baft. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.
Glo. Purfue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?
Baft. Perfwade me to the murther of your Lordfhip,
But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainſt Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his vnnaturall purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made,
Full ſodainely he fled.

Gloſt. Let him fly farre:
Not in this Land ſhall he remaine vncaught
And found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceales him death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou thinke,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſall
Of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what ſhould I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didſt produce
My very Character) I'ld turne it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practiſe:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall ſpirits
To make thee ſeeke it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard ſtrangeneſſe.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender; how doſt my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godſonne ſeeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar?*

Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was of that conſort.

Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th'expence and waſt of his Reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my Siſter
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe,
Ile not be there.

Cor. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*;
Edmund, I heare that you haue ſhewne yout Father
A Child-like Office.

Baſt. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practiſe, and receiu'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he purſued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: for you *Edmund*,
Whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall be ours,
Nature's of ſuch deepe truſt, we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you Sir truely, how euer elſe.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occaſions Noble *Gloſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe.
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences, which I beſt though it fit
To anſwere from our home: the ſeuerall Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow
Your needfull counſaile to our buſineſſes,
Which craues the inſtant vſe.

Glo. I ſerue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, aad Steward ſeuerally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this houſe?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th'myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Ste. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Ste. Why do'ſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Ste. What do'ſt thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three-ſuited-hundred pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, action-taking, whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuper-ſeruiceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt be a Baud in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two dayes ſince I tript vp thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for

for though it be night, yet the Moone ſhines, Ile make a ſop oth' Moonſhine of you, you whoreſon Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Raſcall, you come with Letters againſt the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, againſt the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile ſo carbonado your ſhanks, draw you Raſcall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue: ſtand rogue, ſtand you neat ſlaue, ſtrike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Baſtard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloſter, Seruants.

Baſt. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you pleaſe, come, Ile fleſh ye, come on yong Maſter.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that ſtrikes againe, what is the matter?

Reg. The Meſſengers from our Siſter, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly Raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not haue made him ſo ill, though they had bin but two yeares oth'trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whoſe life I haue ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreſon Zed, thou vnneceſſary letter: my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the wall of a Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace ſirrah,
You beaſtly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare a Sword,
Who weares no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which are t'intrince, t'vnlooſe: ſmooth euery paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, ſnow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With euery gall, and varry of their Maſters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epilepticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a Foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'ld driue ye cackling home to *Camelot.*

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and ſuch a knaue.

Corn. Why do'ſt thou call him Knaue?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Then ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me, at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome Fellow,
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntneſſe, doth affect
A ſaucy roughnes, and conſtraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honeſt mind and plaine, he muſt ſpeake truth,
And they will take it ſo, if not, hee's plaine.
Theſe kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainneſſe
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty ſilly-ducking obſeruants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Vnder th'allowance of your great aſpect,
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
On flicking *Phœbus* front.

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gaue him?

Ste. I neuer gaue him any:
It pleas'd the King his Maſter very late
To ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he compact, and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind: being downe, inſulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting, who was ſelfe-ſubdued,
And in the fleſhment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of theſe Rogues, and Cowards
But *Aiax* is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You ſtubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ſerue the King.
On whoſe imployment I was ſent to you,
You ſhall doe ſmall reſpects, ſhow too bold malice
Againſt the Grace, and Perſon of my Maſter,
Stocking his Meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there ſhall he ſit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You ſhould not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the ſelfe ſame colour,
Our Siſter ſpeakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace, not to do ſo,
The King his Maſter, needs muſt take it ill
That he ſo ſlightly valued in his Meſſenger,
Should haue him thus reſtrained.

Cor. Ile anſwere that.

Reg. My Siſter may recieue it much more worſſe,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted.

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am ſorry for thee Friend, 'tis the Duke pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor ſtopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Giue

Giue you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's too blamein this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'ſt
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruſe this Letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles
But miſerie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia,*
Who hath moſt fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. And ſhall finde time
From this enormous State, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies .All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold
This ſhamefnll lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may ſcape
I will preſerue myſelfe: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt, and moſt pooreſt ſhape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elfe all my haires in knots,
And with preſented nakedneſſe out-face
The Windes, and perſecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me proofe, and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Roſemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, ſometime with Praiers
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lea. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend backe my Meſſengers.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remoue.
Kent. Haile to thee Noble Maſter.
Lear. Ha? Mak'ſt thou this ſhame ahy paſtime?
Kent. No my Lord.
Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horſes are tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th'necke, Monkies by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man ouerluſtie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-ſtocks.
Lear. What's he,
That hath ſo much thy place miſtooke
To ſet thee heere?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your Son, and Daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I ſay.
Kent. I ſay yea.
Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no.
Kent. By *Iuno*, I ſweare I.
Lear. They durſt not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worſe then murther,
To do vpon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerue, or they impoſe this vſage,
Comming from vs.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſſe Letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poſte,
Stew'd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, painting forth
From *Gonerill* his Miſtris, ſalutations;
Deliuer'd Letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on thoſe contents
They ſummon'd vp their meiney, ſtraight tooke Horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiu'd had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſſe,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the houſe, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this treſpaſſe worth
The ſhame which heere it ſuffers.
Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geeſe fly that way,
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, ſhall ſee their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou ſhalt haue as many Dolors for thy Daughters, as thou canſt tell in a yeare.
Lear. Oh how this Mother ſwels vp toward my heart!
Hiſtorica paſſio, downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy Elements below, where is this Daughter?
Kent. Wirh the Earle Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not, ſtay here. *Exit.*
Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you ſpeake of?
Kent. None:
How chance the the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?
Foole. And thou hadſt beene ſet i'th'Stockes for that queſtion, thoud'ſt well deſeru'd it.
Kent. Why Foole?
Foole. Wee'l ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking; let go thy hold, when a greatwheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes vpward, let him drawthee after: when a wiſeman giues thee better counſell giue me mine againe, I would hauſe none but knaues follow it, ſince a Foole giues it.
That Sir, which ſerues and ſeekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the ſtorme,
But I will tarry, the Foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſeman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloſter:

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?
Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Lear. Deny to ſpeake with me?
They are ſicke, they are weary,
They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better anſwer.
Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne courſe.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confuſion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'ld ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'ſt thou vnderſtand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeake, commands, tends, ſer-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (uice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ———
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our ſelues,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body; Ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate: wherefore
Should he ſit heere? This act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practiſe only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd ſpeake with them:
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie ſleepe to death.
Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear. Oh me my heart! My riſing heart! But downe.
Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when ſhe put 'em i'th' Paſte aliue, ſhe knapt 'em o'th'coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his Horſe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, Gloſter, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.
Lear. *Regan*, I thinke your are. I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultreſſe. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Siſters naught: oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou'lt not beleeue
With how deprau'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſcant her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Siſter in the leaſt
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue reſtrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcernes your ſtate
Better then you your ſelfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.
Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe?
Do you but marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deere daughter, I confeſſe that I am old;
Age is vnneceſſary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: theſe are vnſightly trickes:
Returne you to my Siſter.
Lear. Neuer *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, ſtrooke me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: ſtrike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lameneſſe.
Corn. Fye ſir, fie.
Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall, and bliſter.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh moode is on.
Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not giue
Thee o're to harſhneſſe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpoſe. *Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stockes?
Enter Steward.
Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my Siſters: this approues her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What meanes your Grace?
Enter Gonerill.
Lear. Who ſtockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'ſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience; if you your ſelues are old,
Make it your cauſe: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by'th'hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage termes ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th'Stockes?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his owne Diſorders
Deſeru'd

Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and soiourne with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainement.

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerlesse tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter
To this detested groome.

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she cals Seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But kept a reseruation to be followed
With such a number? What, must I come to you
With fiue and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her Loue.

Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Haue a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggers
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall——I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,

Storme and Tempest.

But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad. *Exeunt.*

Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man an'ds people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glo. He cals to Horse, but will I know not whether.

Corn. 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.

Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselues procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abus'd, wisedome bids feare.

Cor. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth'storme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, seuerally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or ſwell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or ceaſe.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart-ſtrooke iniuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuiſion
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and ſet high; Seruants, who ſeeme no leſſe,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin ſeene,
Either in ſnuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Againſt the old kinde King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof (perchance) theſe are but furniſhings.
Gent. I will talke further with you.
Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purſe, and take
What it containes. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you ſhall) ſhew her this Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go ſeeke the King.
Gent. Giue me your hand,
Haue you no more to ſay?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storme ſtill. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's ſpout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-ſhaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines ſpill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.
Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry houſe, is better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, in, aske thy Daughters bleſſing, heere's a night pitties neither Wiſemen, nor Fooles.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full: ſpit Fire, ſpowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindneſſe.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Heere I ſtand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and diſpis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainſt a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.
Foole. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any;
The Head, and he ſhall Lowſe: ſo Beggers marry many.
The man y^t makes his Toe, what he his Hart ſhold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but ſhee made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.
Kent. Who's there?
Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiſeman, and a Foole.
Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not ſuch nights as theſe: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of Fire, ſuch burſts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.
Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee vndivulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iuſtice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Inceſtuous. Caytiffe, to peeces ſhake
That vnder couert, and conuenient ſeeming
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Cloſe pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, then ſinning.
Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the Tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe,
(More harder then the ſtones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their ſcanted curteſie.
Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How doſt my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe. Where is this ſtraw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Neceſſities is ſtrange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.
Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Muſt make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.
Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*
Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile ſpeake a Propheſie ere I go:
When Prieſts are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When euery Caſe in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When Vſurers tell their Gold i'th'Field,

And

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who liues to see't,
That going shalbe vs'd with feet. (time.
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his
Exit.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall dealing; when I desired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision betweene the Dukes, and a worsse matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these iniuries the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me
That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,
The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme still*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
Inuades vs to the skin so: 'tis to thee, (storme
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind, free,
Doth from my sences take all feeling else,
Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,
To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie, *Exit.*
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittilesse storme,
How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these? O I haue tane
Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heauens more iust.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom.*

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe me, helpe me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th' straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the sharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Kniues vnder his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure incht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor. Blisse thy fiue Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and taking, do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there ag ai ne, and there. *Storme still.*

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe? Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he reseru'd a Blanket, else we had bin all sham'd.

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd
To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
Those Pelicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'foule Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not,

with mans ſworne Spouſe; ſet not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou bin?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; ſeru'd the Luſt of my Miſtris heart, and did the acte of darkneſſe with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I ſpake words, & broke them in the ſweet face of Heauen. One, that ſlept in the contriuing of Luſt, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. Falſe of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in ſloth, Foxe in ſtealth, Wolfe in greedineſſe, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhooes, Nor the ruſtling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seſey*: let him trot by. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to anſwere with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the Worme no Silke; the Beaſt, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more, but ſuch a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

Enter Glouceſter, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to ſwimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at firſt Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you ſeeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the ſwimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; ſwallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the ſtanding Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and ſtockt, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his body:

Horſe to ride, and weapon to weare:
But Mice, and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Deare,
Haue bin Toms food, for ſeuen long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkeneſſe is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glou. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is growne ſo vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come ſeeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher,
What is the cauſe of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this ſame lerned Theban:
What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'vnſettle.

Glou. Canſt thou blame him? *Storm ſtill*
His Daughters ſeeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He ſaid it would be thus: poore baniſh'd man:
Thou ſayeſt the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almoſt mad my ſelfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he ſought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beſeech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Houel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keepe ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Childe *Rowland* to the darke Tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fumme,
I ſmell the blood of a Brittiſh man. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord, I may be cenſured, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, ſomething feares mee to thinke of.

Cornw. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death: but a prouoking merit ſet a-worke by a reprouable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be iuſt? This is the Letter which hee ſpoake of; which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of France. O Heauens! that this Treaſon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand,

Corn.

Corn. True or falfe, it hath made thee Ea rle of Gloucefter: feeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehenfion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ftuffe his fufpition more fully. I will perfeuer in my courfe of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truft vpon thee: and thou fhalt finde a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Glouceſter.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindneffe.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fraterretto cals me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneffe: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that fees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thoufand with red burning fpits
Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Bleffe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now
That you fo oft haue boafted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part fo much,
They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: fee, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you
Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:
Tooth that poyfons if it bite:
Maftiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,
Tom will make him weepe and waile,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: fefe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any caufe in Nature that make thefe hard-hearts. You fir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fafhion of your garments. You will fay they are Perfian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and reft awhile.

Lear. Make no noife, make no noife, draw the Curtaines: fo, fo, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:
Where is the King my Mafter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And driue toward Douer friend, where thou fhalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Mafter,
If thou fhould'ft dally halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in affured loffe. Take vp, take vp,
And follow me, that will to fome prouifion
Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baſtard, and Seruants.

Corn. Pofte fpeedily to my Lord your husband, fhew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: feeke out the Traitor Gloufter.

Reg. Hang him inftantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my difpleafure. *Edmond*, keepe you our Sifter company: the reuenges wee are bound to take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a moft feftiuate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poftes fhall be fwift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Sifter, farewell my Lord of Gloufter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Gloufter hath conuey'd him hence
Some fiue or fix and thirty of his Knights
Hot Queftrifts after him, met him at gate,
Who, with fome other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boaft
To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horfes for your Miftris.

Gon. Farewell fweet Lord, and Sifter. *Exit*

Corn. Edmund farewell: go feek the Traitor Glofter,
Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:
Though well we may not paffe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iuftice: yet our power
Shall do a curt'fie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Glouceſter, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde faft his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces?
Good my Friends confider you are my Ghefts
Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I fay.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,
Villaine, thou fhalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis moft ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and fuch a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,
Thefe haires which thou doft rauifh from my chin
Will quicken and accufe thee. I am your Hoft,
With Robbers hands, my hofpitable fauours

You

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whose hands
You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.
Glou. I haue a Letter guessingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?
Glou. To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.
Glou. I am tyed to'th'Stake,
And I must stand the Course.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Annointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.
Corn. See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y^e^ Chaire,
Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.
Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
Giue me some helpe.——O cruell! O you Gods.
Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance.
Seru. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:
But better seruice haue I neuer done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'ld shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?
Corn. My Villaine?
Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?
Killes him.
Ser. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left
To see some mischefe on him. Oh.
Corn. Lest it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luster now?
Glou. All darke and comfortlesse?
Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treasons to vs:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glou. O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and prosper him.
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Douer. *Exit with Glouster.*
How is't my Lord? How looke you?
Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most deiected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.
Enter Glouster, and an Oldman.
But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.
Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.
Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.
Oldm. You cannot see your way.
Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,
I'ld say I had eyes againe.
Oldm. How now? who's there?
Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was.
Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.
Oldm. Fellow, where goest?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?
Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarse Friends with him.
I haue heard more since:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.
Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?
Oldm. I, my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away: If for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.
Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleafure:
Aboue the reft, be gone.
Oldm. Ile bring him the beft Parrell that I haue
Come on't, what will. *Exit*
Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glou. Come hither fellow.
Edg. And yet I muft:
Bleffe thy fweete eyes, they bleede.
Glou. Know'ft thou the way to Douer?
Edg. Both ftyle, and gate; Horfeway, and foot-path: poore Tom hath bin fcarr'd out of his good wits. Bleffe thee good mans fonne, from the foule Fiend.
Glou. Here take this purfe ỳ whom the heau'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all ftrokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale fo ftill:
Let the fuperfluous, and Luft-dieted man,
That flaues your ordinance, that will not fee
Becaufe he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:
So diftribution fhould vndoo exceffe,
And each man haue enough. Doft thou know Douer?
Edg. I Mafter.
Glou. There is a Cliffe, whofe high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the mifery thou do'ft beare
With fomething rich about me: from that place,
I fhall no leading neede.
Edg. Giue me thy arme;
Poore Tom fhall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Baftard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Mafter?
Stew. Madam within, but neuer man fo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He fmil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His anfwer was, the worfe. Of Glofters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong fide out:
What moft he fhould diflike, feemes pleafant to him;
What like, offenfiue.
Gon. Then fhall you go no further.
It is the Cowifh terror of his fpirit
That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an anfwer: our wifhes on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Haften his Mufters, and conduct his powres.
I muft change names at home, and giue the Diftaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This truftie Seruant
Shall paffe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Miftreffes command. Weare this; fpare fpeech,
Decline your head. This kiffe, if it durft fpeake
Would ftretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.
Baft. Yours in the rankes of death. *Exit.*
Gon. My moft deere Glofter.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans feruices are due,
My Foole vfurpes my body.
Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I haue beene worth the whiftle.
Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the duft which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.
Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'ft a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haft not in thy browes an eye-difcerning
Thine Honor, from thy fuffering.
Alb. See thy felfe diuell:
Proper deformitie feemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloufter.
Alb. Gloufters eyes.
Mef. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorfe,
Oppos'd againft the act: bending his Sword
To his great Mafter, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'ft them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull ftroke, which fince
Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This fhewes you are aboue
You Iuftices, that thefe our neather crimes
So fpeedily can venge. But (O poore Gloufter)
Loft he his other eye?
Mef. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craues a fpeedy anfwer:
'Tis from your Sifter.
Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widdow, and my Gloufter with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not fo tart. Ile read, and anfwer.
Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?
Mef. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He is not heere.
Mef. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneffe?
Mef. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd againft him
And quit the houfe on purpofe, that their punifhment
Might haue the freer courfe.
Alb. Gloufter, I liue
To thanke thee for the loue thou fhew'dft the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ft. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now
As mad as the vext Sea, finging alowd,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,

Darnell

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corne. A Centery ſend forth;
Search euery Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wiſedome
In the reſtoring his bereaued Senſe; he that helpes him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foſter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of Anguiſh.

Cord. All bleſt Secrets,
All you vnpubliſh'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans deſires: ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouern'd rage, diſſolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes Madam,
The Brittiſh Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about: Therfore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and ſee him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres ſet forth?

Stew. I Madam,

Reg. Himſelfe in perſon there?

Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Siſter is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Siſters Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poaſted hence on ſerious matter:
It was great ignorance, Glouſters eyes being out
To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues
All hearts againſt vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone
In pitty of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreouer to deſcry
The ſtrength o'th'Enemy.

Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troopes ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this buſines.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*?
Might not you tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me vnſeale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather———

Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gaue ſtrange Eliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her boſome.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do aduiſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmond*, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Glouceſter, and Edgar.

Glou. When ſhall I come to th'top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.

Glou. Me thinkes the ground is euen.

Edg. Horrible ſteepe.
Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Glou. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.

Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter then thou did'ſt.

Edg. Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glou. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: ſtand ſtill: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to caſt ones eyes ſo low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head.
The Fiſhermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminiſh'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. Ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and, the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.

Glou Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.

Glou. Let go my hand:
Heere Friend's another purſe: in it, a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppofeleffe willes,
My fnuffe, and loathed part of Nature fhould
Burne it felfe out. If *Edgar* liue, O bleffe him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treafury of life, when life it felfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin paft. Aliue, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, fpeake:
Thus might he paffe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had'ft thou beene ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dft fhiuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'ft breath:
Haft heauy fubftance, bleed'ft not, fpeak'ft, art found,
Ten Mafts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haft perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

Glou. But haue I falne, or no?

Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the fhrill-gorg'd Larke fo farre
Cannot be feene, or heard: Do but looke vp.

Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchedneffe depriu'd that benefit
To end it felfe by death? 'Twas yet fome comfort,
When mifery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And fruftrate his proud will.

Edg. Giue me your arme.
Vp, fo: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You ftand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is aboue all ftrangeneffe,
Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I ftood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thoufand Nofes,
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was fome Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleereft Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impoffibilities, haue preferued thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it felfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you fpeake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould fay
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere?
The fafer fenfe will ne're accommodate
His Mafter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himfelfe.

Edg. O thou fide-piercing fight!

Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that refpect. Ther's your Preffe-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Moufe: peace, peace, this peece of toafted Cheefe will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th' clout, i'th'clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Mariorum.

Lear. Paffe.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To fay I, and no, to euery thing that I faid: I, and no too, was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I fmelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofe.

Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. I, euery inch a King.
When I do ftare, fee how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy caufe?
Adultery? thou fhalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the fmall gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my fight. Let Copulation thriue:
For Gloufters baftard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawfull fheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond fimpring Dame, whofe face betweene her Forkes prefages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's fhake the head to heare of pleafures name. The Fitchew, nor the foyled Horfe goes too't with a more riotous appetite: Downe from the wafte they are Centaures, though Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkenes, there is the fulphurous pit; burning, fcalding, ftench, confumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce of Ciuet; good Apothecary fweeten my immagination: There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kiffe that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firft,
It fmelles of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall fo weare out to naught.
Do'ft thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doft thou fquiny at me? No, doe thy worft blinde Cupid, Ile not loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not fee.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Cafe of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your head, nor no mony in your purfe? Your eyes are in a heauy cafe, your purfe in a light, yet you fee how this world goes.

Glou. I fee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may fee how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how yond Iuftice railes vpon yond fimple theefe. Hearke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Iuftice, which is the theefe: Thou haft feene a Farmers dogge barke at a Beggar?

Glou. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'ft behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Rafcall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why doft thou lafh that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly lufts to vfe her in that kind, for which thou whip'ft her. The Vfurer hangs the Cozener. Tho rough

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and the ftrong Lance of Iuftice, hurtleffe breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies ftraw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I fay none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to feale th'accufers lips. Get thee glaffe-eyes, and like a fcuruy Politician, feeme to fee the things thou doft not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, fo.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reafon in Madneffe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloufter:
Thou muft be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ft, the firft time that we fmell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great ftage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate ftratagem, to fhoo
A Troope of Horfe with Felt: Ile put't in proofe,
And when I haue ftolne vpon thefe Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.
Your moft deere Daughter———

Lear. No refcue? What, a Prifoner? I am euen
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vfe me well,
You fhall haue ranfome. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to'th'Braines.

Gent. You fhall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my felfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To vfe his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely,
Like a fmugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Iouiall:
Come, come, I am a King, Mafters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You fhall get it by running: Sa, fa, fa, fa. *Exit.*

Gent. A fight moft pittifull in the meaneft wretch,
Paft fpeaking of in a King. Thou haft a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curfe
Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, fpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Moft fure, and vulgar:
Euery one heares that, which can diftinguifh found.

Edg. But by your fauour:
How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on fpeedy foot: the maine defcry
Stands on the hourely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on fpecial caufe is here
Her army is mou'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worfer Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you pleafe.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good fir, what are you?

Edg. A moft poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling forrowes,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand,
Ile leade you to fome biding.

Glou. Heartie thankes:
The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moft happie
That eyeleffe head of thine, was firft fram'd flefh
To raife my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy felfe remember: the Sword is out
That muft deftroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ftrength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar'ft thou fupport a publifh'd Traitor? Hence,
Leaft that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'cafion.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'ft.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke paffe: and 'chud ha'bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha'bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Coftard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou haft flaine me: Villain, take my purfe;
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,
And giue the Letters which thou find'ft about me,
To *Edmund* Earle of Gloufter: feeke him out
Vpon the Englifh party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A feruiceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Miftris,
As badneffe would defire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: reft you.
Let's fee thefe Pockets; the Letters that he fpeakes of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely forry
He had no other Deathfman. Let vs fee:
Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

LET *our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue manie opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prifoner, and his bed, my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and fupply the place for your Labour.*

Your (Wife, fo I would fay) affectionate Seruant. Gonerill.

Oh indinguifh'd fpace of Womans will,
A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the fands
Thee Ile rake vp, the pofte vnfanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper ftrike the fight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and bufineffe, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How ftiffe is my vilde fenfe
That I ftand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were diftract,
So fhould my thoughts be feuer'd from my greefes,

Drum afarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loofe

The

The knowledge of themfelues.
Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile beftow you with a Friend. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How fhall I liue and worke
To match thy goodneffe?
My life will be too fhort,
And euery meafure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
All my reports go with the modeft truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but fo.
Cor. Be better fuited,
Thefe weedes are memories of thofe worfer houres:
I prythee put them off.
Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne fhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.
Cor. Then be't fo my good Lord:
How do's the King?
Gent. Madam fleepes ftill.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abufed Nature,
Th'vntun'd and iarring fenfes, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.
Gent. So pleafe your Maiefty,
That we may wake the King, he hath flept long?
Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'fway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heauineffe of fleepe,
We put frefh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.
Cor. O my deere Father, reftauratian hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kiffe
Repaire thofe violent harmes, that my two Sifters
Haue in thy Reuerence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princeffe.
Cor. Had you not bin their Father, thefe white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd againft the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue ftood that night againft my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swineand Rogues forlorne,
In fhort, and mufty ftraw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, fpeake to him.
Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fitteft.
Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiefty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'graue,
Thou art a Soule in bliffe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do fcal'd, like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a fpirit I know, where did you dye?
Cor. Still, ftill, farre wide.
Gen. He's fcarfe awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear.. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I fhould eu'n dye with pitty
To fee another thus. I know not what to fay:
I will not fweare thefe are my hands: let's fee,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were affur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You muft not kneele.
Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolifh fond old man,
Fourefcore and vpward,
Not an houre more, nor leffe:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I fhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I haue
Remembers not thefe garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laft night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my childe *Cordelia.*
Cor. And fo I am: I am.
Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poyfon for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sifters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue fome caufe, they haue not.
Cor. No caufe, no caufe.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.
Lear. Do not abufe me.
Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You fee is kill'd in him: defire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further fetling.
Cor. Wilt pleafe your Highneffe walke?
Lear. You muft beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgiue,
I am old and foolifh. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Baft. Know of the Duke if his laft purpofe hold,
Or whether fince he is aduis'd by ought
To change the courfe, he's full of alteration,
And felfereprouing, bring his conftant pleafure.
Reg. Our Sifters man is certainely mifcarried.
Baft. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now fweet Lord,

You know the goodneſſe I intend vpon you :
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeake the truth,
Do you not loue my Siſter ?

Baſt. In honour'd Loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place ?

Baſt. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I neuer ſhall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Baſt. Feare not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Siſter, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reaſond ?

Gone. Combine together 'gainſt the Enemie :
For theſe domeſticke and particurlar broiles,
Are not the queſtion heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Siſter you'le go with vs ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis moſt conuenient, pray go with vs.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though Iſeeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it :
When time ſhall ſerue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the gueſſe of their true ſtrength and Forces,
By dilligent diſcouerie, but your haſt
Is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*

Baſt. To both theſe Siſters haue I ſworne my loue :
Each iealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take ?
Both ? One ? Or neither ? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue : To take the Widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her Siſter *Gonerill,*
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vſe
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuiſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia,*
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer ſee his pardon : for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloſter.

Edg. Heere Father, take the ſhadow of this Tree
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.*

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand : Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe ?
Men muſt endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conqueſt with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as priſoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Baſt. Some Officers take them away : good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures firſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning haue incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed King I am caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Siſters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no : come let's away to priſon,
We two alone will ſing like Birds i'th'Cage :
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiueneſſe : So wee'l liue,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies : and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;
And take vpon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies : And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia,*
The Gods themſelues throw Incenſe.
Haue I caught thee ?
He that parts vs, ſhall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares ſhall deuoure them, fleſh and fell,

Ere they ſhall make vs weepe ?
Weele ſee e'm ſtaru'd firſt : come. *Exit.*

Baſt. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon,
One ſtep I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'ſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To Noble Fortunes : know thou this, that men
Are as the time is ; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare queſtion : either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.

Capt. Ile do't my Lord.

Baſt. About it, and write happy, when th'haſt done,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe. *Exit Captaine.*

Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtraine,
And Fortune led you well : you haue the Captiues
Who were the oppoſites of this dayes ſtrife :
I do require them of you ſo to vſe them,
As we ſhall find their merites, and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Baſt. Sir, I thought it fit,
To ſend the old and miſerable King to ſome retention,
Whoſe age had Charmes in it, whoſe Title more,
To plucke the common boſome on his ſide,
And turne our impreſt Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen :
My reaſon all the ſame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further ſpace, t'appeare
Where you ſhall hold your Seſſion.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinkes our pleaſure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which immediacie may well ſtand vp,
And call it ſelfe your Brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot :
In his owne grace he doth exalt himſelfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me inueſted, he compeeres the beſt.

Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould husband you.

Reg. Ieſters do oft proue Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you ſo, look'd but a ſquint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwere
From a full flowing ſtomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me, the walls is thine :
Witneſſe the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Maſter.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him ?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Baſt. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum ſtrike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reaſon : *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capitall Treaſon ; and in thy arreſt,
This guilded Serpent : for your claime faire Siſters,
I bare it in the intereſt of my wife,
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed *Gloſter*,
Let the Trmpet ſound :
If none appeare to proue vpon thy perſon,
Thy heynous, manifeſt, and many Treaſons,
There is my pledge : Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſſe
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O ſicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere truſt medicine.

Baſt. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet : he that dares approach ;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Truſt to thy ſingle vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their diſcharge.

Regan. My ſickneſſe growes vpon me.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper ſound,
And read out this. *A Tumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the liſts of the Army, will maintaine vpon Edmund, ſuppoſed Earle of Gloſter, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third ſound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1 *Trumpet.*

Her. Againe. 2 *Trumpet.*

Her. Againe. 3 *Trumpet.*

Trumpet anſwers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purpoſes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th'Trumpet.

Her. What are you ?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent Summons ?

Edg. Know my name is loſt
By Treaſons tooth : bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduerſary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Aduerſary ?

Edg. What's he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter ?

Baſt. Himſelfe, what ſaiſt thou to him ?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my ſpeech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Iuſtice, heere is mine :
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Deſpiſe thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor :
Falſe to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtirous Prince,
And from th'extremeſt vpward of thy head,
To the diſcent and duſt below thy foote,

A moſt Toad-ſpotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I ſpeake,
Thou lyeſt.
Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aske thy name,
But ſince thy out-ſide lookes ſo faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (ſome ſay) of breeding breathes,
What ſafe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdaine and ſpurne:
Backe do I toſſe theſe Treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarely bruiſe,
This Sword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for euer. Trumpets ſpeake.
Alb. Saue him, ſaue him. *Alarums. Fights.*
Gon. This is practiſe *Gloſter*,
By th'law of Warre, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An vnknowne oppoſite: thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozend, and beguild.
Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: hold Sir,
Thou worſe then any name, reade thine owne euill:
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.
Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*
Alb. Moſt monſtrous! O, know'ſt thou this paper?
Baſt. Aske me not what I know.
Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, gouerne her.
Baſt. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou
That haſt this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgiue thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more th'haſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to plague vs:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.
Baſt. Th'haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A Royall Nobleneſſe: I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.
Egd. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your Father?
Edg. By nurſing them my Lord. Liſt a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt.
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo neere, (O our liues ſweetneſſe,
That we the paine of death would hourely dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'aſſume a ſemblance
That very Dogges diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loſt: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport)
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greefe,
Burſt ſmilingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mou'd me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.
Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.
Edg. What kinde of helpe?
Alb. Speake man.
Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?
Gen. 'Tis hot, it ſmoakes, it came euen from the heart
of———O ſhe's dead.
Alb. Who dead? Speake man.
Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Siſter
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe confeſſes it.
Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.
Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;
Gonerill and Regans bodiesbronght out.
This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.
Touches vs not with pitty: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners vrges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night.
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*?
Kent. Alacke, why thus?
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelfe.
Alb. Euen ſo: couer their faces.
Baſt. Ipant for life: ſome good I meane to do
Deſpight of mine owne Nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be briefe in it) to'th'Caſtle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, ſend in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run.
Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of repreeue.
Baſt. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine.
Edg. Haſt thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame vpon her owne diſpaire,
That ſhe for-did her ſelfe.
Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

Entor Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vſe them ſo,
That Heauens vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaſſe,

If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she liues.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and ceafe.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:
What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent?*

Kent. The same: your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Caius?*

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'le strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Haue follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else:
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. I so I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it
That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mess. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle heere:
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will resigne,
During the life of this old Maiesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but vsurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.

NEuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who haſt had my purſe,
As if ÿ ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rodo. Thou told'ſt me,
Thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worſſe a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purpoſes)
Euades them, with a bumbaſt Circumſtance,
Horribly ſtufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-ſuites my Mediators. For certes, ſaies he,
I haue already choſe my Officer. And what was he?
For-ſooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michaell Caſſio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer ſet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuiſion of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinſter. Vnleſſe the Bookiſh Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As Maſterly as he. Meere pratle (without practiſe)
Is all his Souldierſhip. But he (Sir) had th'election;
And I (of whom his eies had ſeene the proofe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Chriſten'd, and Heathen) muſt be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caſter,
He (in good time) muſt his Lieutenant be,
And I (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Auntient.
Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curſſe of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood Heire to'th'firſt. Now Sir, be iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I in any iuſt terme am Affin'd
To loue the *Moore*?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to ſerue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Maſters, nor all Maſters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Maſt ers Aſſe,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Caſheer'd.
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and viſages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themſelues,
And throwing but ſhowes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themſelues Homage.
Theſe Fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one do I profeſſe my ſelfe. For (Sir)
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonſtrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?
Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incenſe her kinſmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
Yet throw ſuch chances of vexation on't,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rodo. Heere is her Fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.
Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is ſpied in populus Citties.
Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Siginor *Brabantio*, hoa.
Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your houſe, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.
Bra. Aboue. What is the reaſon of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?
Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for ſhame put on your Gowne,

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-sire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*

Bra. The worsser welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)
Vpon malitious knauerie, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rodo. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rodo. Most graue *Brabantio,*
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Ia. Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God, if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daughter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le haue Coursers for Cozens: and Gennets for Germaines.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answere. I know thee *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and saucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeue
That from the sence of all Ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.
Light, I say, light. *Exit.*

Iag. Farewell: for I must leaue you.
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place
To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with safetie cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitternesse. Now *Rodorigo,*
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rodo. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Heauen: how got she out?
Oh treason of the blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo,*
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,
(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some speciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo,* I will deserue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th' conscience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'haue yerk'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,

The

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.
Othel. Let him do his fpight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boafting is an Honour,
I fhall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May fpeake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago,*
But that I loue the gentle *Defdemona,*
I would not my vnhoufed free condition
Put into Circumfcription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Caffio, with Torches.

Iago. Thofe are the raifed Father, and his Friends:
You were beft go in.
Othel. Not I: I muft be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifeft me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Ianus*, I thinke no.
Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodneffe of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Caffio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your hafte, Poft-hafte appearance,
Enen on the inftant.
Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?
Caffio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a bufineffe of fome heate. The Gallies
Haue fent a dozen fequent Meffengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Confuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath fent about three feuerall Quefts,
To fearch you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but fpend a word here in the houfe,
And goe with you.
Caffio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.
Caffio. I do not vnderftand.
Iago. He's married.
Caffio. To who?
Iago. Marry to —— Come Captaine, will you go?
Othel. Haue with you.
Caffio. Here come sanother Troope to feeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othello. Holla, ftand there.
Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.
Iago. You, *Rodorigo*, come Sir, I am for you.
Othe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will ruft them. Good Signior, you fhall more command with yeares, then with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where haft thou ftow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haft enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things of fenfe,
(If fhe in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, fo tender, Faire, and Happie,
So oppofite to Marriage, that fhe fhun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardageto the footie bofome,
Of fuch a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not groffe in fenfe,
That thou haft practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't difputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abufer of the World, a practifer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do refift
Subdue him, at his perill.
Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the reft.
Were it my Cue to fight, I fhould haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To anfwere this your charge?
Bra. To Prifon, till fit time
Of Law, and courfe of direct Seffion
Call thee to anfwer.
Othe. What if do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith fatisfi'd,
Whofe Meffengers are heere about my fide,
Vpon fome prefent bufineffe of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. 'Tis true moft worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counfell, and your Noble felfe,
I am fure is fent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Counfell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Caufe. The Duke himfelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if fuch Actions may haue paffage free,
Bond-flaues, and Pagans fhall our Statefmen be. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no compofition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.
1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are difproportioned;
My Letters fay, a Hundred and feuen Gallies.
Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.
2. *Sena.* And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iuft accompt,
(As in thefe Cafes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkifh Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is poffible enough to iudgement:
I do not fo fecure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull fenfe.
Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.
Enter Saylor.

Officer. A

Officer. A Meffenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now ? What's the bufineffe ?
Sailor. The Turkifh Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.
Duke. How fay you by this change?
1. *Sen*. This cannot be
By no affay of reafon. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in falfe gaze, when we confider
Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke ;
And let our felues againe but vnderftand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queftion beare it,
For that it ftands not in fuch Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th'abilities
That Rhodes is drefs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muft not thinke the Turke is fo vnskillfull,
To leaue that lateft, which concernes him firft,
Neglecting an attempt of eafe, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitleffe.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Meffenger.

Meffen. The *Ottamites*, Reueren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due courfe toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete.
1. *Sen*. I, fo I thought: how many, as you gueffe?
Meff. Of thirtie Saile : and now they do re-ftem
Their backward courfe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpofes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your truftie and moft Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus :
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne ?
1. *Sen*. He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Poft, Poft-hafte, difpatch.
1. *Sen*. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caffio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muft ftraight employ you,
Againft the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.
I did not fee you : welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counfaile, and your helpe to night.
Bra. So didI yours : Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, hor ought I heard of bufineffe
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of fo flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, snd fwallowes other forrowes,
And it is ftill it felfe.
Duke. Why ? What's the matter ?
Bra. My Daughter : oh my Daughter !
Sen. Dead ?
Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd, ftolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks ;
For Nature, fo prepofteroufly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of fenfe,)
Sans witch-craft could not.
Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her felfe,
And you of her ; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You fhall your felfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne fenfe : yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace ,
Here is the man ; this Moore, whom now it feemes
Your fpeciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.
All. We are verieforry for't.
Duke. What in your owne part, can you fay to this ?
Bra. Nothing, but this is fo.
Othe. Moft Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Mafters ;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is moft true : true I haue married her ;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I, in my fpeech,
And little blefs'd with the foft phrafe of Peace ;
For fince thefe Armes of mine, had feuen yeares pith,
Till now, fome nine Moones wafted, they haue vs'd
Their deereft action, in the Tented Field :
And little of this great world can I fpeake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little fhall I grace my caufe,
In fpeaking for my felfe. Yet, (by your gratious patience)
I will a round vn-varnifh'd u Tale deliuer,
Of my whole courfe of Loue.
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For fuch proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.
Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold :
Of Spirit fo ftill, and quiet, that her Motion
Blufh'd at her felfe, and fhe, in fpight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what fhe fear'd to looke on ;
It is a iudgement main'd, and moft imperfect.
That will confeffe Perfection fo could erre
Againft all rules of Nature, and muft be driuen
To find out practifes of cunning hell
Why this fhould be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with fome Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with fome Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)
He wtought vp on her.
To vouch this, is no proofe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Teft
Then thefe thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne feeming, do prefer againft him.
Sen. But *Othello*, fpeake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courfes
Subdue, and poyfon this yong Maides affections ?
Or came it by requeft, and fuch faire queftion
As foule, to foule affordeth ?
Othel. I do befeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary.
And let her fpeake of me before her Father ;
If you do finde me foule, in herreport,
The Truft, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.
Duke. Fetch *Defdemona* hither.
Othe. Aunciant, conduct them :
You beft know the place.
And tell fhe come, as truely as to heauen,
I do confeffe the vices of my blood,
So iuftly to your Graue eares, Ile prefent

How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it *Othello.*
Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past.
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours historie.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Antropophague*, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not instinctiuely: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lou'd her, that she did pitty them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.
Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.
Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.
What cannot be presern'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience ,her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.
Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loose it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I h umbly beseech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.
Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more soueraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborne, and boystrous expedition.
Othe. The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake
This present Warres against the *Ottamites.*
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and besort
As leuels with her breeding.
Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not haue it so.
Othe. Nor I.
Des. Nor would I thererecide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Greaious Duke,
To my vnfolding, lend your prosperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T'assist my simplenesse.
Duke. What would you *Desdemona*?
Des. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,

May

May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello's* viſage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoule and Fortunes conſecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim ſhall ſupport
By his deere abſence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her haue your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good ſoules, that you thinke
I will your ſerious and great buſineſſe ſcant
When ſhe is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, ſeele with wanton dulneſſe
My ſpeculatiue, and offic'd Inſtrument:
That my Diſports corrupt, and taint my buſineſſe:
Let Houſe-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and baſe aduerſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall priuately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: th'Affaire cries haſt:
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leaue ſome Officer behind
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you:
And ſuch things elſe of qualitie and reſpect
As doth import you.

Othe. So pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conueyance I aſſigne my wife,
With what elſe needfull, your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou haſt eies to ſee:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee;
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the beſt aduantage.
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To ſpend with thee. We muſt obey the the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What ſaiſt thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iago. If thou do'ſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after. Why thou ſilly Gentleman?

Rod. It is ſillyneſſe to liue, when to liue is torment: and then haue we a preſcription to dye, when death is our Phyſition.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that knew how to loue himſelfe. Ere I would ſay, I would drowne my ſelfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our ſelues that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettles, or ſowe Lettice: Set Hiſope, and weede vp Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or diſtract it with many: either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manured with Induſtry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues had not one Scale of Reaſon, to poize another of Senſualitie, the blood, and baſeneſſe of our Natures would conduct vs to moſt prepoſtrous Concluſions. But we haue Reaſon to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or vnbitted Luſts: whereof I take this, that you call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy ſelfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profeſt me thy Friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with Cables of perdurable toughneſſe. I could neuer better ſteed thee then now. Put Money in thy purſe: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vſurp'd Beard. I ſay put Money in thy purſe. It cannot be long that *Deſdemona* ſhould continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purſe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable Sequeſtration, put but Money in thy purſe. Theſe Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purſe with Money. The Food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhalbe to him ſhortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body ſhe will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damne thy ſelfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canſt: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and ſuper-ſubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy ſelfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compaſſing thy ioy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rodo. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me: Go make Money: I haue told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſſe reaſon. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, againſt him. If thou canſt Cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many Euents in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerſe, go, prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meete i'th'morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Ile ſell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purſe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane
I fI would tim e expend with ſuch Snpe,

But

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere ſuſpition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe worke on him:
Caſſio's a proper man: Let me ſee now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's ſee.
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othello's* eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected: fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honeſt, that but ſeeme to be ſo,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Noſe
As Aſſes are:
I haue't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Muſt bring this monſtrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you diſcerne at Sea?
1.*Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Deſcry a Saile.
Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath ſpoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blaſt ne're ſhooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand ſo vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What ſhall we heare of this?
2 A Segregation of the Turkiſh Fleet:
For do but ſtand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow ſeemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-ſhak'd-Surge, with high & monſtrous Maine
Seemes to caſt water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like molleſtation view
On the enchafed Flood.
Men. If that the Turkiſh Fleete
Be not enſhelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impoſſible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The deſperate Tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turkes,
That their deſignement halts. A Noble ſhip of Venice,
Hath ſeene a greeuous wracke and ſufferance
On moſt part of their Fleet.
Mon. How? Is this true?
3 The Ship is heere put in: A *Verenneſſa*, *Michael Caſſio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himſelfe at Sea,
And is in full Commiſſion heere for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouernour.
3 But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeake of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſſe, yet he lookes ſadly,
And praye the Moore be ſafe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempeſt.
Mon. Pray Heauens he be:
For I haue ſeru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-ſide (hoa)
As well to ſee the Veſſell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
An indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſſi. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Iſle,
That ſo approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence againſt the Elements,
For I haue loſt him on a dangerous Sea.
Mon. Is he well ſhip'd?
Caſſio. His Barke is ſtoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not ſurfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.
Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.
Caſſio. What noiſe?
Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saile.
Caſſio. My hopes do ſhape him for the Gouernor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their Shot of Courteſie,
Our Friends, at leaſt.
Caſſio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.
Gent. I ſhall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Caſſio. Moſt fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid
That paragons deſcription, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th'eſſentiall Veſture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall.
Caſſio. Ha's had moſt fauourable, and happie ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to enclogge the guiltleſſe Keele,
As hauing ſence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go ſafely by
The Diuine *Deſdemona*.
Mon. What is ſhe?
Caſſio. She that I ſpake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whoſe footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights ſpeed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard,
And ſwell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may bleſſe this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in *Deſdemonaes* Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on ſhore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thee round.
Deſ. I thanke you, Valiant *Caſſio*,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Caſſio.

Cas. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly heere.
Def. Oh, but I feare:
How loſt you company?
Caſſio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hearke, a Saile.
Within. A Saile, a Saile.
Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewiſe is a Friend.
Caſſio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miſtris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold ſhew of Curteſie.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe giue you ſomuch of her lippes,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtowes on me,
You would haue enough.
Def. Alas: ſhe ha's no ſpeech.
Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it ſtill, when I haue leaue to ſleepe.
Marry before your Ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts het tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You haue little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens: Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended: Players in your Huſwiferie, and Huſwiues in your Beds.
Def. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.
Iago. Nay, it is true: or elſe I am a Turke,
You riſe to play, and go to bed to worke.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No, let me not.
Deſde. What would'ſt write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?
Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Def. Come on, aſſay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iago. I Madam.
Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?
Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out Braines and all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhe is deliuer'd.
If ſhe be faire, and wiſe: faireneſſe, and wit,
The ones for vſe, the other vſeth it.
Def. Well prais'd:
How if ſhe be Blacke and Witty?
Iago. *If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,*
She'le find a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.
Def. Worſe, and worſe.
Æmil. How if Faire, and Fooliſh?
Iago. *She neuer yet was fooliſh that was faire,*
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.
Deſde. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th'Alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's Foule, and Fooliſh.
Iago. *There's none ſo foule and fooliſh thereunto,*
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wiſe-ones do.
Deſde. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſeruing woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her merit, did iuſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelfe.

Iago. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure ſlie:
She that in wiſedome neuer was ſo fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and neu'r diſcloſe her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if euer ſuch wightes were)
Def. To do what?
Iago. *To ſuckle Fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beere.*

Deſde. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion. Do not learne of him *Æmillia*, though he be thy husband. How ſay you (*Caſſio*) is he not a moſt prophane, and liberall Counſailor?
Caſſio. He ſpeakes home (Madam) you may relliſh him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.
Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well ſaid, whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſſio*. I ſmile vpon her, do: I will giue thee in thine owne Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenantrie, it had beene better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now againe you are moſt apt to play the Sir, in. Very good: well kiſs'd, and excellent Curtſie: 'tis ſo indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Cluſter-pipes for your ſake.
The Moore I know his Trumpet.
Caſſio, 'Tis truely ſo.
Def. Let's meete him, and recieue him.
Caſſio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.
Def. My deere *Othello.*
Othe. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To ſee you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after euery Tempeſt, come ſuch Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.
Def. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts ſhould encreaſe
Euen as our dayes do grow.
Othe. Amen to rhat (ſweet Powers)
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,
It ſtoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.
And this, and this the greateſt diſcords be
That ere our hearts ſhall make.
Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile ſet downe the peggs that make this Muſicke, as honeſt as I am.

Othe. Come: let vs to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I haue found great loue among'st them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago,*
Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthynesse
Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona,*
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour. Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is natiue to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: *Desdemona,* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be instructed. Marke me with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite. Louelinesse in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties; all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the, gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vnforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this Forune, as *Cassio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occasion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Aduantages, though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe. A diuelish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young: and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the woman hath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleeue that in her, she's full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd figges-end. The Wine she drinkes is made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts. They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo,* when these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some occasion to anger *Cassio,* either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more fauorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whose qualification shall come into no true taste againe, but by the displanting of *Cassio.* So shall you haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment most profitably remoued, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Farewell.

Rodo. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Desdemona*
A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peraduenture
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wist.
Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Ielouzie so strong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete: euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this pre-

prefent houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen. Bleffe the Ifle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello.* *Exit.*

Enter Othello, Defdemona, Caffio, and Attendants.

Othe. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our felues that Honourable ftop,
Not to out-fport difcretion.

Caf. *Iago*, hath direction what to do.
But notwithftanding with my perfonall eye
Will I looke to't.

Othe. *Iago*, is moft honeft:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earlieft,
Let me haue fpeech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchafe made, the fruites are to enfue,
That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you.
Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Caf. Welcome *Iago*: we muft to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'clocke. Our Generall caft vs thus earely for the loue of his *Defdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and fhe is fport for *Ioue*.

Caf. She's a moft exquifite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Caf. Indeed fhes a moft frefh anddelicate creature.

Iago. What an eye fhe ha's?
Methinkes it founds a parley to prouocation.

Caf. An inuiting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modeft.

Iago. And when fhe fpeakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Caf. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happineffe to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I haue a ftope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a meafure to the health of blacke *Othello.*

Caf. Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore, and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wifh Curtefie would inuent fome other Cuftome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Caffio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneffe with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants defire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Caf. Ile do't, but it diflikes me. *Exit.*

Iago. If I can faften but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Miftris dogge.
Now my ficke Foole *Rodorigo*,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almoft the wrong fide out,
To *Defdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three elfe of Cyprus, Noble fwelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary diftance,
The very Elements of this Warrelike Ifle)
Haue I to night flufter'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongft this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our *Caffio* in fome Action
That may offend the Ifle. But here they come.

Enter Caffio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Confequence do but approue my dreame,
My Boate failes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Caf. 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowfe already.

Mon. Good-faith a litle one: not paft a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.
And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a fpan,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.
Some Wine Boyes.

Caf. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeedthey are moft potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your fwag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your Englifh.

Caffio. Is your Englifhmen fo exquifite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He fweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iuftice.

Iago. Oh fweet England.
King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,
His Breeches coft him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.
Some Wine hoa.

Caffio. Why this is a more exquifite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Caf. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's thofe things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and there be foules muft be faued, and there be foules muft not be faued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caf. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be faued.

Iago. And fo do I too Lieutenant.

Caffio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be faued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our finnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our bufineffe. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can ftand well enough, and I fpeake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caf. Why very well then: you muft not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Monta. To th'Platforme (Mafters) come, let's fet the Watch.

Iago. You fee this Fellow, that is gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to ftand by *Cæfar*,
And giue direction. And do but fee his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iuft Equinox,

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in *Cassio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue *Cassio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio .Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.

Othe. Hold for your liues.

Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottamittes*.
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rag e,
Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with greeuing,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any begining to this peeuish oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Othe. How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that Ido know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selues, it be a sinne
When violence assailes vs.

Othe. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (hauing my best iudgement collied)
Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
'Tis monstrous: *Iago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to *Michaell Cassio*.
Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreats his pause:
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might say before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,
Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely *Cassio* I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
Which patience could not passe.

Othe.

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honeſtie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio* : *Caſſio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp :
Ile make thee an example.

Deſ. What is the matter (Deere ?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting :
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vil'd brawle diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. *Exit.*

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant ?

Caſ. I, paſt all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Caſ. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation : Oh I haue loſt my Reputation. I haue loſt the immortall part of myſelfe, and what remaines is beſtiall. My Reputation, *Iago*, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honeſt man I had thought you had receiued ſome bodily wound ; there is more ſence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition ; oft got without merit, aud loſt without deſeruing. You haue loſt no Reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a looſer. What man, there are more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are but now caſt in his moode, (a puniſhment more in policie, then in malice) euen ſo as one would beate his offenceleſſe dogge, ro affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunke ? And ſpeake Parrat ? And ſquabble ? Swagger ? Sweare ? And diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones owne ſhadow ? Oh thou inuiſible ſpirit of Wine, if thou haſt no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword ? What had he done to you ?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible ?

Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly : a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an Enemie in their mouthes, to ſteale away their Braines ? that we ſhould with ioy, pleaſance, reuell and applauſe, transforme our ſelues into Beaſts.

Iago. Why ? But you are now well enough : how came you thus recouered ?

Caſ. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenneſſe, to giue place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectneſſe, ſhewes me another to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelfe.

Iago. Come, you are too ſeuere a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country ſtands I could hartily wiſh this had not befalne : but ſince it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Caſ. I will aske him for my Place againe, he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard : had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a Foole, and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange ! Euery inordinate cup is vnbleſs'd, and the Ingredient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come : good wine, is a good famiiiar Creature, if it be well vs'd : exclaime no more againſt it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.

Caſſio. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke ?

Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you ſhall do : Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himſelfe to the Contemplation, marke : and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely to her : Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of ſo free, ſo kinde, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſſe, not to do more then ſhe is requeſted. This broken ioynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, ſhall grow ſtonger, then it was before.

Caſſio. You aduiſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt in the ſinceritie of Loue, and honeſt kindneſſe.

Caſſio. I thinke it freely : and betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona* to vndertake for me : I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right : good night Lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.

Caſſio. Good night, honeſt *Iago*.

Exit Caſſio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That ſaies I play the Villaine ?
When this aduiſe is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th'inclyning *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptiſme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed ſin :
His Soule is ſo enfetter'd to her Loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her Appetite ſhall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counſell *Caſſio* to this paralell courſe,
Directly to his good ? Diuinitie of hell,
When diuels will the blackeſt ſinnes put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honeſt Foole
Plies *Deſdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this peſtilence into his eare :
That ſhe repeales him, for her bodies Luſt'
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to do him good,
She ſhall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the Net,
That ſhall en-maſh them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the Crie. My Money is almoſt ſpent ; I haue bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd : And I thinke the iſſue

will bee, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines; And ſo, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience? What wound did euer heale but by degrees? Thou know'ſt we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time: Dos't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that ſmall hurt hath caſheer'd *Caſſio:* Though other things grow faire againſt the Sun, Yet Fruites that bloſſome firſt, will firſt be ripe: Content thy ſelfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning; Pleaſure, and Action, make the houres ſeeme ſhort. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited: Away, I ſay, thou ſhalt know more heereafter: Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.* Two things are to be done: My Wife muſt moue for *Caſſio* to her Miſtris: Ile ſet her on my ſelfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him iumpe, when he may *Caſſio* finde Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way: Dull not Deuice, by coldneſſe, and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caſſio, Muſitians, and Clowne.

Caſſio. Maſters, play heere, I wil content your paines, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Maſters, haue your Inſtruments bin in Naples, that they ſpeake i'th'Noſe thus?

Muſ. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are theſe I pray you, winde Inſtruments?

Muſ. I marry are they ſir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, ſir?

Clow. Marry ſir, by many a winde Inſtrument that I know. But Maſters, heere's money for you: and the Generall ſo likes your Muſick, that he deſires you for loues ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Muſicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they ſay) to heare Muſicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Muſ. We haue none ſuch, ſir.

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vaniſh into ayre, away. *Exit Mu.*

Caſſio Doſt thou heare me, mine honeſt Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt Friend: I heare you.

Caſſio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir: if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Caſſio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I haue made bold (*Iago*) to ſend in to your wife: My ſuite to her is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona* Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iago. Ile ſend her to you preſently: And Ile deuiſe a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe May be more free. *Exit*

Caſſio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honeſt.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am ſorrie For your diſpleaſure: but all will ſure be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinitie: and that in wholſome Wiſedome He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts he loues you And needs no other Suitor, but his likings To bring you in againe.

Caſſio. Yet I beſeech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me aduantage of ſome breefe Diſcourſe With *Deſdemon* alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in: I will beſtow you where you ſhall haue time To ſpeake your boſome freely.

Caſſio. I am much bound to you.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe. Theſe Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, and Æmilia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd (good *Caſſio*) I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Æmil. Good Madam do: I warrant it greeues my Husband, As if the cauſe were his.

Deſ. Oh that's an honeſt Fellow, Do not doubt *Caſſio* But I will haue my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

Caſſio. Bounteous Madam, What euer ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*, He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Deſ. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord: You haue knowne him long, and be you well aſſur'd He ſhall in ſtrangeneſſe ſtand no farther off, Then in a politique diſtance.

Caſſio. I, but Lady, That policie may either laſt ſo long, Or feede vpon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet, Or breede it ſelfe ſo out of Circumſtances, That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd, My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Deſ. Do not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here,

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it
To the laſt Article. My Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed ſhall ſeeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
With *Caſſio's* ſuite: Therefore be merry *Caſſio*,
For thy Solicitor ſhall rather dye,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Æmil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.
Caſſio. Madam, Ile take my leaue.
Deſ. Why ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſſio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. *Exit Caſſio.*
Iago. Hah? I like not that.
Othel. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Othel. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?
Iago. *Caſſio* my Lord? No ſure, I cannot thinke it
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.
Oth. I do beleeue 'twas he.
Deſ. How now my Lord?
I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you meane?
Deſ. Why your Lieutenant *Caſſio*: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I prythee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. I footh; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To ſuffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.
Othel. Not now (ſweet *Deſdemon*) ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner (Sweet) for you.
Deſ. Shall't be to night, at Supper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſ. To morrow Dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.
Deſ. Why then to morrow night, on Tueſday morne,
On Tueſday noone, or night; on Wenſday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon
(Saue that they ſay the warres muſt make example)
Out of her beſt, is not almoſt a fault
T'encurre a priuate checke. When ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello.* I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I ſhould deny,
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What? *Michael Caſſio*,
That came a woing wirh you? and ſo many a time
(When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much.
Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I ſhould entreate you weare your Gloues,
Or feede on nouriſhing diſhes, or keepe you warme,
Or ſue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon. Nay, when I haue a ſuite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, Ile come to thee ſtrait.
Deſ. *Æmilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*
Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago*?
Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt:
Why doſt thou aske?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?
Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?
Oth. Honeſt? I, Honeſt.
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What do'ſt thou thinke?
Iago. Thinke, my Lord?
Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;
As if there were ſome Monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewne. Thou doſt mean ſomthing:
I heard thee ſay euen now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſsio* left my wife. What didd'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counſaile,
Of my whole courſe of wooing; thou cried'ſt, Indeede?
And didd'ſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'ſt ſhut vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'ſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.
Oth. I thinke thou do'ſt:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honeſtie,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giu'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine, fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall Knaue
Are trickes of Cuſtome: but in a man that's iuſt,
They're cloſe dilations, working from the heart,
That Paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſsio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is honeſt.
Oth. I thinke ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.
Iago. Why then I thinke *Caſsio's* an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee ſpeake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate, and giue thy worſt of thoughts
The

The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why ſay, they are vild, and falce?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breaſt ſo pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehenſions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Seſſions ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou do'ſt conſpire againſt thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy Thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſſe
(As I confeſſe it is my Natures plague
To ſpy into Abuſes, and of my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſedome
From one, that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble
Out of his ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Not for my Manhood, Honeſty, and Wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou meane?
Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh:
'Tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtodie.
Oth. Ha?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealouſie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monſter, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suſpects, yet ſoundly loues?
Oth. O miſerie.
Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches fineleſſe, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealouſie.
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealouſie;
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be reſolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my Soule
To ſuch exſufflicate, and blow'd Surmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To ſay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, theſe are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealouſie.
Ia. I am glad of this: For now I ſhall haue reaſon
To ſhew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I ſpeake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſsio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of ſelfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that ſo young could giue out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeele her Fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits:
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.
Iago. Truſt me, I feare it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do ſee y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vilde ſucceſſe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Caſſio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I ſee y'are mou'd.
Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long liue ſhe ſo;
And long liue you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelfe.
Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmel in ſuch, a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doſt perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerue.
Leaue me *Iago*.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.
Othel. Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſſe)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.
Iago

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To ſcan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Caſſio* haue his Place;
For ſure he filles it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you pleaſe, to him off a-while:
You ſhall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady ſtraine his Entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be ſeene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honor.
Oth. Feare not my gouernment.
Iago. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*
Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Ieſſes were my deere heart-ſtrings,
I'ld whiſtle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not thoſe ſoft parts of Conuerſation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Muſt be to loath her. Oh Curſe of Marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vſes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leſſe then the Baſe,
'Tis deſtiny vnſhunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where ſhe comes:

Enter Deſdemona and Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, Heauen mock'd it ſelfe:
Ile not beleeue't.
Deſ. How now, my deere *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders
By you inuited, do attend your preſence.
Oth. I am too blame.
Deſ. Why do you ſpeake ſo faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.
Deſ. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.*
Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
Æmil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteale it. But ſhe ſo loues the Token,
(For he coniur'd her, ſhe ſhould euer keepe it)
That ſhe referues it euermore about her,
To kiſſe, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his Fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?
Æmil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.
Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing———
Æmil. Hah?
Iago. To haue a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that ſame Handkerchiefe.
Iago. What Handkerchiefe?
Æmil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore firſt gaue to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.
Iago. Haſt ſtolne it from her?
Æmil. No: but ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, giue it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene
ſo earneſt to haue me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you?
Æmil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, ſhee'l run mad
When ſhe ſhall lacke it.
Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I haue vſe for it. Go, leaue me. *Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Caſſio*'s Lodging looſe this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealious, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moore already changes with my poyſon:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poyſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarſe found to diſtaſte:
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that ſweete ſleepe
Which thou owd'ſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to mee?
Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.
Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou haſt ſet me on the Racke:
I ſweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What ſenſe had I, in her ſtolne houres of Luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Caſſio's* kiſſes on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am ſorry to heare this?
Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had taſted her ſweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell;
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumſtance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whoſe rude throates
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.
Iago. Is't poſſible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be ſure of it: Giue me the Occular proofe,

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'ſt bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't: or (at the leaſt) ſo proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorſe
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Senſe?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'ſt to make thine Honeſty, a Vice!
Oh monſtrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, ſith Loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay: thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for Honeſtie's a Foole,
And looſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not:
I thinke that thou art iuſt, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue ſome proofe. My name that was as freſh
As *Dians* Viſage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were ſatisfied.
Iago. I ſee you are eaten vp with Paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but how? How ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you the ſuper-viſion groſſely gape on?
Behold her top'd?
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Proſpect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do ſee them bolſter
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As ſalt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as groſſe
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you might haue't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon ſhe's diſloyall.
Iago. I do not like the Office.
But ſith I am entred in this cauſe ſo farre
(Prick'd too't by fooliſh Honeſty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So looſe of Soule, that in their ſleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Caſſio*:
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, ſweet *Deſdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh ſweet Creature: then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And ſigh, and kiſſe, and then cry curſed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iago. Nay yet be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one: 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a Handkerchiefe
(I am ſure it was your wiues) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his Beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It ſpeakes againſt her with the other proofes.
Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thouſand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boſome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpickes tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience I ſay: your minde may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whoſe Icie Current, and compulſiue courſe,
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Helleſpont:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.
Iago. Do not riſe yet:
Witneſſe you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witneſſe that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſſe euer.
Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee too't.
Within theſe three dayes let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio's* not aliue.
Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Requeſt.
But let her liue.
Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iago. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Def. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?

Clow. I dare not ſay he lies any where.

Def. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to ſay a Souldier lyes, 'tis ſtabbing.

Def. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.

Def. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to deuiſe a lodging, and ſay he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Queſtions, and by them anſwer.

Def. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compaſſe of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*

Def. Where ſhould I looſe the Handkerchiefe, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not Madam.

Def. Beleeue me, I had rather haue loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As iealious Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Æmil. Is he not iealious?

Def. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all ſuch humors from him.

Æmil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Def. I will not leaue him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona*?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand.
This hand is moiſt my Lady.

Def. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyſt. This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from Liberty: Faſting, and Prayer,
Much Caſtigation, Exerciſe deuout,
For heere's a yong, and ſweating Diuell heere
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Def. You may (indeed) ſay ſo:
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot ſpeake of this:
Come, now your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe, Chucke?

Def. I haue ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeake with you.

Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Def. Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Def. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Def. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'T would make her Amiable, and ſubdue my Father
Intirely to her loue: But if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a Guiſt of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits ſhould hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)
To giue it her. I did ſo; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To looſe't, or giue't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Def, Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The Sun to courſe, two hundred compaſſes,
In her Prophetticke furie ſow'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull
Conſeru'd of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Def. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer ſeene't?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Def. Why do you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?

Def. Bleſſe vs.

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not loſt: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Def. I ſay it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetcht, let me ſee't.

Def. Why ſo I can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my ſuite,
Pray you let *Caſſio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde miſ-giues.

Def. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more ſufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Def. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Def. Inſooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away. *Exit Othello.*

Æmil. Is not this man iealious?

Def. I neu'r ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this Handkerchikfe,
I am moſt vnhappy in the loſſe of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a yeare or two ſhewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Caſſio.

Looke you, *Caſſio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis ſhe muſt doo't:
And loe the happineſſe: go, and importune her.

Def.

Def. How now (good *Caſſio*) what's the newes with you?

Caſſio. Madam, my former ſuite. I do beſeech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exiſt, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of ſuch mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice paſt, nor preſent Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his loue againe,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit:
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelfe vp in ſome other courſe
To Fortunes Almes.

Def. Alas (thrice-gentle *Caſſio)*
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me euery ſpirit ſanctified,
As I haue ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blanke of his diſpleaſure
For my free ſpeech. You muſt awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my ſelfe, I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in ſtrange vnquietneſſe.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue ſeene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Diuell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *Exit*

Def. I prythee do ſo. Something ſure of State,
Either from Venice, or ſome vnhatch'd practiſe
Made demonſtrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in ſuch caſes,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, euen to a ſenſe
Of paine. Nay, we muſt thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for ſuch obſeruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia,*
I was (vnhandſome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindneſſe with my ſoule:
But now I finde, I had ſuborn'd the Witneſſe,
And he's Indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.

Def. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cauſe.

Æmil. But Iealious ſoules will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not euer iealious for the cauſe,
But iealious, for they're iealious. It is a Monſter
Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe.

Def. Heauen keepe the Monſter from *Othello's* mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Def. I will go ſeeke him. *Caſſio,* walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your ſuite,
And ſeeke to effect it to my vttermoſt. *Exit*

Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Saue you (Friend *Caſſio.*)

Caſſio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my moſt faire *Bianca*?
Indeed (ſweet Loue) I was comming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight ſcore eight houres? And Louers abſent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight ſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning.

Caſſio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Caſſio,* whence came this?
This is ſome Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Abſence: now I feele a Cauſe:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Caſſio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde gueſſes in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance;
No, in good troth *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Caſſio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?

Caſſio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition nor my wiſh
To haue him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I ptay you?

Caſſio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night?

Caſſio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile ſee you ſoone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I muſt be circumſtanc'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke ſo?

Oth. Thinke ſo, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kiſſe in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
It is hypocriſie againſt the Diuell:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall ſlip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectreſſe of her honor too:
May ſhe giue that?

Iago. Her honor is an Eſſence that's not ſeene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.
Othe. By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauen o're the infectious houſe:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.
Iago. I: what of that?
Othe. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeene him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay (as Knaues be ſuch abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtris,
Conuinced or ſupply'd them cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then he'le vn-ſweare.
Oth. What hath he ſaid?
Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
Othe. What? What?
Iago. Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her? On her: what you will.
Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We ſay lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullſome: Handkerchiefe: Confeſſions: Handkerchiefe. To confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour. Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe: I tremble at it. Nature would not inueſt her ſelfe in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome Inſtruction. It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) Noſes, Eares, and Lippes: is't poſſible. Confeſſe? Handkerchiefe? O diuell. *Falls in a Traunce.*
Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaſt Dames euen thus,
(All guiltleſſe) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I ſay: *Othello.*

Enter Caſſio.

How now *Caſſio?*
Caſ. What's the matter?
Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepſie,
This is his ſecond Fit: he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.
Iago. The Lethargie muſt haue his quyet courſe:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to ſauage madneſſe. Looke, he ſtirres:
Do you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recouer ſtraight: when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion, ſpeake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?
Othe. Doſt thou mocke me?
Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.
Othe. A Horned man's a Monſter, and a Beaſt.
Iago. Ther's many a Beaſt then in a populous Citty,
And many a ciuill Monſter.
Othe. Did he confeſſe it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in thoſe vnproper beds,
Which they dare ſweare peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Cowch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhallbe.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe: 'tis certaine.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelfe but in a patient Liſt,
Whil'ſt you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A paſſion moſt reſulting ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And layd good ſcuſes vpon your Extaſie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere ſpeake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your ſelfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I ſay, but marke his geſture: marry Patience,
Or I ſhall ſay y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Othe. Do'ſt thou heare, *Iago,*
I will be found moſt cunning in my Patience:
But (do'ſt thou heare) moſt bloody.
Iago. That's not amiſſe,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca,*
A Huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires
Buyes her ſelfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caſſio,* (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot reſtraine
From the exceſſe of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad:
And his vnbookiſh Ieloufie muſt conſerue
Poore *Caſſio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen killes me.
Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,
How quickely ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alas poore Caitiffe.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already.
Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.
Iago. Do you heare *Caſſio?*
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well ſaid, well ſaid.
Iago. She giues it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?
Caſ. I marry. What? A cuſtomer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: they laugh, that winnes.
Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.
Caſ. Prythee ſay true.
Iago. I am a very Villaine elſe.
Oth. Haue you ſcoar'd me? Well.
Caſ. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perſwaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the ftory.

Caffio. She was heere euen now: fhe haunts me in e-uery place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Caffio*, as it were: his iefture im-ports it.

Caffio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me: So fhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how fhe pluckt him to my Cham-ber: oh, I fee that nofe of yours, but not that dogge, I fhall throw it to.

Caffio. Well, I muft leaue her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where fhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis fuch another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that fame Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I muft take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you fhould finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is fome Minxes token, & I muft take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobbey-horfe, wherefoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caffio. How now, my fweete *Bianca*? How now? How now?

Othe. By Heauen, that fhould be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to fupper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her: after her.

Caf. I muft, fhee'l rayle in the ftreets elfe.

Iago. Will you fup there?

Caffio. Yes, I intend fo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to fee you: for I would ve-ry faine fpeake with you.

Caf. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too: fay no more.

Oth. How fhall I murther him, *Iago.*

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago.*

Iago And did you fee the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to fee how he prizes the foolifh woman your wife: fhe gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a fweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you muft forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and perifh, and be damn'd to night, for fhe fhall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to ftone: I ftrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a fweeter Creature: fhe might lye by an Em-perours fide, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but fay what fhe is: fo delicate with her Needle: an admirable Mufitian. Oh fhe will fing the Sauageneffe out of a Beare: of fo high and plen-teous wit, and inuention?

Iago. She's the worfe for all this.

Othe. Oh, a thoufand, a thoufand times: And then of fo gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine: But yet the pitty of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pitty of it *Iago.*

Iago. If you are fo fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Meffes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me fome poyfon, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expoftulate with her: leaft her body and beautie vnpro-uide my mind againe: this night *Iago.*

Iago. Do it not with poyfon, ftrangle her in her bed, Euen the bed fhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: The Iuftice of it pleafes: very good.

Iago. And for *Caffio*, let me be his vndertaker: You fhall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Defdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that fame?

Iago. I warrant fomething from Venice, 'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke. See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.

Othe. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kiffe the Inftrument of their pleafures.

Def. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*?

Iago. I am very glad to fee you Signior: Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Caffio*?

Iago. Liues Sir,

Def. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord, An vnkind breach: but you fhall make all well.

Othe. Are you fure of that?

Def. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will——

Lod. He did not call: he's bufie in the paper, Is there deuifion 'twixt my Lord, and *Caffio*?

Def. A moft vnhappy one: I would do much T'attone them, for the loue I beare to *Caffio.*

Oth. Fire, and brimeftone.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wife?

Def. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be thLetter mou'd him. For as I thinke, they do command him home, Deputing *Cafsio* in his Gouernment.

Def. Truft me, I am glad on't.

Othe. Indeed?

Def. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to fee you mad.

Def. Why, fweete *Othello*?

Othe. Diuell.

Def. I haue not deferu'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice, Though I fhould fweare I faw't. 'Tis very much, Make her amends: fhe weepes.

Othe. Oh diuell, diuell: If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares, Each drop fhe falls, would proue a Crocodile: Out of my fight.

Def. I will not ftay to offend you.

Lod. Truely obedient Lady: I do befeech your Lordfhip call her backe.

Oth-

Othe. Miſtris.
Deſ. My Lord.
Othe. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Othe. I, you did wiſh, that I would make her turne:
Sir, ſhe can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And ſhe can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted paſſion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile ſend for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auaunt:
Caſſio ſhall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may ſup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue
The ſhot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? Is he not light of Braine?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my cenſure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What? Strike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith that was not ſo well: yet would I knew
That ſtroke would proue the worſt.
Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honeſtie in me to ſpeake
What I haue ſeene, and knowne. You ſhall obſerue him,
And his owne courſes will deonte him ſo,
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Othe. You haue ſeene nothing then?
Æmil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did ſuſpect.
Othe. Yes, you haue ſeene *Caſſio*, and ſhe together.
Æmi. But then I ſaw no harme: and then I heard,
Each ſyllable that breath made vp betweene them.
Othe. What? Did they neuer whiſper?
Æmil. Neuer my Lord.
Othe. Nor ſend you out o'th'way?
Æmil. Neuer.
Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-(thing?
Æmil. Neuer my Lord.
Othe. That's ſtrange.
Æmil. I durſt (my Lord) to wager, ſhe is honeſt:
Lay downe my Soule at ſtake: If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuſe your boſome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy. The pureſt of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander.
Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Æmilia.*
She ſaies enough: yet ſhe's a ſimple Baud
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtile Whore:
A Cloſſet Lockeand Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet ſhe'le kneele, and pray: I haue ſeene her do't.

Enter Deſdemona, and Æmilia.

Deſ. My Lord, what is your will?
Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.
Deſ. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes: looke in my face.
Deſ. What horrible Fancie's this?
Othe. Some of your Function Miſtris:
Leaue Procreants alone, and ſhut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any bodycome:
Your Myſtery, your Myſtery: May diſpatch. *Exit Æmi.*
Deſ. Vpon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I vnderſtand a Fury in your words.
Othe. Why? What art thou?
Deſ. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
Othello. Come ſweare it: damne thy ſelfe, leaſt being like one of Heauen, the diuells themſelues ſhould feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: ſweare thou art honeſt.
Deſ. Heauen doth truely know it.
Othe. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.
Deſ. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Othe. Ah *Deſdemon*, away, away, away.
Deſ. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motiue of theſe teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you haue loſt him,
I haue loſt him too.
Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes,
Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmoſt hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his ſlow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dries vp: to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Ceſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.
Deſ. I hope my Noble Lord eſteemes me honeſt.
Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art ſo louely faire, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweete,
That the Senſe akes at thee,
Would thou had'ſt neuer bin borne.
Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſin haue I committed?
Othe. Was this faire Paper? This moſt goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What commited,

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Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I ſhould make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modeſtie,
Did I but ſpeake thy deedes. What commited?
Heauen ſtoppes the Noſe at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kiſſes all it meetes,
Is huſh'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What commited?
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.
Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerue this veſſell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Othe. What, not a Whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſau'd.
Othe. Is't poſſible?
Def. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.
Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello.* You Miſtris,
Enter Æmilia.
That haue the office oppoſite to Saint *Peter*,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our courſe: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counſaile. *Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Def. Faith, halfe a ſleepe.
Æmi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With who?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.
Def. I haue none: do not talke to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor anſweres haue I none,
Bnt what ſhould go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Æmil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*
Def. 'Tis meete I ſhould be vs'd ſo: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might ſticke
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſvſe?

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure Madam?
How is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell: thoſe that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taskes.
He might haue chid me ſo: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Æmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Throwne ſuch diſpight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.
Def. Am I that name, *Iago*?
Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)
Def. Such as ſhe ſaid my Lord did ſay I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid ſuch termes vpon his Callet.
Iago. Why did he ſo?
Def. I do not know: I am ſure I am none ſuch.
Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſooke ſo many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Beſhrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?
Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.
Æmi. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternall Villaine,
Some buſie and inſinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get ſome Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man: it is impoſſible.
Def. If any ſuch there be, Heauen pardon him.
Æmil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why ſhould he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous Knaue,
Some baſe notorious Knaue, ſome ſcuruy Fellow.
Oh Heauens, that ſuch companions thou'd'ſt vnfold,
And put in euery honeſt hand a whip
To laſh the Raſcalls naked through the world,
Euen from the Eaſt to th'Weſt.
Iago. Speake within doore.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon them: ſome ſuch Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the ſeamy-ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.
Def. Alas *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I loſt him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did treſpaſſe 'gainſt his Loue,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do ſhake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forſweare me. Vnkindneſſe may do much,
And his vnkindneſſe may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot ſay Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I ſpeake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Maſſe of vanitie could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The buſineſſe of the State do's him offence.
Def. If 'twere no other.
Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant,
Hearke how theſe Inſtruments ſummon to ſupper:
The Meſſengers of Venice ſtaies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things ſhall be well.
Exeunt Deſdemona and Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'ſt iuſtly with me.
Iago. What in the contrarie?
Rodori. Euery day thou dafts me with ſome deuiſe *Iago*, and rather, as it ſeemes to me now, keep'ſt from me all conueniencie, then ſupplieſt me with the leaſt aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſwaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue fooliſhly ſuffred.
Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most vniustly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I haue wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue said now.

Rodo. I: and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand *Rodorigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most iust exception: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement. But *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now then euer, (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou rhe next night following enioy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treacherie, and deuise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be lingred heere by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Æmilia, and Atendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodoui. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't be done. *Exit.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Æm. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismisse you.

Æmi. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I, would you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Æmi. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

Æmil. Come, come: you talke.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it expres'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Brabarie*: prythee dispatch.

Æmi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Des. No, vn-pin me here,
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speakes well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in Venicewould haue walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. Icall'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Do that boade weeping?

Æmil, 'Tis neyther heere, nor there·

Def. I haue heard it faid fo. O thefe Men, thefe men!
Do'ft thou in confcience thinke (tell me *Æmilia*)
That there be women do abufe their husbands
In fuch groffe kinde?

Æmil. There be fome fuch, no queftion.

Def. Would'ft thou do fuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this Heauenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doo't as well i'th'darke.

Def. Would'ft thou do fuch a deed for al the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a fmall vice.

Def. Introth, I thinke thou would'ft not.

Æmil. Introth I thinke I fhould, and vndoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe fuch a thing for a ioynt Ring, nor for meafures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husbanda Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I fhould venture Purgatory for't.

Def. Befhrew me, if I would do fuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not thinke there is any fuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as would ftore the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they flacke their duties,
And powre our Treafures into forraigne laps;
Or elfe breake out in peeuifh Iealoufies,
Throwing reftraint vpon vs: Or fay they ftrike vs,
Or fcant our former hauing in defpight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue fome Grace,
Yet haue we fome Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue fenfe like them: They fee, and fmell,
And haue their Palats both for fweet, and fowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is fo too. And haue not we Affections?
Defires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vfe vs well: elfe let them know,
The illes we do, their illes inftruct vs fo.

Def. Good night, good night:
Heauen me fuch vfes fend,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, ftand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe moft firme thy Refolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may mifcarry in't.

Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy ftand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me fatisfying Reafons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almoft to the fenfe,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Caffio*,
Or *Caffio* him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,
He calles me to a reftitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to *Defdemona*.
It muft not be: If *Caffio* do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and befides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there ftand I in much perill:
No, he muft dye. But fo, I heard him comming.

Enter Caffio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyeft.

Caf. That thruft had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'ft:
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am flaine.

Caffio. I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Caffio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is euen fo.

Caf. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honeft, and iuft,
That haft fuch Noble fenfe of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teacheft me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnbleft Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, thofe Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed luft-ftain'd, fhall with Lufts blood bee fpotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Caf. What hoa? no Watch? No paffage?
Murther, Murther.

Gra. 'Tis fome mifchance, the voyce is very direfull.

Caf. Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
Thefe may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnfafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come: then fhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his fhirt, with Light, and Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyfe is this that cries on murther?

Lodo. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?

Caf. Heere, heere: for heauen fake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.

Lodo. The fame indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry fo greeuoufly?

Caf. *Iago*? Oh I am fpoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Giue me fome helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?

Caf. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,

And

And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and giue ſome helpe.
Rod. O helpe me there.
Caſſio. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!
Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men i'th'darke?
Where be theſe bloody Theeues?
How ſilent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?
Lod. As you ſhall proue vs, praiſe vs.
Iago. Signior *Lodouico*?
Lod. He Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſſio* hurt by Villaines.
Gra. Caſſio?
Iago. How is't Brother?
Caſ. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my ſhirt.
Enter Bianca.
Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*: Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that haue thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to ſeeke you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:——Oh for a Chaire
To beare him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a party in this Iniurie.
Patience awhile, good *Caſſio*. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes ſure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my Manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you *Caſſio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well ſaid, the Chaire.
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Miſtris,
Saue you your labour. He that lies ſlaine heere (*Caſſio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world: nor do I know the man?
Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale, Miſtris?
Do you perceiue the gaſtneſſe of her eye?
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall heare more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:
Do you ſee Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineſſe will ſpeake
Though tongues were out of vſe.
Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, Husband?
Iago. *Caſſio* hath heere bin ſet on in the darke
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Caſsio*.
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. O did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? Fie vpon thee.
Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:
Let's go ſee poore *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come Miſtris, you muſt tel's another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Deſdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cauſe, it is the Cauſe (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Starres,
It is the Cauſe. Yet Ile not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And ſmooth as Monumentall Alablaſter:
Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhee'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Miniſter,
I can againe thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'ſt Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethæan* heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Roſe,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It needs muſt wither. Ile ſmell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſwade
Iuſtice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the laſt.
So ſweet, was ne're ſo fatall. I muſt weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This ſorrow's heauenly,
It ſtrikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.
Deſ. Who's there? *Othello*?
Othel. I *Deſdemona*.
Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Deſdemon*?
Deſ. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your ſelfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it ſtraight.
Deſ. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.
Deſ. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I do.
Deſ. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.
Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Def. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.
Def. They are Loues I beare to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.
Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Def. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio.*
Def. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Presently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Def. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio,*
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.
Def. He found it then:
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth.
Oth. He hath confest.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Def. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say so.
Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you striue.
Def. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.
Def. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smothers her.*
Æmilia at the doore.
Æmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.
Æmil.within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Æmilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
Æmil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter Æmilia.
Æmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo.*
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.
Def. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.
Def. A guiltlesse death, I dye.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Def. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how should she be murdred?
Æmil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
Æmil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker Diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Caſſio*: had ſhe bin true,
If Heauen would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chryſolite,
I'ld not haue ſold her for it.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſtickes on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
I ſay, thy Husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtris,
Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, Woman;
I ſay thy Husband: Do'ſt vnderſtand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honeſt, honeſt *Iago.*
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou haſt done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miſtris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſproue this Villaine, if thou bee'ſt a man:
He ſayes, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou did'ſt not: thou'rt not ſuch a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himſelfe was apt, and true.
Æmil. But did you euer tell him,
She was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a Lye, an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee falſe with *Caſſio*?
Did you ſay with *Caſſio*?
Iago. With *Caſſio*, Miſtris?
Go too, charme your tongue.
Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to ſpeake,
My Miſtris heere lyes murthered in her bed.
All. Oh Heauens, forefend.
Emil. And your reports haue ſet the Murder on.
Othello. Nay ſtare not Maſters,
It is true indeede.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mont. O monſtrous Acte.
Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I ſmel't: O Villany:
I thought ſo then: Ile kill my ſelfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to ſpeake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh.
Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was fowle!
I ſcarſe did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands haue newly ſtopp'd:
I know this acte ſhewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Deſdemon*:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turne:
Yea, curſe his better Angell from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That ſhe with *Caſſio*, hath the Act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I firſt gaue her: I ſaw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.
Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will ſpeake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie ſhame againſt me, yet Ile ſpeake.
Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a ſolemne earneſtneſſe,
(More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to ſteale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Emil. She giue it *Caſſio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyeſt.
Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what ſhould ſuch a Foole
Do with ſo good a wife?
Oth. Are there no ſtones in Heauen,
But what ſerues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Miſtris ſide.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that ſame villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue. *Exit.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But euery Punie whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-liue Honesty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.
Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.
Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against *Othello*'s brest,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Desdemon*! dead *Desdemon*: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
Othel. I am not sorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.
Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be saide to thee.
Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio*'s death.
Oth. I.
Cas. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.
Oth. I do beleeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.
Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir,
You shall vnderstand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be vndertooke
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Oh Villaine!
Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse.
Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Rodorigo meant t'haue sent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfi'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?
Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!
Cassio. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was cast: and euen but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.
Then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Iealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smoate him, thus.
Lod. Oh bloody period.
Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse. *Dyes*
Cassio.

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poysons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines th eCensure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboord, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(:**:)

Othello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*
Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *a Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.
Senators.
Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.

Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

NAy, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Muſters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great Fights hath burſt
The Buckles on his breſt, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypſies Luſt.

Flouriſh. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile ſet a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the ſumme.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony.*
Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the ſcarſe-bearded *Cæſar* haue not ſent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchiſe that:
Perform't, or elſe we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and moſt like:
You muſt not ſtay heere longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore heare it *Anthony.*
Where's *Fuluias* Proceſſe? (*Cæſars* I would ſay) both?
Call in the Meſſengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou bluſheſt *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſars* homager: elſe ſo thy cheeke payes ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my ſpace,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beaſt as Man; the Nobleneſſe of life
Is to do thus: when ſuch a mutuall paire,
And ſuch a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of puniſhment, the world to weete
We ſtand vp Peereleſſe.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood:
Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?
Ile ſeeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himſelfe.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra.*
Now for the loue of Loue, and her ſoft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our liues ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery paſſion fully ſtriues
To make it ſelfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Meſſenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Anthonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Philo. Sir ſometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great Property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Anthony.*

Dem. I am full ſorry, that hee approues the common Lyar who thus ſpeakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy. *Exeunt*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southſayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to'th'Queene? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you ſay, muſt change his Hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you ſir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleopa

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good fir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but forefee.

Char. Pray then, forefee me one.

Sooth. You fhall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in flefh.

Iras. No, you fhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prefcience, be attentiue.

Char. Hufh.

Sooth. You fhall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now fome excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octauius Cæfar*, and companion me with my Miftris.

Sooth. You fhall out-liue the Lady whom you ferue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue feene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children fhall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches muft I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wifhes had a wombe, & foretell euery wifh, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your fheets are priuie to your wifhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and moft of our Fortunes to night, fhall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme prefages Chaftity, if nothing els.

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus prefageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothfay.

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognoftication, I cannot fcratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune,

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue faid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then fhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choofe it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nofe.

Char. Our worfer thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, fweet *Ifis*, I befeech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him a worfe, and let worfe follow worfe, till the worft of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Ifis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Ifis* I befeech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddeffe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to fee a handfome man loofe-Wiu'd, fo it is a deadly forrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Ifis* keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themfelues Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hufh, heere comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was difpos'd to mirth, but on the fodaine
A Romane thought hath ftrooke him.
Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias*?

Alex. Heere at your feruice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Meffenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:
Go with vs. *Exeunt.*

Meffen. *Fuluia* thy Wife,
Firft came into the Field.

Ant. Againft my Brother *Lucius*?

Meffen. I: but foone that Warre had end,
And the times ftate
Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainft *Cæfar*,
Whofe better iffue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the firft encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worft.

Meff. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are paft, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.

Mef. *Labienus* (this is ftiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Afia: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner fhooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil'ft———

Ant. *Anthony* thou would'ft fay.

Mef. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as fhe is call'd in Rome:
Raile thou in *Fuluia's* phrafe, and taunt my faults
With fuch full Licenfe, as both Truth and Malice
Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye ftill, and our illes told vs
Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Mef. At your Noble pleafure. *Exit Meffenger.*

Enter another Meffenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1.*Mef.* The man from *Scicion*,
Is there fuch an one?

2.*Mef.* He ftayes vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:
Thefe ftrong Egyptian Fetters I muft breake,
Or loofe my felfe in dotage.

Enter another Meffenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3.*Mef.* *Fuluia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed fhe.

Mef. In *Scicion*, her length of fickneffe,
With what elfe more ferious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Antho. Forbeare me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I defire it:
What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,

We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By reuolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus.*

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Anth. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die. It were pitty to cast them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vppon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine as well as Ioue.

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall, would haue discredited your Trauaile.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Fuluia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you haue broach'd heere cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres:
Let our Officers
Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Haue giuen the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.

Enob. I shall doo't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is,
Whose with him, what he does:
I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony.*

Cleo. I am sicke, and sullen.

An. I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my deerest Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.
What sayes the married woman you may goe?
Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,
I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the fitst
I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
Who haue beene false to *Fuluia*?
Riotous madnesse,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake them selues in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Heare me Queene:
The ſtrong neceſſity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vſe with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domeſticke powers,
Breed ſcrupulous faction: The hated growne to ſtrength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as haue not thriued
Vpon the preſent ſtate, whoſe Numbers threaten,
And quietneſſe growne ſicke of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fuluias* death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childiſhneſſe. Can *Fuluia* dye?
Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leyſure read
The Garboyles ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See when, and where ſhee died.
Cleo. O moſt falſe Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowfull water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fuluias* death, how mine receiu'd ſhall be.
Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I beare: which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall giue th'aduice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus ſlime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.
Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loues.
Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which ſtands
An honourable Triall.
Cleo. So *Fuluia* told me.
I prythee turne aſide, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and ſay the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.
Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. Ile leaue you Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my Obliuion is a very *Anthony*,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleneſſe your ſubiect, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſſe it ſelfe.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating Labour,
To beare ſuch Idleneſſe ſo neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and ſmooth ſucceſſe
Be ſtrew'd before your feete.
Ant. Let vs go.
Come: Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Octauius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Traine.

Cæſ. You may ſee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fiſhes, drinkes, and waſtes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchſafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abſtracts of all faults,
That all men follow.
Lep. I muſt not thinke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodneſſe:
His faults in him, ſeeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blackneſſe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaſte: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooſes.
Cæſ. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amiſſe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to ſit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the ſtreets at noone, and ſtand the Buffet
With knaues that ſmels of ſweate: Say this becoms him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Anthony*
No way excuſe his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightneſſe. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuouſneſſe,
Full ſurfets, and the drineſſe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drummes him from his ſport, and ſpeakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebell to iudgement.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Lep. Heere's more newes.
Meſ. Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of thoſe
That only haue feard *Cæſar*: to the Ports
The diſcontents repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd.
Cæſ. I ſhould haue knowne no leſſe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall ſtate
That he which is was wiſht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

x 2 To

To rot it selfe with motion.

Mes. Cæsar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
Taken as seene: for *Pompeyes* name strikes more
Then could his Warre resisted.

Cæsar. Anthony,
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassailes. When thou once
Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou slew'st
Hirsius, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat thē did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pitty of him

Cæs. Let his shames quickely
Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selues i'th'Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
Thriues in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow *Cæsar*,
I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Cæsar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragoru.*

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh *Charmion*:
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mouu'st,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For so he cals me:) Now I feede my selfe
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was
A morsell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæsar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthonie*?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Qu ene)
He kist the last of many doubled kisses
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote
To mend the petty present, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,
Was beastly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between ẙ extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.
Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send to *Anthonie*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, euer loue *Cæsar* so?

Char. Oh that braue *Cæsar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the braue *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæsar* Parago nagaine:
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I saide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,

Hee

he ſhall haue euery day a ſeuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeople Egypt. *Exeunt*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be iuſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of iuſteſt men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are ſutors to their Throne, decayes the thing we ſue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our ſelues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wiſe Powres
Deny vs for our good: ſo finde we profit
By looſing of our Prayers.

Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Creſſent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Cæſar* gets money where
He looſes hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis falſe.

Mene. From *Siluius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt *Cleopatra* ſoften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Luſt with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feaſts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyleſſe ſawce his Appetite,
That ſleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Lethied dulneſſe———

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

Var. This is moſt certaine, that I ſhall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could haue giuen leſſe matter
A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme
For ſuch a petty Warre: his Souldierſhip
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Luſt-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Anthony* ſhall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,
How leſſer Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we ſtand vp againſt them all:
'Twer pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelues,
For they haue entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the feare of vs
May Ciment their diuiſions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely ſtands
Our liues vpon, to vſe our ſtrongeſt hands
Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

Enob. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwer like himſelfe: if *Cæſar* moue him,
Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Cæſars* head,
And ſpeake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
I would not ſhaue't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate ſtomacking.

Eno. Euery time ſerues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt giue way.

Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion: but pray you ſtirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well heere, to Parthia:
Hearke *Ventidius*.

Cæſar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend vs. What's amiſſe,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt tearmes,
Nor curſtneſſe grow to'th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. *Flouriſh.*

Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant, Sit ſir.

Cæſ. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concerne you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my ſelfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately: when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Cæſar*, what was't to you?

Cæſ. No more then my reciding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practiſe on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their conteſtation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſines, my Brother neuer
Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And haue my Learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you, did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike againſt my ſtomacke,
Hauing alike your cauſe. Of this, my Letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you haue to make it with,

It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me: but you patcht vp your excuses.

Anth. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæsar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it.

Cæsar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Misiue out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæsar. You haue broken the Article of your oath, which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cæsar.*

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cæsar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cæsar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather:
And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fuluia*,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Mece. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the present neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken *Mecenas.*

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the instant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing else to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob. That trueth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no more.

Enob. Go too then: your Considerate stone.

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So diffring in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge
At h'world: I would persue it.

Agri. Giue me leaue *Cæsar.*

Cæsar. Speake *Agrippa.*

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd *Octauia*? Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

Cæsar. Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you, your proofe were well deserued of rashnesse.

Anth. I am not marryed *Cæsar*: let me heere *Agrippa* further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-slipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octauia to his wife: whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can vtter. By this marriage,
All little Ielousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cæsar* speake?

Cæsar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,
To make this good?

Cæsar. The power of *Cæsar*,
And his power, vnto *Octauia*.

Anth. May I neuer
(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And sway our great Designes.

Cæsar. There's my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue so deerely. Let her liue
To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Flie off our Loues againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lepi. Time cals vpon's,
Of vs must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out vs.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cæsar. About the Mount-Mesena.

Anth. What is his strength by land?

Cæsar. Great, and encreasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Anth. So is the Fame,
Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we haue talkt of.

Cæsar. With most gladnesse,
And do inuite you to my Sisters view,

Whe-

Whether ſtraight Ile lead you.

Anth. Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not ſickeneſſe ſhould detaine me.

Flouriſh. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecenas.* My honourable Friend *Agrippa.*

Agri. Good *Enobarbus.*

Mece. We haue cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well diſgeſted: you ſtaid well by't in Egypt.

Enob. I Sir, we did ſleepe day out of countenaunce: and made the night light with drinking.

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares roſted whole at a breakfaſt: and but twelue perſons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerued noting.

Mecenas. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Enob. When ſhe firſt met *Marke Anthony*, ſhe purſt vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis.

Agri. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes :and ſo perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-ſicke.
With them the Owers were Siluer,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faſter;
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her owne perſon,
It beggerd all diſcription, ſhe did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O're-picturing that Venns, where we ſee
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fa n nes whoſe winde did ſeeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.

Agrip· Oh rare for *Anthony.*

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
A ſeeming Mer-maide ſteeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inuiſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty caſt
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egiptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* ſent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: ſhe replyed,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt:
Which ſhe entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard ſpeake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feaſt;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:
She made great *Cæſar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke ſtreete,
And hauing loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſſe powre breath forth.

Mece. Now *Anthony*, muſt leaue her vtterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtome ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vildeſt things
Become themſelues in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſſe her, when ſhe is Riggiſh.

Mece If Beauty, Wiſedome, Modeſty, can ſett le
The heart of *Anthony* :*Octauia* is
A bleſſed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelfe my gueſt, whilſt you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony, Cæſar, Octauia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your boſome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee ſhall bowe my ptayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octauia*
Read not my blemiſhes in the worlds report:
I haue not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done byth'Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir.

Cæſar. Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Soothſaier.

Anth. Now ſirrah: you do wiſh your ſelfe in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue, But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antho. Say to me, whoſe Fortunes ſhall riſe higher *Cæſars* or mine?

Soot. Cæſars. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) ſtay not by his ſide
Thy Dæmon that thy ſpirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable,
Where *Cæſars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make ſpace enough betweene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to looſe: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats thee 'gainſt the oddes. Thy Luſter thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay againe, thy ſpirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventigius* I would ſpeake with him. *Exit.*
He ſhall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath ſpoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he ſpeeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, ſtill of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:
And

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'Eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh come *Ventigius.*

Enter Ventigius.

You muſt to Parthia, your Commiſſions ready:
Follow me, and reciue't. *Exeunt*

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your ſelues no further: pray you haſten your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Marke Anthony,* will e'ne but kiſſe *Octauia,* and weele follow.

Lepi. Till I ſhall ſee you in your Souldiers dreſſe,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mece. We ſhall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at Mount before you *Lepidus.*

Lepi. Your way is ſhorter, my purpoſes do draw me much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me.

Both. Sir good ſucceſſe.

Lepi. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me ſome Muſicke: Muſicke, moody foode of vs that trade in Loue.

Omnes. The Muſicke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come *Charmian.*

Char. My arme is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is ſhewed,
Though't come to ſhort
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, weele to th'Riuer there
My Muſicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fiſhes, my bended hooke ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them euery one an *Anthony,*
And ſay, ah ha; y'are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diuer did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hooke which he with feruencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitefull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Meſ. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. Anthonyo's dead,
If thou ſay ſo Villaine, thou kil'ſt thy Miſtris:
But well and free, if thou ſo yeild him.
There is Gold, and heere
My bleweſt vaines to kiſſe: a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kiſſing.

Meſ. Firſt Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's moreGold.
But ſirrah marke, we vſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vttering throate.

Meſ. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodneſſe in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; ſo tart a fauour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings. If not well,
Thou ſhouldſt come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Meſ. Wilt pleaſe you heare me?

Cleo. I haue a mind to ſtrike thee ere thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet if thou ſay *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar,* or not Captiue to him,
Ile ſet thee in a ſhower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And Friends with *Cæſar.*

Cleo. Th'art an honeſt man.

Meſ. *Cæſar,* and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
Bur yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar,*
In ſtate of heal th thou ſaiſt, and thou ſaiſt, free.

Meſ. Free Madam, no: I made no ſuch report,
He's bound vnto *Octauia.*

Cleo. For what good turne?

Meſ. For the beſt turne i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian.*

Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octauia.*

Cleo. The moſt infectious Peſtilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Meſ. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What ſay you? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile ſpurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,

She hales him vp and downe.

Thou ſhalt be whipt with Wyer, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Meſ. Gratious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a Prouince I will giue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'ſt
Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beſide
Thy modeſtie can begge.

Meſ. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liu'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

Meſ. Nay then Ile runne:
What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam keepe your ſelfe within your ſelfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents ſcape not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the ſlaue againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
Theſe hands do lacke Nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner then my ſelfe: ſince I my ſelfe
Haue giuen my ſelfe the cauſe. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger againe.

Though it be honeſt, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gratious Meſſage

An

An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themſelues, when they be felt.
Meſ. I haue done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer then I do,
If thou againe ſay yes.
Meſ. He's married Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lye Madame?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didſt:
So halfe my Egypt were ſubmerg'd and made
A Ceſterne for ſcal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'ſt appeere moſt vgly: He is married?
Meſ. I craue your Highneſſe pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punniſh me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octauia.*
Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art ſure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou haſt brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:
Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.
Char. Good your Highneſſe patience.
Cleo. In prayſing *Anthony*, I haue diſprais'd *Cæſar.*
Char. Many times Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras, Charmian*: 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octauia*: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is: pitty me *Charmian*,
But do not ſpeake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.
Exeunt.

Flouriſh. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cæſar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hoſtages I haue, ſo haue you mine:
And we ſhall talke before we fight.
Cæſar. Moſt meete that firſt we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purpoſes before vs ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſidered, let vs know,
If 'twill tye vp thy diſcontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh heere.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great worl d,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, ſince *Iulius Cæſar*,
Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honeſt, Romaine *Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whoſe burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To ſcourge th'ingratitude, that deſpightfull Rome
Caſt on my Noble Father.
Cæſar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou can'ſt not feare vs *Pompey* with thy ſailes.
Weele ſpeake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o're-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doſt orecount me of my Fatherrs houſe:
But ſince the Cuckoo buildes not for himſelfe,
Remaine in't as thou maiſt.
Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the preſent how you take)
The offers we haue ſent you.
Cæſar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd
Cæſar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I muſt
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to ſend
Meaſures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to ſome impatience: though I looſe
The praiſe of it by telling. You muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.
Ant. I haue heard it *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,
Ant. The beds i'th'Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpoſe hither:
For I haue gained by't.
Cæſar. Since I ſaw you laſt, ther's a change vpon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harſh Fotune caſt's vpon my face,
But in my boſome ſhall ſhe neuer come,
To make my heart her vaſſaile.
Lep. Well met heere.
Pom. I hope ſo *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I craue our compoſion may be written
And ſeal'd betweene vs,
Cæſar. That's the next to do.
Pom. Weele feaſt each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I *Pompey.*
Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but firſt or laſt, your fine Egyptian cookerie ſhall haue the fame, I haue heard that *Iulius Cæſar*, grew fat with feaſting there.
Anth. You haue heard much.
Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much haue I heard,
And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried———
Eno. No more that: he did ſo.
Pom. What I pray you?
Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cæſar* in a Matris.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue

Foure Feafts are toward.

Pom. Let me fhake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue feene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deferu'd ten times as much,
As I haue faid you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainneffe,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, fir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Manet Enob. & Menas*

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne fir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praife any man that will praife me, thogh it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes fome-thing you can deny for your owne fafety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land feruice: but giue mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kiffing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatfomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No flander, they fteale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, fure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue faid Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Cæfars* Sifter is call'd *Octauia*.

Men. True Sir, fhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But fhe is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men. Pray'ye fir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæfar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophefie fo.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpofe, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke fo too. But you fhall finde the band that feemes to tye their friendfhip together, will bee the very ftrangler of their Amity: *Octauia* is of a holy, cold, and ftill conuerfation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife fo?

Eno. Not he that himfelfe is not fo: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian difh againe: then fhall the fighes of *Octauia* blow the fire vp in *Cæfar*, and (as I faid before) that which is the ftrength of their Amity, fhall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will vfe his affection where it is. Hee married but his occafion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I haue a health for you.

Enob. I fhall take it fir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Muficke playes.
Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'l be man: fome o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already, the leaft winde i'th'world wil blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the difpofition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himfelfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raifes the greatet warre betweene him & his difcretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowfhip: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no feruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be feene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes fhould bee, which pittifully difafter the cheekes.

A Sennet founded.
Enter Cæfar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine fcales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lowneffe, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus fwels,
The more it promifes: as it ebbes, the Seedfman
Vpon the flime and Ooze fcatters his graine,
And fhortly comes to Harueft.

Lep. Y'haue ftrange Serpents there?

Anth. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: fo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are fo.

Pom. Sit, and fome Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not fo well as I fhould be:
But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you haue flept: I feare me you'l bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramifis are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forfake thy feate I do befeech thee Captaine,
And heare me fpeake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon. *Whifpers in's Eare.*
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is fhap'd fir like it felfe, and it is as broad as it hath bredth; It is iuft fo high as it is, and mooues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nourifheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Tranfmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ftrange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis fo, and the teares of it are wet.

Cæf. Will this defcription fatisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, elfe he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang fir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the fake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

Rife from thy ftoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou haft feru'd me with much faith: what's elfe to fay? Be iolly Lords.

Anth. Thefe Quicke-fands *Lepidus*,
Keepe off, them for you finke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What faift thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How fhould that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Haft thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'ft be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. Thefe three World-fharers, thefe Competitors
Are in thy veffell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou fhouldft haue done,
And not haue fpoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good feruice: thou muft know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath fo betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I fhould haue found it afterwards well done,
But muft condemne it now: defift, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who feekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him afhore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ftrong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: feeft not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drinke thou: encreafe the Reeles.

Men Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feaft.

Ant. It ripen's towards it: ftrike the Veffells hoa.
Heere's to *Cæfar*.

Cæfar. I could well forbear't, it's monftrous labour when I wafh my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cæfar. Poffeffe it, Ile make anfwer: but I had rather faft from all, foure dayes, then drinke fo much in one.

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, fhall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath fteep't our fenfe,
In foft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Muficke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy fhall fing.
The holding euery man fhall beate as loud,
As his ftrong fides can volly.

Muficke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd,
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round.

Cæfar. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me requeft you of our grauer bufineffe
Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You fee we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleet's what it fpeakes: the wilde difguife hath almoft
Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the fhore.

Anth. And fhall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father houfe.
But what, we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate.

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on fhore,
No to my Cabin: thefe Drummes,
Thefe Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To thefe great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, found out.

Sound a Flourifh with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo faies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou ftroke, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craffus* death
Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*,
Paies this for *Marcus Craffus*.

Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whil'ft yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
Mefapotamia, and the fhelters, whether
The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
Shall fet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Sillius*, *Sillius*,
I haue done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ferues away.
Cæfar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then perfon. *Soffius*
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu'd by'th'minute, loft his fauour.
Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choife of loffe
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
We haue iaded out o'th'Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:
We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They haue dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octauia* weepes
To part from Rome: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sicknesse.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cæsar*.

Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Cæsar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

Eno. Spake you of *Cæsar*? How, the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say *Cæsar* go no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loues *Cæsar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,
His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loues.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:
This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.

Antho. No further Sir.

Cæsar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:
Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*,
Let not the peece of Vertue which is set
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortresse of it: for better might we
Haue lou'd without this meane, if onboth parts
This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Cæsar. I haue said.

Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the lest cause
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:
We will heere part.

Cæsar. Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octa. My Noble Brother.

Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—

Cæsar. What *Octauia*?

Octa. Ile tell you in your eare.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tougue.
The Swannes downe feather
That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæsar* weepe?

Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

Agri. Why *Enobarbus*:
When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* slaine.

Eno. That yearindeed, he was trobled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleeu't till I weepe too.

Cæsar. No sweet *Octauia*,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
And giue you to the Gods.

Cæsar. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light
To thy faire way.

Cæsar. Farewell, farewell. *Kisses Octauia.*

Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afeard to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might commaund it: Come thou neere.

Mes. Most gratious Maiestie.

Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octauia*?

Mes. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heare her speake?
Is she shrill tongu'd or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Maiestie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.

Mes. She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one:
She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mes. Or I haue no obseruance.

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gueſſe at her yeares, I prythee.

Meſſ. Madam, ſhe was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.

Meſ. And I do thinke ſhe's thirtie.

Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Meſſ. Round, euen to faultineſſe.

Cleo. For the moſt part too, they are fooliſh that are ſo. Her haire what colour?

Meſſ. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpeneſſe ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Moſt fit for buſineſſe. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is ſo: I repent me much
That ſo I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeene ſome Maieſty, and ſhould know.

Char. Hath he ſeene Maieſtie? *Iſis* elſe defend: and ſeruing you ſo long.

Cleopa. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octauia*, not onely that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainſt *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, ſpoke ſcantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and ſickly
He vented then moſt narrow meaſure; lent me,
When the beſt hint was giuen him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octaui. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you muſt beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deuiſion chance, ne're ſtood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me preſently,
When I ſhall pray: Oh bleſſe my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſſe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and diſtroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt theſe extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octauia*,
Let your beſt loue draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerue it: if I looſe mine Honour,
I looſe my ſelfe: better I were not yours
Then your ſo branchleſſe. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelfe ſhall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raiſe the preparation of a Warre
Shall ſtaine your Brother, make your ſooneſt haſt,
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The Ioue of power make me moſt weake, moſt weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world ſhould cleaue, and that ſlaine men
Should ſoader vp the Rift.

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your diſpleaſure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be ſo equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Chooſe your owne company, and command what coſt
Your heart he's mind too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros. Ther's ſtrange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Ero. Cæſar & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old, what is the ſucceſſe?

Eros. Cæſar hauing made vſe of him in the warres 'gainſt *Pompey*: preſently denied him riuality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not reſting here, accuſes him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale ſeizes him, ſo the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadſt a paire of chapsn o more, and throw betweene them all the food thou haſt, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and ſpurnes
The ruſh that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Cæſar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord deſires you preſently: my Newes
I might haue told heareafter.

Eno. 'Twillbe naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæſar.

Cæſ. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:
I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall ſiluer'd,
Cleopatra and himſelfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, ſat
Cæſarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull iſſue, that their Luſt
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the ſtabliſhment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, abſolute Queene.

Mece. This in the publike eye?

Cæſar. I'th'common ſhew place, where they exerciſe,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he aſſign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: ſhe
In th'abiliments of the Goddeſſe *Iſis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audiĕnce,
As 'tis reported ſo.

Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſar. The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accuſations.

Agri. Who does he accuſe?

Cæſar. Cæſar, and that hauing in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th'Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping vnreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, ſhould be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.

Agri. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſar. 'Tis done already, and the Meſſenger gone:
I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deferue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like

Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octauia with her Traine.

Octa. Haile *Cæſar*, and my L. haile moſt deere *Cæſar*.

Cæſar. That euer I ſhould call thee Caſt-away.

Octa. You haue not call'd me ſo, nor haue you cauſe.

Cæſ. Why haue you ſtoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cæſars* Siſter, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vſher, and
The neighes of Horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appeare. The trees by'th'way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should haue aſcended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Ra is'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The oſtentation of our loue; which left vnſhewne,
Is often left vnlou'd: we ſhould haue met you
By Sea, and Land, ſupplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Cæſ. Which ſoone he granted,
Being an abſtract 'tweene his Luſt, and him.

Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.

Cæſ. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Cæſar. No my moſt wronged Siſter, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath aſſembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede and Licoania,
With a more larger Liſt of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me moſt wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth

Cæſ. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtinie
Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iuſtice, makes his Miniſters
Of vs, and thoſe that loue you. Beſt of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, moſt large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyſes it againſt vs.

Octa. Is it ſo ſir?

Cæſ. Moſt certaine: Siſter welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'ſt Siſter. *Exeunt*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe warres,
And ſay'ſt it it not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd againſt vs, why ſhould not we be there in perſon.

Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee ſhould ſerue with Horſe and Mares together, the Horſe were meerly loſt: the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Enob. Your preſence needs muſt puzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That ſpeake againſt vs. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,
And as the preſident of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidias.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange *Camidius*,
That from Tarrentum, and Brandufium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſſe. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what elſe?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do ſo?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharſalia,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers
Which ſerue not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.

Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift Impreſſe. In *Cæſars* Fleete,
Are thoſe, that often haue 'gainſt *Pompey* fought,
Their ſhippes are yare, yours heauy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute Soldierſhip you haue by Land,
Diſtract your Armie, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Giue vp your ſelfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæsar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy Businesse?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Cæsar ha's taken Toryne.

Ant, Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius,*
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis.*

Enter a Soldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten plankes: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*

Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octauius, Marcus Iusteus,
Publicola, and *Celius,* are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Cæsars*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Towrus.*

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor cals *Camidius.*

Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *exeunt*

Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæs. Towrus?

Tow. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cæsars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *exit.*

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarrus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we haue kist away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th'midst o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoists Sailes, and flyes.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony,*
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I neuer saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cæsar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony,* though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæsar.*

Omnes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.

Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do most deere Queene.
Char. Do, why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh *Iuno.*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.
Eros. Sir, sir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah stand by.
Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee's vnqualited with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.
Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will ceaze her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A most vnnoble sweruing.
Eros Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,
Euen this repayes me.
We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

Cæs. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony.*
Know you him.
Dolla. Cæsar, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Cæsar. Approach, and speake.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.
Cæs. Bee't so, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cæs. For *Anthony*,
I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee
From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune pursue thee.
Cæs. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law.
Thid. Cæsar, I go.
Cæsar. Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speakes
In euery power that mooues.
Thid. Cæsar, I shall. *exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?
Eno. Thinke, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?
Eno. Anthony onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose seuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Nauy gazing.
Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer? *Amb.* I my Lord.
Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtesie,
So she will yeeld vs vp.
Am. He sayes so.
Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant.

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whoſe Miniſters would preuaile
Vnder the ſeruice of a Childe, as ſoone
As i'th'Command of *Cæſar.* I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Compariſons a-part,
And anſwer me declin'd, Sword againſt Sword,
Our ſelues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Cæſar* will
Vnſtate his happineſſe, and be Stag'd to'th'ſhew
Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dreame,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'de
His iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar.*

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Againſt the blowne Roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him ſir.

Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, beginne to ſquare,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæſars* will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends: ſay boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony.*

Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæſar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our Maſter
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſars.*

Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further then he is *Cæſars.*

Cleo. Go on right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The ſcarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerued.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is moſt right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.

Eno. To be ſure of that, I will aske *Anthony.*
Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leakie
That we muſt leaue thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deereſt quit thee. *Exit Enob.*

Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar,*
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be deſir'd to giue. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his Fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his ſpirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony,*
And put your ſelfe vnder his ſhrowd, the vniuerſal Land-(lord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thid. My name is *Thidias.*

Cleo. Moſt kinde Meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſſe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Nobleſt courſe:
Wiſedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæſars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Beſtow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou (Fellow?

Thid. One that but performes
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To haue command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a muſſe, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wer't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar,* ſhould I finde them
So fawcy with the hand of ſhe heere, what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?* Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you ſee him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. *Marke Anthony.*

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cæſars* ſhall
Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidius.*
You were halfe blaſted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnpreſt in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You haue beene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our vicioufneſſe grow hard
(Oh miſery on't) the wiſe Gods ſeele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morſell, cold vpon
Dead *Cæſars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes,* beſides what hotter houres
Vnregiſtred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſſe what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Baſan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue ſauage cauſe,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolue my life, the next Cæsarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
Lye graueless, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:
Cæsar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues
Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their scarres.
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his pestilent Sythe. *Exeunt.*

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leaue him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army, Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Cæsar to *Anthony*: let the old Ruffian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. *Cæsar* must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Cæs. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that seru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waste. Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Houshold Seruants, lets to night
Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.
Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meanes this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,
So good as you haue done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.
Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he meane?
Eno. To make his Followers weepe.
Ant. Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'l ſerue another Maſter. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honeſt Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Maſter
Married to your good ſeruice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.
Eno. What meane you (Sir)
To giue them this diſcomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Aſſe, am Onyon-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transforme vs not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe,
For I ſpake to you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne conſideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1.*Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.
2.*Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets.
1 Nothing: what newes?
2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1 Well ſir, good night.
They meete other Soldiers.
2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.
1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.
They place themſelues in euery corner of the Stage.
2 Heere we: and if to morrow
Our Nauie thriue, I haue an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand vp.
1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpoſe.
Muſicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.
2 Peace, what noiſe?
1 Liſt, liſt.
2 Hearke.
1 Muſicke i'th'Ayre.
3 Vnder the earth.
4 It ſignes well, do's it not?
3 No.
1 Peace I ſay: What ſhould this meane?
2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,
Now leaues him.
1 Walke, let's ſee if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do?
2 How now Maiſters? *Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?
1 I, is't not ſtrange?
3 Do you heare Maſters? Do you heare?
1 Follow the noyſe ſo farre as we haue quarter.
Let's ſee how it will giue off.
Omnes. Content: 'Tis ſtrange. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros.*
Enter Eros.
Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we braue her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony.*
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it muſt bee.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thriue now.
Seeſt thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefely Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To daft for our Repoſe, ſhall heare a ſtorme.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Diſpatch. O Loue,
That thou couldſt ſee my Warres to day, and knew'ſt
The Royall Occupation, thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A Workeman in't.
Enter an Armed Soldier.
Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'ſt like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To buſineſſe that we loue, we riſe betime,
And go too't with delight.
Soul. A thouſand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Showt.*
Trumpets Flouriſh.
Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.
Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
All. Good morrow Generall.
Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.
This Morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo: Come giue me that, this way, well-ſed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kiſſe: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhamefull checke it were, to ſtand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you retyre to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great Warre in ſingle fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony.*
Ant. Would thou, & thoſe thy ſcars had once preuaild
To make me fight at Land.
Eros. Had"ſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue ſtill
Followed thy heeles.
Ant. Whoſe gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,
Hee

He ſhall not heare thee, or from *Cæſars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What ſayeſt thou ?

Sold. Sir he is with *Cæſar.*

Eros. Sir, his Cheſts and Treaſure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Moſt certaine.

Ant. Go *Eros*, ſend his Treaſure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wiſh he neuer finde more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honeſt men. Diſpatch *Enobarbus.* *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Agrippa, Cæſar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

Cæſ. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:
Make it ſo knowne.

Agrip. Cæſar, I ſhall.

Cæſar. The time of vniuerſall peace is neere:
Proue this a proſp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oliue freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Anthony is come into the Field.

Cæſ. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may ſeeme to ſpend his Fury
Vpon himſelfe. *Exeunt.*

Enob. Alexas did reuolt, and went to *Iewrij* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did diſſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelfe to *Cæſar*,
And leaue his Maſter *Anthony*. For this paines,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the reſt
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelfe ſo ſorely,
That I will ioy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſars.

Sol. Enobarbus, Anthony
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treaſure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I giue it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaf't the bringer
Out of the hoaſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my ſelfe. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a Ioue. *Exit*

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am ſo moſt. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'ſt thou haue payed
My better ſeruice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If ſwift thought breake it not: a ſwifter meane
Shall out-ſtrike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight againſt thee: No I will go ſeeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.
Enter Agrippa.

Agrip Retire, we haue engag'd our ſelues too farre:
Cæſar himſelfe ha's worke, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what weexpected. *Exit.*

Alarums.
Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had drouen them home
With clowts about their heads. *Far off.*

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retyre.

Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage ſerues
For a faire victory.

Scar. Let vs ſcore their backes,
And ſnatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis ſport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our gueſts: to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſee's, wee'l ſpill the blood
That ha's to day eſcap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you ſeru'd the Cauſe, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue ſhewne all *Hectors.*
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'ſt they with ioyfull teares
Waſh the congealement from your wounds, and kiſſe
The Honour'd-gaſhes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thankes bleſſe thee. Oh thou day o'th world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofe of Harneſſe to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ſt thou ſmiling from
The worlds great ſnare vncaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do ſomthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nouriſhes our Nerues, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand,
Kiſſe it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.

Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deſeru'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoaſt, we all would ſup together,
And drinke Carowſes to the next dayes Fate

Which

Which promiſes Royall perill, Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blaſt you the Citties eare,
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
We muſt returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattaile
By'th'ſecond houre i'th'Morne.
1.*Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrew'd one too's.
Enob. Oh beare me witneſſe night.
2 What man is this?
1 Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Enob. Be witneſſe to me (O thou bleſſed Moone)
When men reuolted ſhall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. Enobarbus?
2 Peace: Hearke further.
Enob. Oh Soueraigne Miſtris of true Melancholly,
The poyſonous dampe of night diſpunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſſe of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finiſh all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Regiſter
A Maſter leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!
1 Let's ſpeake to him.
Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he ſpeakes
May concerne *Cæſar*.
2 Let's do ſo, but he ſleepes.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for ſo bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for ſleepe.
1 Go we to him.
2 Awake ſir, awake, ſpeake to vs.
1 Heare you ſir?
Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.
Drummes afarre off.
Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.
2 Come on then, he may recouer yet. *exeunt*

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaſe them not by Land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall ſtay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcouer,
And looke on their endeuour. *exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, and his Army.

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by Land,
Which as I tak't we ſhall, for his beſt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beſt aduantage. *exeunt.*

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does ſtand, I ſhall diſcouer all.
Ile bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. *exit.*
Scar. Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their neſts. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not ſpeake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and deiected, and by ſtarts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loſt:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They caſt their Caps vp, and Carowſe together
Like Friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vpriſe ſhall I ſee no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we ſhake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wiſhes, do diſ-Candie, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whoſe Boſome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loſſe.
What *Eros, Eros?*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Loue?
Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall giue thee thy deſeruing,
And blemiſh *Cæſars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee vp to the ſhouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy Sex. Moſt Monſter-like be ſhewne
For poor'ſt Diminitiues, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octauia*, plough thy viſage vp
With her prepared nailes. *exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heauieſt Club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelfe: The Witch ſhall die,
To the young Roman Boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theſſaly
Was neuer ſo imboſt.
Char. To'th'Monument, there locke your ſelfe,
And ſend him word you are dead:

The

The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo. To'th'Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony,*
And word it (prythee) pitteously. Hence *Mardian,*
And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument.
Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, euen with a thoght
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue *Eros,* now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony,*
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil'st it was mine, had annext vntoo't
A Million moe, (now lost:) shee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Cæsars,* and false plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros,* there is left vs
Our selues to end our selues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No *Anthony,*
My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake
Was *Anthony,* most Noble *Anthony:*
Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony:* it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnarme *Eros,* the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*
Off, plucke off,
The seuen-fold shield of *Aiax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros,* apace;
No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra,* and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It selfe with strength: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros, Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Cæsar* telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros,*
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
Th'ineuitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
To penetratiue shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate
Of Fortunate *Cæsar* drawne before him, branded
His Basenesse that ensued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most vsefull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st ỹ not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eros. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now *Eros.* *Killes himselfe.*

Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Anthonies* death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant *Eros,* what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*
Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros,*
Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1.*Guard.* What's the noife?

Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, ftrike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one. *exeunt*

Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This fword but fhewne to *Cæfar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony*?

Decre. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. Liues he: wilt thou not anfwer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?
Draw thy fword, and giue mee,
Suffifing ftrokes for death.

Diom. Moft abfolute Lord:
My Miftris *Cleopatra* fent me to thee.

Ant. When did fhee fend thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Anth. Where is fhe? (feare

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: fhe had a Prophefying
Of what hath come to paffe: for when fhe faw
(Which neuer fhall be found) you did fufpect
She had difpos'd with *Cæfar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, fhe fent you word fhe was dead:
But fearing fince how it might worke, hath fent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laft feruice that I fhall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we fir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Moft heauy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not pleafe fharp fate
To grace it with your forrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punifh vs, and we punifh it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All ftrange and terrible euents are welcome,
But comforts we difpife; our fize of forrow
Proportion'd to our caufe, muft be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other fide your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ft in, darkling ftand
The varrying fhore o'th'world. O *Antony, Antony, Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæfars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthonie*'s hath Triumpht on it felfe.

Cleo. So it fhould be,
That none but *Anthony* fhould conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis fo.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thoufand kiffes, the poore laft
I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Leaft I be taken: not th'Imperious fhew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæfar*, euer fhall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, fting, or operation. I am fafe:
Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modeft eyes,
And ftill Conclufion, fhall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we muft draw thee vp:
Affift good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's fport indeede:
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our ftrength is all gone into heauineffe,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno*'s power,
The ftrong wing'd Mercury fhould fetch thee vp,
And fet thee by Ioues fide. Yet come a little,
Wifhers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haft liu'd,
Quicken with kiffing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heauy fight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me fome Wine, and let me fpeake a little.

Cleo. No, let me fpeake, and let me rayle fo hye,
That the falfe Hufwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (fweet Queene)
Of *Cæfar* feeke your Honour, with your fafety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about *Cæfar* truft, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Refolution, and my hands, Ile truft,
None about *Cæfar*.

Ant. The miferable change now at my end,
Lament nor forrow at: but pleafe your thoughts
In feeding them with thofe my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greateft Prince o'th'world,
The Nobleft: and do now not bafely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquifh'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Nobleft of men, woo't dye?
Haft thou no care of me, fhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abfence is
No better then a Stye? Oh fee my women:
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone.
Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Be come a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian?*
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breefest end.
Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with his Counsell of Warre.

Cæsar. Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall.
Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.
Cæs. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?
Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Cæsar*: if ÿͧ pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.
Cæsar. What is't thou say'st?
Dec. I say (Oh *Cæsar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæsar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world.
Dec. He is dead *Cæsar*,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.
Cæs. Looke you sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.
Cæsar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he sayes.
Enter an Ægyptian.
Whence are you?
Ægyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th'way shee's forc'd too.
Cæsar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindely Wee
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot leaue to be vngentle
Ægypt. So the Gods preserue thee. *Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither *Proculeius.* Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.
Pro. Cæsar I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to second *Proculeius?*
All. Dolabella.
Cæs. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
Which ſleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurſe, and *Cæſars.*

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee ſtudy on what faire demands
Thou mean'ſt to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*

Cleo. *Anthony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would haue a Queece his begger, you muſt tell him,
That Maieſty to keepe *decorum*, muſt
No leſſe begge then a Kingdome: If he pleaſe
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me ſo much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.

Pro. Be of good cheere:
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependacie, and you ſhall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindneſſe,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſall, and I ſend him
The Greatneſſe he has got. I hourely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd:
Guard her till *Cæſar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your ſelfe ſuch wrong, who are in this
Releeu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languiſh

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your ſelfe: Let the World ſee
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke ſir,
If idle talke will once be neceſſary
Ile not ſleepe neither. This mortall houſe Ile ruine,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know ſir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Maſters Court,
Nor once be chaſtic'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octauia*. Shall they hoyſt me vp,
And ſhew me to the ſhowting Varlotarie
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me ſtarke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further then you ſhall
Finde cauſe in *Cæſar.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou haſt done, thy Maſter *Cæſar* knowes,
And he hath ſent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt: Be gentle to her,
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeake, what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'l imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius*

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſſe, you haue heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter ſir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?

Dol. I vnderſtand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreampt there was an Emperor *Anthony*,
Oh ſuch another ſleepe, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein ſtucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their courſe, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Moſt Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges beſtrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Creſted the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and ſhake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreampt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one ſuch
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuffe
To vie ſtrange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainſt Fancie,
Condemning ſhadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your loſſe is as your ſelfe, great; and you beare it
As anſwering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take purſu'de ſucceſſe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that ſuites
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you ſir:
Know you what *Cæſar* meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'le leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I know't. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Proculeius, Cæſar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Which is the Queene of Egypt.
Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
Cæſar. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneele:
I pray you riſe, riſe Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Maſter and my Lord I muſt obey,
Cæſar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th'World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cauſe ſo well
To make it cleare, but do confeſſe I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſar. Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your ſelfe to our intents,
Which towards you are moſt gentle, you ſhall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies courſe, you ſhall bereaue your ſelfe
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your ſignes of Conqueſt ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here my good Lord.
Cæſar. You ſhall aduiſe me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Iewels
I am poſſeſt of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus?*
Seleu. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue reſeru'd
To my ſelfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus.*
Seleu. Madam, I had rather ſeele my lippes,
Then to my perill ſpeake that which is not.
Cleo. What haue I kept backe.
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you haue made known
Cæſar. Nay bluſh not *Cleopatra,* I approue
Your Wiſedome in the deede.
Cleo. See *Cæſar:* Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus,* does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more truſt
Then loue that's hyr'd? What goeſt thou backe, ỳ ſhalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-leſſe, Villain, Dog.
O rarely baſe!
Cæſar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar,* what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing heere to viſit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineſſe
To one ſo meeke, that mine owne Seruant ſhould
Parcell the ſumme of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cæſar*)
That I ſome Lady trifles haue reſeru'd,
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and ſay
Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
For *Liuia* and *Octauia,* to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be vnfolded
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits
Through th'Aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'ſt haue mercy on me.
Cæſar. Forbeare *Seleucus.*
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thoght
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.
Cæſar. Cleopatra,
Not what you haue reſeru'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th'Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill bee't yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and beleeue
Cæſars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your priſons: No deere Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelfe ſhall giue vs counſell: Feede, and ſleepe:
Our care and pitty is ſo much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſar. Not ſo: Adieu. *Flouriſh.*
Exeunt Cæſar, and his Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I ſhould not be Noble to my ſelfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian.*
Iras. Finiſh good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye th e againe,
I haue ſpoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queene?
Char. Behold ſir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he ſend before,
Make your beſt vſe of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella, I ſhall remaine your debter.
Dol. I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* *Exit*
Cleo. Farewell, and thankes.
Now *Iras,* what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet ſhall be ſhewne
In Rome aſwell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Vpliſt vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groſſe dyet, ſhall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certaine *Iras*: ſawcie Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and ſcald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage vs, and preſent
Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatneſſe
I'th'poſture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certaine.
Iras. Ile neuer ſee't? for I am ſure mine Nailes
Are ſtronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their moſt abſurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

No w *Charmian.*
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My beſt Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l diſpatch indeede,)
And when thou haſt done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomeſday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noiſe within.

Wherefore's this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Gardſ. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highneſſe preſence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardſman.*
What poore an Inſtrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, and Clowne.

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Auoid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: thoſe that doe dye of it, doe ſeldome or neuer recouer.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething giuen to lye, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty, how ſhe dyed of the byting of it, what paine ſhe felt: Truely, ſhe makes a verie good report o'th'worme: but he that wil beleeue all that they ſay, ſhall neuer be ſaued by halfe that they do: but this is moſt falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wiſh you all ioy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You muſt thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people: for indeede, there is no goodneſſe in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the diuell himſelfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the diuell dreſſe her not. But truly, theſe ſame whorſon diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre fiue.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forſooth: I wish you ioy o'th'worm. *Exit*

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape ſhall moyſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſelfe
To praiſe my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of *Cæſar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baſer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Haue I the Aſpicke in my lippes? Doſt fall?
If thou, and Nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char. Diſſolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may ſay
The Gods themſelues do weepe.

Cleo. This proues me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſſe
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy ſharpe teeth this knot intrinſicate,
Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh could'ſt thou ſpeake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæſar* Aſſe, vnpolicied.

Char. Oh Eaſterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my breaſt,
That ſuckes the Nurſe aſleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As ſweet as Balme, as ſoft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay——— *Dyes.*

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A Laſſe vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe ſo Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play———

Enter the Guard ruſtling in, and Dolabella.

1.*Guard.* Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Cæſar* hath ſent

Char. Too ſlow a Meſſenger.
Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Cæſar*'s beguild.

2 There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*: call him.

1 What worke is heere *Charmian*?
Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſſe
Deſcended of ſo many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. *Charmian dyes.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2.*Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy ſelfe art comming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Cæſar*.

Dol. Oh ſir, you are too ſure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cæſar. Braueſt at the laſt,
She leuell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not ſee them bleede.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1.*Guard.* A ſimple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæſar. Poyſon'd then.

1.*Guard.* Oh *Cæſar:*
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Miſtris tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſodaine dropt.

Cæſar. Oh Noble weakneſſe:
If they had ſwallow'd poyſon, 'twould appeare
By externall ſwelling: but ſhe lookes like ſleepe,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her breſt,
There is a vent of Bloud, and ſomething blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1.*Guard.* This is an Aſpickes traile,
And theſe Figge-leaues haue ſlime vpon them, ſuch
As th'Aſpicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.

Cæſar. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed: for her Phyſitian tels mee
She hath purſu'de Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony.*
No Graue vpon the earth ſhall clip in it
A payre ſo famous: high euents as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their Story is
No leſſe in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
In ſolemne ſhew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella,* ſee
High Order, in this great Solmemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*

YOu do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still ſeeme, as do's the Kings.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues ſole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her ſelfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd, all
Is outward ſorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the Queene,
That moſt deſir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcowle at.

2 And why ſo?

1 He that hath miſs'd the Princeſſe, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore baniſh'd) is a Creature, ſuch,
As to ſeeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be ſomething failing
In him, that ſhould compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and ſuch ſtuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You ſpeake him farre.

1 I do extend him (Sir) within himſelfe,
Cruſh him together, rather then vnfold
His meaſure duly.

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Againſt the Romanes, with *Caſſibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſeru'd with Glory, and admir'd Succeſſe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (beſides this Gentleman in queſtion)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yſſue, tooke ſuch ſorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceaſt
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cals him *Poſthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, faſt as 'twas miniſtred,
And in's Spring, became a Harueſt: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) moſt prais'd, moſt lou'd,
A ſample to the yongeſt: to th'more Mature,
A glaſſe that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Miſtris,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how ſhe eſteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electiõ may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is ſhe ſole childe to'th'King?

1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldeſt of them, at three yeares old
I'th'ſwathing cloathes, the other from their Nurſery
Were ſtolne, and to this houre, no gheſſe in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago?

1 Some twenty yeares.

2 That a Kings Children ſhould be ſo conuey'd,
So ſlackely guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them.

1 Howſoere, 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.

2 I do well beleeue you.

1 We muſt forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeſſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Poſthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be aſſur'd you ſhall not finde me (Daughter)
After the ſlander of moſt Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Priſoner, but
Your Gaoler ſhall deliuer you the keyes

That locke vp your reſtraint. For you *Poſthumus,*
So ſoone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wiſedome may informe you.

Poſt. 'Pleaſe your Highneſſe,
I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeake together. *Exit*

Imo. O diſſembling Curteſie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds? My deereſt Husband,
I ſomething feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reſeru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall heere abide the hourely ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may ſee againe.

Poſt. My Queene, my Miſtris:
O Lady, weepe no more, leaſt I giue cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſſe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'ſt husband, that did ere plight troth.
My reſidence in Rome, at one *Filorio's,*
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you ſend,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I ſhall incurre, I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.

Poſt. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathneſſe to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, ſtay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your ſelfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Poſt. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And ſeare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While ſenſe can keepe it on: And ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I (my poore ſelfe) did exchange for you
To your ſo infinite loſſe; ſo in our trifles
I ſtill winne of you. For my ſake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayreſt Priſoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Poſt. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, auoyd hence, from my ſight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthineſſe, thou dyeſt. Away,
Thou'rt poyſon to my blood.

Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſſe the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. *Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharpe then this is.

Cym. O diſloyall thing,
That ſhould'ſt repayre my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beſeech you Sir,
Harme not your ſelfe with your vexation,
I am ſenſeleſſe of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Paſt Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Paſt hope, and in diſpaire, that way paſt Grace.

Cym. That might'ſt haue had
The ſole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O bleſſed, that I might not: I choſe an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'ſt a Begger, would'ſt haue made my
Throne, a Seate for baſeneſſe.

Imo. No, I rather added a luſtre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almoſt the ſumme he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almoſt Sir: Heauen reſtore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

Qu. Beſeech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our ſelues, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt aduice.

Cym. Nay let her languiſh
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Qu. Fye, you muſt giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

Piſa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Maſter.

Qu. Hah?
No harme I truſt is done?

Piſa. There might haue beene,
But that my Maſter rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. Oh braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My ſelfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Maſter?

Piſa. On his command: he would not ſuffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left theſe Notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine ſo.

Piſa. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.

Imo. About fome halfe houre hence,
Pray you fpeake with me;
You fhall (at leaft) go fee my Lord aboord.
For this time leaue me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduife you to fhift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad fo wholefome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to fhift it. Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not fo much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a paffable Carkaffe if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-fide the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not ftand me.

2 No, but he fled forward ftill, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne: But he added to your hauing, gaue you fome ground.

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs.

2 So would I, till you had meafur'd how long a Foole you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that fhee fhould loue this Fellow, and refufe mee.

2 If it be a fin to make a true election, fhe is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good figne, but I haue feene fmall reflection of her wit.

2 She fhines not vpon Fooles, leaft the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene fome hurt done.

2 I wifh not fo, vnleffe it had bin the fall of an Affe, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordfhip.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pifanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ft vnto the fhores o'th'Hauen,
And queftioned'ft euery Saile: if he fhould write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper loft
As offer'd mercy is: What was the laft
That he fpake to thee?

Pifa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pifa. And kift it, Madam.

Imo. Senfeleffe Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pifa. No Madam: for fo long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Diftinguifh him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still wauing, as the fits and ftirres of's mind
Could beft expreffe how flow his Soule fayl'd on,
How fwift his Ship.

Imo. Thou fhould'ft haue made him
As little as a Crow, or leffe, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pifa. Madam, fo I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-ftrings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of fpace, had pointed him fharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The fmalneffe of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pifanio*,
When fhall we heare from him.

Pifa. Be affur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Moft pretty things to fay: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and fuch: Or I could make him fweare,
The Shees of Italy fhould not betray
Mine Intereft, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the fixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orifons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kiffe, which I had fet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Defires your Highneffe Company.

Imo. Thofe things I bid you do, get them difpatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pifa. Madam, I fhall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue feene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Creffent note, expected to proue fo woorthy, as fince he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his fide, and I to perufe him by Items.

Phil. You fpeake of him when he was leffe furnifh'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I haue feene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he muft be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banifhment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of thofe that weepe this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without leſſe quality. But how comes it, he is to ſoiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no leſſe then my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be ſo entertained among'ſt you, as ſuites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then ſtory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne togither in Orleance.

Poſt. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindneſſe, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pitty you ſhould haue beene put together, with ſo mortall a purpoſe, as then each bore, vpon importance of ſo ſlight and triuiall a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueller, rather ſhun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to ſay it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by ſuch two, that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of vs fell in praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wiſe, Chaſte, Conſtant, Qualified, and leſſe attemptible then any, the rareſt of our Ladies in Fraunce.

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

Poſt. She holds her Vertue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Poſth. Being ſo farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profeſſe my ſelfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compariſon, had beene ſomething too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if ſhe went before others. I haue ſeene as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeue ſhe excelled many: but I haue not ſeene the moſt pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you eſteeme it at?

Poſt. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Miſtirs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſolde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchaſes, or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know ſtrange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be ſtolne too, ſo your brace of vnprizeable Eſtimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Caſuall;. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your Italy ,containes none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Miſtris: if in the holding or loſſe of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue ſtore of Theeues, notwithſtanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With fiue times ſo much conuerſation, I ſhould get ground of your faire Miſtris; make her go backe, euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion, and I doubt not you ſuſtaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſth. A Repulſe though your Attempt (as you call it) deſerue more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too ſodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Eſtate, and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I haue ſpoke,

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in conſtancie you thinke ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine ſo reſeru'd.

Poſthmus. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiſer: if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſeure it from tainting; but I ſee you haue ſome Religion in you, that you feare.

Poſthu. This is but a cuſtome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpoſe I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my ſpeeches, and would vnder-go what's ſpoken, I ſweare.

Poſthu. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's. My Miſtris exceedes in goodneſſe, the hugeneſſe of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I haue enioy'd the deereſt bodily part of your Miſtris: my ten thouſand Duckets are yours, ſo

so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnseduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th' assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let vs follow 'em. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch. *Exit Ladies.*
Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their seuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him
Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her.

Qu. No further seruice, Doctor,
Vntill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue. *Exit.*

Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou?)
Dost thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisa.*
Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio.*
Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies*

Pisa. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame falſe,
A Fooliſh Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband baniſh'd: O, that Husband,
My ſupreame Crowne of griefe, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-ſtolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but moſt miſerable
Is the deſires that's glorious. Bleſſed be thoſe
How meane ſo ere, that haue their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Piſanio, and Iachimo.

Piſa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greetes your Highneſſe deerely.
Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, moſt rich:
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue loſt the wager. Boldneſſe be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Orlike the Parthian I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your truſt. Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th'reſt, and take it thankefully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and ſhall finde it ſo
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thankes faireſt Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To ſee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales ſo pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'iudgment:
For Idiots in this caſe of fauour, would
Be wiſely definit: Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sluttery to ſuch neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit emptineſſe,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will:
That ſatiate yet vnſatisfi'd deſire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening firſt the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.
Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beſeech you Sir,
Deſire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's ſtrange and peeuiſh.
Piſa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome. *Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant: none a ſtranger there,
So merry, and ſo gameſome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.
Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to ſadneſſe, and oft times
Not knowiug why.
Iach. I neuer ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that it ſeemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke ſighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my ſides hold, to think that man who knowes
By Hiſtory, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be: will's free houres languiſh:
For aſſured bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know ſome men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he I hope.
Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himſelfe 'tis much
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'ſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What do you pitty Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartyly.
Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me: what wrack diſcerne you in me
Deſerues your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and ſolace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.
Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuer with more openneſſe your anſweres
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?
Iach. That others do,
(I was about to ſay) enioy your—but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeake on't.
Imo. You do ſeeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be ſure they do. For Certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Diſcouer to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach' Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whoſe touch,
(Whoſe euery touch) would force the Feelers ſoule
To'th'oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, ſhould I (damn'd then)

Slauer

Slauuer with lippes as common as the ſtayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falſhood (falſhood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Baſe and illuſtrious as the ſmoakie light
That's fed with ſtinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch reuolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittaine.

Iach. And himſelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deereſt Soule: your Cauſe doth ſtrike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me ſicke. A Lady
So faire, and faſten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that ſelfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſſe can lend Nature. Such boyl'd ſtuffe
As well might poyſon Poyſon. Be reueng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd:
How ſhould I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue ſuch a Heart, that both mine eares
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Liue like *Diana's* Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your deſpight, vpon your purſe: reuenge it.
I dedicate my ſelfe to your ſweet pleaſure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What hoa, *Piſanio*?

Iach. Let me my ſeruice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'ſt haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that diſdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault: if he ſhall thinke it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romiſh Stew, and to expound
His beaſtly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not reſpects at all. What hoa, *Piſanio*?

Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deſerues thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſſe
Her aſſur'd credit. Bleſſed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Miſtris, onely
For the moſt worthieſt fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue ſpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The trueſt manner'd: ſuch a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor ſets him off,
More then a mortall ſeeming. Be not angrie
(Moſt mighty Princeſſe) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffeleſſe. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thankes: I had almoſt forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my ſelfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the buſineſſe.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The beſt Feather of our wing) haue mingled ſummes
To buy a Preſent for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the reſt) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquiſite forme, their valewes great,
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange
To haue them in ſafe ſtowage: May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their ſafety, ſince
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, onely for this night:
I muſt aboord to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beſeech: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-ſtood my time, which is materiall
To'th'tender of our Preſent.

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had ſuch lucke? when I kiſt the Iacke vpon an vp-caſt, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorſon Iacke-an-Apes, muſt

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: euery Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should vndertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. Leonatus? A banisht Rascall; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no de ogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
Aud leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: a Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
T'enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech yee. *Sleepes.*

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense
Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes; that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th'Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th'bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate. *Enter Musitians.*

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
and Phœbus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp so earely: he cannot choose but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maiesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter
Will she not forth?

Clot. I haue assayl'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours.

Qu. You are most bound to'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly solicity, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Saue when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede
T'employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not
Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th'stand o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe:
Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe.
By your leaue. *Knockes.*

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more
Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchasing but trouble: the thankes I giue,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And scarse can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:
If you sweare still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,
I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith
I shall vnfold equall discourtesie
To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sinne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The confequence o'th'Crowne, and muft not foyle
The precious note of it; with a bafe Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuorie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not fo eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art befides: thou wer't too bafe,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be ftil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd fo well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He neuer can meete more mifchance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'ft Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my refpect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made fuch men: How now *Pifanio*?

Enter Pifanio,

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee prefently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am fprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worfe: Go bid my woman
Search for a Iewell, that too cafually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Mafters. Shrew me
If I would loofe it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I faw't this morning: Confident I am.
Laft night 'twas on mine Arme; I kifs'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiffe aught but he.

Pif. 'Twill not be loft.

Imo. I hope fo: go and fearch.

Clot. You haue abus'd me:
His meaneft Garment?

Imo. I, I faid fo Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witneffe to't.

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope
But the worft of me. So I leaue you Sir,
To'th'worft of difcontent. *Exit.*

Clot. Ile bereueng'd:
His mean'ft Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pofthumus, and Philario.

Poft. Feare it not Sir: I would I were fo fure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Poft. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the prefent winters ftate, and wifh
That warmer dayes would come: In thefe fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling
I muft die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodneffe, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Auguftus*: *Caius Lucius,*
Will do's Commiffion throughly. And I think
Hee'le grant the Tribute: fend th'Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whofe remembrance
Is yet frefh in their griefe.

Poft. I do beleeue
(Statift though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you fhall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, fooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when *Iulius Cæfar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their difcipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, fuch
That mend vpon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*

Phi. See *Iachimo.*

Poft. The fwifteft Harts, haue pofted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kifs'd your Sailes,
To make your veffell nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Poft. I hope the briefeneffe of your anfwere, made
The fpeedineffe of your returne.

Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayreft that I haue look'd vpon

Poft. And therewithall the beft, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Cafement to allure falfe hearts,
And be falfe with them.

Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.

Poft. Their tenure good I truft.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Poft. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poft. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I haue loft it,
I fhould haue loft the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t'enioy
A fecond night of fuch fweet fhortneffe, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Poft. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being fo eafy.

Poft. Make note Sir
Your loffe, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Muft not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we muft
If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miftris home, I grant
We were to queftion farther; but I now
Profeffemy felfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.

Poft. If you can mak't apparant
That yon haue tafted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or loofes,
Your Sword, or mine, or Mafterleffe leaue both
To who fhall finde them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumftances
Being fo nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Muft firft induce you to beleeue; whofe ftrength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'l

You'l giue me leaue to ſpare, when you ſhall finde
You neede it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confeſſe I ſlept not, but profeſſe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her Roman,
And *Sidnus* ſwell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
The preſſe of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtriue
In Workemanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was———
Poſt. This is true:
And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt iuſtifie my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or doe your Honour iniury.
Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaſte *Dian*, bathing: neuer ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe reape,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The Roofe o'th'Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you haue ſeene all this (and praiſe
Be giuen to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaues
The wager you haue laid.
Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it muſt be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.
Poſt. Ioue———
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She ſtript it from her Arme: I ſee her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gaue it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhee?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Baſiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where ſemblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, aboue meaſure falſe.
Phil. Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath ſtolne it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me ſome corporall ſigne about her
More euident then this: for this was ſtolne.
Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Poſt. Hearke you, he ſweares: by Iupiter he ſweares.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am ſure
She would not looſe it: her Attendants are
All ſworne, and honourable: they induc'd to ſteale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cogniſance of her incontinencie
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Diuide themſelues betweene you.
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perſwaded well of.
Poſt. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeeke
For further ſatisfying, vnder her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gaue me preſent hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This ſtaine vpon her?
Poſt. I, and it doth confirme
Another ſtaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you heare more?
Poſt. Spare your Arethmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.
Iach. Ile be ſworne.
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'ſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Iach. Ile deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and doo't, i'th'Court, before
Her Father. Ile do ſomething. *Exit.*
Phil. Quite beſides
The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelfe.
Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be halfe-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Or leſſe; at firſt? Perchance he ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Luſt, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Diſdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe ſo old as that. Ile write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with vs?
Luc. When *Iulius Cæſar* (whoſe remembrance yet
Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Caſſibulan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Cæſars* prayſes, no whit leſſe
Then in his Feats deſeruing it) for him,
And his Succeſſion, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thouſand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.
Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be ſo euer.
Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Iulius*: Britaine's a world
By it ſelfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noſes.
Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceſtors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Iſle, which ſtands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But ſucke them vp to'th'Top-maſt. A kinde of Conqueſt
Cæſar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with ſhame
(The firſt that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaſt, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-ſhels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibulan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to maſter *Cæſars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines ſtrut with Courage.
Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdome is ſtronger then it was at that time: and (as I ſaid) there is no mo ſuch *Cæſars*, other of them may haue crook'd Noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtraite Armes, none.
Cym. Son, let your Mother end.
Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard as *Caſſibulan*, I doe not ſay I am one: but I haue a hand. Why Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? If *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: elſe Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.
Cym. You muſt know,
Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Cæſars* Ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th'World, againſt all colour heere,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our ſelues to be, we do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our Anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whoſe vſe the Sword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repayre, and franchiſe,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the firſt of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himſelfe a King.
Luc. I am ſorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy ſelfe Domeſticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confuſion
In *Cæſars* name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: Looke
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my ſelfe.
Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Cæſar* Knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to ſeeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preſident
Which not to reade, would ſhew the Britaines cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not finde them.
Luc. Let proofe ſpeake.
Clot. His Maieſty biddes you welcome. Make paſtime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you ſeek vs afterwards in other tearmes, you ſhall finde vs in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the aduenture, our Crowes ſhall fare the better for you: and there's an end.
Luc. So ſir.
Cym. I know your Maſters pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Piſanio reading of a Letter.

Piſ. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monſters her accuſe? *Leonatus*:
Oh Maſter, what a ſtrange infection

Is

Is falne into thy eare? What falfe Italian,
(As poyfonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Difloyall? No.
She's punifh'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddeffe-like, then Wife-like; fuch Affaults
As would take in fome Vertue. Oh my Mafter,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I fhould murther her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be fo, to do good feruice, neuer
Let me be counted feruiceable. How looke I,
That I fhould feeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I haue fent her, by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: fenfeleffe bauble,
Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'ft
So Virgin-like without? Loe here fhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Pifanio*?

Pif. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Aftronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, rellifh of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are afunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyficke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: bleft be
You Bees that make thefe Lockes of counfaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you caft in prifon, yet
You clafpe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

IVftice, and your Fathers wrath (fhould he take me in his Dominion) could not be fo cruell to me, as you: (oh the deereft of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Hauen: *what your owne Loue, will out of this aduife you, follow. So he wifhes you all happineffe, that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your encreafing in Loue.* Leonatus Pofthumus.

Oh for a Horfe with wings: Hear'ft thou *Pifanio*?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Pifanio*,
Who long'ft like me, to fee thy Lord; who long'ft
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'ft
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: fay, and fpeake thicke
(Loues Counfailor fhould fill the bores of hearing,
To'th'fmothering of the Senfe) how farre it is
To this fame bleffed Milford. And by'th'way
Tell me how Wales was made fo happy, as
T'inherite fuch a Hauen. But firft of all,
How we may fteale from hence: and for the gap
That we fhall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excufe: but firft, how get hence.
Why fhould excufe be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee fpeake,
How many ftore of Miles may we well rid
'Twixt houre, and houre?

Pif. One fcore 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Excution Man,
Could neuer go fo flow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horfes haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sickneffe, fay
She'le home to her Father; and prouide me prefently
A Riding Suit: No coftlier then would fit
A Franklins Hufwife.

Pifa. Madam, you're beft confider.

Imo. I fee before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;
Nor what enfues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to fay:
Acceffible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe houfe with fuch,
Whofe Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Inftructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd fo high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We houfe i'th'Rocke, yet vfe thee not fo hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Aruir. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine fport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread thefe Flats. Confider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leffen's, and fets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; fo being done,
But being fo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we fee:
And often to our comfort, fhall we finde
The fharded-Beetle, in a fafer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then ruftling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proofe you fpeak: we poore vnfledg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'neft; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is beft,
(If quiet life be beft) fweeter to you
That haue a fharper knowne. Well correfponding
With your ftiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Prifon, or a Debtor, that not dares
To ftride a limit.

Arui. What fhould we fpeake of
When we are old as you? When we fhall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue, fhall we difcourfe

The freezing houres away? We haue feene nothing:
We are beaftly; fubtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prifon'd Bird,
And fing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you fpeake.
Did you but know the Citties Vfuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whofe top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or fo flipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely feemes to feeke out danger
I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'fearch,
And hath as oft a fland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deferue, by doing well: what's worfe
Muft curt'fie at the Cenfure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
Firft, with the beft of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whofe boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whofe falfe Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, fwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: fo
Followed my Banifhment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and thefe Demefnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honeft freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that ftrikes
The Venifon firft, fhall be the Lord o'th'Feaft,
To him the other two fhall minifter,
And we will feare no poyfon, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes. *Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the fparkes of Nature?
Thefe Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are aliue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th'Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In fimple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Ioue,
When on my three-foot ftoole I fit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his fpirits flye out
Into my Story: fay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I fet my foote on's necke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he fweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himfelfe in pofture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Aruiragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my fpeech, and fhewes much more
His owne conceiuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Confcience knowes
Thou didd'ft vniuftly banifh me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I ftole thefe Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succeffion, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou was't their Nurfe, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graue:
My felfe *Belarius*, that am *Mergan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pifanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ft me when we came frō horfe, ỹ place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother fo
To fee me firft, as I haue now: *Pifanio*, Man:
Where is *Pofthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee ftare thus? Wherefore breaks that figh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond felfe-explication. Put thy felfe
Into a hauiour of leffe feare, ere wildneffe
Vanquifh my ftayder Senfes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ft thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'ft
But keepe that count'nance ftil. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at fome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off fome extreamitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pif. Pleafe you reade,
And you fhall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moft difdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reades.

THy Miftris (Pifanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my Bed: the Teftimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I fpeak not out of weake Surmifes, but from proofe as ftrong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou (Pifanio) muft acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I fhall giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpofe; where, if thou feare to ftrike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her difhonour, and equally to me difloyall.

Pif. What fhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander,
Whofe edge is fharper then the Sword, whofe tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whofe breath
Rides on the pofting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous flander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. Falfe to his Bed? What is it to be falfe?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If fleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my felfe awake? That's falfe to's bed? Is it?

Pifa. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I falfe? Thy Confcience witneffe: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'ft accufe him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dft like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.

Pisa. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Synons* weeping
Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Do feele the Treason sharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common passage, but
A straine of Rarenesse: And I greeue my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this businesse,
I haue not slept one winke.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,
Th'elected Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake.

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed iniurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pisa. No, on my life:
Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'l backe to'th'Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That *Clotten*, whose Loue-suite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambassador,
Lucius the Romaine comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourely to your eare,
As truely as he mooues.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would aduenture.

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiffing *Titan:* and forget
Your labourfome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iuno* angry.
Imo. Nay be breefe?
I fee into thy end, and am almoft
A man already.
Pif. Firft, make your felfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hofe, all
That anfwer to them: Would you in their feruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of fuch a feafon) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Prefent your felfe, defire his feruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Muficke, doubtleffe
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, moft holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor fupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be confider'd: but wee'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.
Pif. Well Madam, we muft take a fhort farewell,
Leaft being mift, I be fufpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miftris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are ficke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away diftemper. To fome fhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the beft.
Imo. Amen: I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and fo farewell.
Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I muft from hence,
And am right forry, that I muft report ye
My Mafters Enemy.
Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our felfe
To fhew leffe Soueraignty then they, muft needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike.
Luc. So Sir: I defire of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leaue not the worthy *Lucius,* good my Lords
Till he haue croft the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*
Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him caufe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wifhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horfemen be in readineffe:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will foone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.
Qu. 'Tis not fleepy bufineffe,
But muft be look'd too fpeedily, and ftrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too flight in fufferance.
Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Pofthumus,* moft retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muft do. Befeech your Maiefty,
Forbeare fharpe fpeeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ftrokes,
And ftrokes death to her.
Enter a Meffenger.
Cym. Where is fhe Sir? How
Can her contempt be anfwer'd?
Mef. Pleafe you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anfwer
That will be giuen to'th'lowd of noife, we make.
Qu. My Lord, when laft I went to vifit her,
She pray'd me to excufe her keeping clofe,
Whereto conftrain'd by her infirmitie,
She fhould that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly fhe was bound to proffer: this
She wifh'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.
Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not feene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue falfe. *Exit.*
Qu. Sonne, I fay, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Pifanio,* her old Seruant
I haue not feene thefe two dayes. *Exit.*
Qu. Go, looke after:
Pifanio, thou that ftand'ft fo for *Pofthumus,*
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abfence
Proceed by fwallowing that. For he beleeues
It is a thing moft precious. But for her,
Where is fhe gone? Haply difpaire hath feiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, fhe's flowne
To her defir'd *Pofthumus*: gone fhe is,
To death, or to difhonor, and my end
Can make good vfe of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittifh Crowne.
Enter Cloten.
How now, my Sonne?
Clot. 'Tis certaine fhe is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-ftall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*
Clo. I loue, and hate her: for fhe's Faire and Royall,
And that fhe hath all courtly parts more exquifite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſelles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Diſdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her iudgement,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her: For, when Fooles ſhall—

Enter Piſanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing ſirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the Fiends.

Piſ. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aſke againe. Cloſe Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus*?
From whoſe ſo many waights of baſeneſſe, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is ſhe Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Diſcouer where thy Miſtris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy ſilence on the inſtant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Piſ. Then Sir:
This Paper is the hiſtorie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's ſee't: I will purſue her
Euen to *Auguſtus* Throne.

Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Piſ. Ile write to my Lord ſhe's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayſt thou wander, ſafe returne agen.

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Piſ. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a Villain, but do me true ſeruice: vndergo thoſe Imployments wherin I ſhould haue cauſe to vſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerue mee? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger *Poſthumus*, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerue mee?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late Maſters Garments in thy poſſeſſion.

Piſan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the ſame Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Miſtreſſe.

Clo. The firſt ſeruice thou doſt mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy firſt ſeruice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villaine *Poſthumus* will I kill thee. I would theſe Garments were come. She ſaide vpon a time (the bitterneſſe of it, I now belch from my heart) that ſhee held the very Garment of *Poſthumus*, in more reſpect, then my Noble and naturall perſon; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I rauiſh her: firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſulment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Luſt hath dined (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that ſhe ſo prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath deſpis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Piſanio.

Be thoſe the Garments?

Piſ. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Hauen?

Piſ. She can ſcarſe be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I haue commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my deſigne. Be but dutious, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelfe to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit*

Piſ. Thou bid'ſt me to my loſſe: for true to thee,
Were to proue falſe, which I will neuer bee
To him that is moſt true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purſueſt. Flow, flow
You Heauenly bleſſings on her: This Fooles ſpeede
Be croſt with ſlowneſſe; Labour be his meede. *Exit*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I ſee a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my ſelfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſicke,
But that my reſolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: ſuch I meane,
Where they ſhould be releeu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not miſſe my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones ſcarſe tell true. To lapſe in Fulneſſe
Is ſorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'falſe Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to ſinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis ſome ſauage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: Yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneſſe euer
Of Hardineſſe is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, ſpeake: if ſauage,

Take,

Take, or lend. Hoa? No anfwer? Then Ile enter.
Beft draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l fcarfely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* haue prou'd beft Woodman, and
Are Mafter of the Feaft: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The fweat of induftry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our ftomackes
Will make what's homely, fauoury: Wearineffe
Can fnore vpon the Flint, when reftie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore houfe, that keep'ft thy felfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet ftrong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil'ft what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I fhould thinke
Heere were a Faiery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuineneffe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good mafters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue ftolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ftrew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, fo foone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Aru. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thofe
Who worfhip durty Gods.

Imo. I fee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I fhould
Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir: I haue a Kinfman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almoft fpent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churles: nor meafure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almoft night, you fhall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to ftay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I fhould woo hard, but be your Groome in honefty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And fuch a welcome as I'ld giue to him
(After long abfence) fuch is yours. Moft welcome:
Be fprightly, for you fall 'mongft Friends.

Imo. 'Mongft Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin fo, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin leffe, and fo more equall ballafting
To thee *Pofthumus.*

Bel. He wrings at fome diftreffe.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it coft, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themfelues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Confcience feal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere thefe twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'ld change my fexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* falfe.

Bel. It fhall be fo:
Boyes wee'l go dreffe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Difcourfe is heauy, fafting: when we haue fupp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt fpeake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to'th'Owle,
And Morne to th'Larke leffe welcome.

Imo. Thankes Sir.

Arui. I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1.*Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That fince the common men are now in Action
'Gainft the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to vndertake our Warres againft
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this bufineffe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Confull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His abfolute Commiffion. Long liue *Cæfar.*

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2.*Sen.* I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1.*Sen.* With thofe Legions
Which I haue fpoke of, whereunto your leuie
Muft be fuppliant: the words of your Commiffion
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their difpatch.

Tri. We will difcharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot I am neere to'th'place where they fhould meet, if *Pifanio* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments ferue me? Why fhould his Miftris who was made by him that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (fauing reuerence of the Word) for 'tis faide a Womans fitneffe comes by fits: therein I muft play the Workman, I dare fpeake it to my felfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glaffe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leffe young, more ftrong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike conuerfant in generall feruices, and more remarkeable in fingle oppofitions; yet this imperfeuerant Thing loues him in my defpight. What Mortalitie is? *Pofthumus*, thy head (which now is growing vppon thy fhoulders) fhall within this houre be off, thy Miftris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, fpurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my fo rough vfage: but my Mother hauing power of his teftineffe, fhall turne all into my commendations. My Horfe is tyed vp fafe, out Sword, and to a fore purpofe: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very defcription of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.
Arui. Brother, ftay heere:
Are we not Brothers?
Imo. So man and man fhould be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whofe duft is both alike. I am very ficke,
Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.
Imo. So ficke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not fo Citizen a wanton, as
To feeme to dye, ere ficke: So pleafe you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall courfe: the breach of Cuftome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not fociable: I am not very ficke,
Since I can reafon of it: pray you truft me heere,
Ile rob none but my felfe, and let me dye
Stealing fo poorely.
Gui. I loue thee: I haue fpoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.
Bel. What? How? how?
Arui. If it be finne to fay fo (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you fay,
Loue's reafon's, without reafon. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't fhall dye, I'ld fay
My Father, not this youth.
Bel. Oh noble ftraine!
O worthineffe of Nature, breed of Greatneffe!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Bafe things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this fhould bee,
Doth myracle it felfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.
Arui. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wifh ye fport.
Arui. You health.——So pleafe you Sir.
Imo. Thefe are kinde Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers fay, all's fauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou difproou'ft Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monfters; for the Difh,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as fweet Fifh:
I am ficke ftill, heart-ficke; *Pifanio,*
Ile now tafte of thy Drugge.
Gui. I could not ftirre him:
He faid he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Difhoneftly afflicted, but yet honeft.
Arui. Thus did he aufwer me: yet faide heereafter,
I might know more.
Bel. To'th'Field, to'th'Field:
Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and reft
Arui. Wee'l not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ficke,
For you muft be our Hufwife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit.*
Bel. And fhal't be euer.
This youth, how ere diftreft, appeares he hath had
Good Anceftors.
Arui. How Angell-like he fings?
Gui. But his neate Cookerie?
Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And fawc'ft our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin ficke,
And he her Dieter.
Arui. Nobly he yoakes
A fmiling, with a figh; as if the fighe
Was that it was, for not being fuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From fo diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at.
Gui. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their fpurres together.
Arui. Grow patient,
And let the ftinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perifhing roote, with the encreafing Vine.
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?
Enter Cloten.
Clo. I cannot finde thofe Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Thofe Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th'Queene. I feare fome Ambufh:
I faw him not thefe many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother fearch
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.
Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of fuch. What Slaue art thou?
Gui. A thing
More flauifh did I ne're, then anfwering
A Slaue without a knocke.
Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why

Why I ſhould yeeld to thee?
Clot. Thou Villaine baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Raſcall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made thoſe cloathes,
Which (as it ſeemes) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art ſome Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.
Clot. Thou iniurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.
Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am Sonne to'th'Queene.
Gui. I am ſorry for't: not ſeeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reuerence, thoſe I feare: the Wiſe:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue ſlaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow thoſe that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* ſet your heads:
Yeeld Ruſticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arui. None in the world: you did miſtake him ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking were as his: I am abſolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arui. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my Brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.
Bel. Being ſcarſe made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cauſe of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But ſee thy Brother.
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What haſt thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and ſwore
With his owne ſingle hand heel'd take vs in,
Diſplace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And ſet them on *Luds-Towne*.
Bel. We are all vndone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to looſe,
But that he ſwore to take, our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of fleſh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himſelfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Diſcouer you abroad?
Bel. No ſingle ſoule
Can we ſet eye on: but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt haue ſome Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worſe: Not Frenzie,
Not abſolute madneſſe could ſo farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and ſweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he ſo vndertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.
Arui. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-ſay it: howſoere,
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* ſickeneſſe
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue againſt my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fiſhes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*
Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'ſt not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arui. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone purſu'de me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, wold ſeek vs through
And put vs to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor ſeeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile ſtay
Till haſty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arui. Poore ſicke *Fidele*,
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe my ſelfe for charity. *Exit.*
Bel. Oh thou Goddeſſe,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy ſelfe thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ſt winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him ſtoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuiſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not ſeene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene ſow'd: yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guidereus.

Gui. Where's my Brother?

I haue ſent *Clotens* Clot-po le downe the ſtreame,
In Embaſſie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoſtage
For his returne. *Solemn Muſick.*

Bel. My ingenuous Inſtrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Hearke.

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence euen now.

Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deer'ſt Mother
It did not ſpeake before. All ſolemne things
Should anſwer ſolemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.

Arui. The Bird is dead
That we haue made ſo much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from ſixteene yeares of Age, to ſixty:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue ſeene this.

Gui. Oh ſweeteſt, fayreſt Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could ſound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might'ſt eaſileſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'ſt haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'ſt a moſt rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arui. Starke, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome Fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Repoſing on a Cuſhion.

Gui. Where?

Arui. O'th'floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whoſe rudeneſſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too lowd.

Gui. Why, he but ſleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui. With fayreſt Flowers
Whil'ſt Sommer laſts, and I liue heere, *Fidele*,
Ile ſweeten thy ſad graue: thou ſhalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primroſe, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moſſe beſides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarſe———

Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th'graue.

Arui. Say, where ſhall's lay him?

Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arui. Bee't ſo:
And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the manniſh cracke, ſing him to'th'ground
As once to our Mother: vſe like note, and words,
Saue that *Euriphile*, muſt be *Fidele*.

Gui. Cadwall,
I cannot ſing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Then Prieſts, and Phanes that lye.

Arui. Wee'l ſpeake it then.

Bel. Great greefes I ſee med'cine the leſſe: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one duſt, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Therſites body is as good as *Aiax*,
When neyther are aliue.

Arui. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l ſay our Song the whil'ſt: Brother begin.

Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th'Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.

Arui. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remoue him.

Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task haſt don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.

Arui. *Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,*
Thou art paſt the Tirants ſtroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Phyſicke muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.

Guid. *Feare no more the Lightning flaſh.*
Arui. *Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderſtone.*
Gui. *Feare not Slander, Cenſure raſh.*
Arui. *Thou haſt finiſh'd Ioy and mone.*
Both. *All Louers young, all Louers muſt,*
Conſigne to thee and come to duſt.

Guid. *No Exorciſor harme thee,*
Arui. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*
Guid. *Ghoſt vnlaid forbeare thee.*
Arui. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*
Both. *Quiet conſumation haue,*
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We haue done our obſequies:
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night
Are ſtrewings fit'ſt for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen ſo
Theſe Herbelets ſhall, which we vpon you ſtrew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them firſt, ha's them againe:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo are their paine. *Exeunt.*

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face———
Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
All Curses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
From this most brauest vessell of the world
Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous to'th'Senses? That confirmes it home:
This is *Pisanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to those
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap, The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th'winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)
Successe to th'Roman hoast.

Luc. Dreame often so,
And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord.

Luc. Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Imo. *Richard du Champ*: if I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madneſſe, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this preſent? It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeeme ſo ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a ſharpe Torture.

Piſ. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But for my Miſtris,
I nothing know where ſhe remaines: why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes returne. Beſeech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was heere:
I dare be bound hee's true, and ſhall performe
All parts of his ſubiection loyally. For *Cloten,*
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome:
Wee'l ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our iealouſie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coaſt, with a ſupply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate ſent.

Cym. Now for the Counſaile of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſſe (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put thoſe Powres in motion,
That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it ſeekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt*

Piſa. I heard no Letter from my Maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlaine. 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor heare I from my Miſtris, who did promiſe
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten,* but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens ſtill muſt worke:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent warres ſhall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th'King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in ſome Boats, that are not ſteer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyſe is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arui. What pleaſure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Muſt, or for Britaines ſlay vs or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vſe, and ſlay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there ſecure v..
To the Kings party there's no going: newneſſe
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muſter'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and ſo extort from's that
Which we haue done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In ſuch a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor ſatisfying vs.

Arui. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And eares ſo cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſeru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopeleſſe
To haue the courteſie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot Summers Tanlings, and
The ſhrinking Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your ſelfe
So out of thought, and thereto ſo ore-growne,
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arui. By this Sunne that ſhines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did ſee man dye, ſcarſe euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Veniſon?
Neuer beſtrid a Horſe ſaue one, that had
A Rider like my ſelfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am aſham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his bleſt Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heauens Ile go,
If you will bleſſe me Sir, and giue me leaue,
Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.

Arui. So ſay I, Amen.

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your liues you ſet
So ſlight a valewation) ſhould reſerue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long, their blood thinks ſcorn
Till it flye out, and ſhew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poſthumus alone.

Poſt. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you ſhould take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther Wiues much better then themſelues

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
To haue them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight
Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'th'*Leonati* in me:
To shame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,
The fashion lesse without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaues him.

Iac. The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarse are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feares.
Gui. Arui. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.
Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such
As warre were hood-wink'd.
Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?
Lo, I did.
Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned shame.
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then those for preseruation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
" *Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,*
" *Preſeru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Poſt. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
For if hee'l do, as hee is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendſhip too.
You haue put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
Poſt. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble miſery
To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue ſau'd their Carkaſſes? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he ſtrooke. Being an vgly Monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh Cups, ſoft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe miniſters then we
That draw his kniues i'th'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue reſum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the verieſt Hinde, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Anſwer be
Britaines muſt take. For me, my Ranſome's death,
On eyther ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by ſome meanes for *Imogen.*

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his ſonnes, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gaue th'Affront with them.
1 So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome ſhall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his ſeruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus Piſanio, and Romane Captiues. The Captaines preſent Poſthumus to Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You ſhall not now be ſtolne,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Paſture.
2.*Gao.* I, or a ſtomacke.
Poſt. Moſt welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's ſicke o'th'Gowt, ſince he had rather
Groane ſo in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'ſure Phyſitian, Death; who is the key
T'vnbarre theſe Lockes. My Conſcience, thou art fetter'd
More then my ſhanks, & wriſts: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Inſtrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am ſorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Deſir'd, more then conſtrain'd, to ſatisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No ſtricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A ſixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery ſtampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures ſake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and ſo great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell theſe cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen,*
Ile ſpeake to thee in ſilence.

Solemne Muſicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leonatus, Father to Poſthumus, an old man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Poſthumus) with Muſicke before them. Then after other Muſicke, followes the two young Leonati (Brothers to Poſthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Poſthumus round as he lies ſleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Maſter
ſhew thy ſpight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whoſe face I neuer ſaw:
I dy'de whil'ſt in the Wombe he ſtaide,
attending Natures Law.
Whoſe Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou ſhould'ſt haue bin, and ſheelded him,
from this earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'ſt his Foes.
A thing of pitty.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Anceſtrie,
moulded the ſtuffe ſo faire:
That he d ſeru'd the praiſe o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.
1.*Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could ſtand vp his paralell?
Or fruitfull obiect bee?
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt could deeme
his dignitie.
Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and caſt from her,
his deereſt one:
Sweete *Imogen*?
Sic. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*, ſlight thing of Italy,

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needleffe ielousy,
And to become the geeke and fcorne o'th'others vilany?
2 Bro. For this, from ftiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That ftriking in our Countries caufe,
fell brauely, and were flaine,
Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 Bro. Like hardiment *Pofthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then Iupiter, ỷ King of Gods, why haft ỷ thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
Sicil. Thy Chriftall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercife
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harfh, and potent iniuries:
Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miferies.
Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Manfion, helpe,
or we poore Ghofts will cry
To'th'fhining Synod of the reft, againft thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iuftice flye.
Iupiter defcends in Thunder and Lightning, fitting vppon an Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoftes fall on their knees.
Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hufh. How dare you Ghoftes
Accufe the Thunderer, whofe Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coafts.
Poore fhadowes of Elizium, hence, and reft
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreft,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beft I loue, I croffe; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are fpent:
Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rife, and fade,
He fhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made.
This Tablet lay vpon his Breft, wherein
Our pleafure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And fo away: no farther with your dinne
Expreffe Impatience, leaft you ftirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriftalline. *Afcends*
Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celeftiall breath
Was fulphurous to fmell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Afcenfion is
More fweet then our bleft Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thankes Iupiter.
Sic. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to bebleft
Let vs with care performe his great beheft. *Vanifh*
Pofl. Sleepe, thou haft bin a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haft created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh fcorne)
Gone, they went hence fo foone as they were borne:
And fo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatneffe, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I fwerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deferue,
And yet are fteep'd in Fauours; fo am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moft vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promife.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpe, fhall to himfelfe vnknown, without feeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ftately Cedar fhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, fhall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and frefhly grow, then fhall Pofthumus end his miferies, Britaine be fortunate, and flourifh in Peace and Plentie.*

'Tis ftill a Dreame: or elfe fuch ftuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or fenfeleffe fpeaking, or a fpeaking fuch
As fenfe cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for fimpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Poft. Ouer-roafted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for that, you are well Cook'd.

Poft. So if I proue a good repaft to the Spectators, the difh payes the fhot.

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you fhall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tauerne Bils, which are often the fadneffe of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: forrie that you haue payed too much, and forry that you are payed too much: Purfe and Braine, both empty: the Brain the heauier, for being too light; the Purfe too light, being drawne of heauineffe. Oh, of this contradiction you fhall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it fummes vp thoufands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and Creditor but it: of what's paft, is, and to come, the difcharge: your necke (Sis) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; fo the Acquittance followes.

Poft. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that fleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to fleepe your fleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you fhall go.

Poft. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not feene him fo pictur'd: you muft either bee directed by fome that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your felfe that which I am fure you do not know: for iump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you fhall fpeed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne to tell one.

Poft. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but fuch as winke, and will not vfe them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man fhold haue the beft vfe of eyes, to fee the way of blindneffe: I am fure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prifoner to the King.

Poft. Thou bring'ft good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Poft. Thou fhalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnleffe a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer faw one fo prone: yet on my Confcience, there are verier Knaues defire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be fome of them too that dye againft their willes; fo fhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were defolation of Gaolers and Galowfes: I fpeake againft my prefent profit, but my wifh hath a preferment in't. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pifanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my fide you, whom the Gods haue made
Preferuers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that fo richly fought,
Whofe ragges, fham'd gilded Armes, whofe naked breft
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He fhall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him fo.

Bel. I neuer faw
Such Noble fury in fo poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promift nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pifa. He hath bin fearch'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) fhe liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaft, were neyther true, nor modeft,
Vnleffe I adde, we are honeft.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arife my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
Companions to our perfon, an will fit you
With Dignities becomming your eftates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's bufineffe in thefe faces: why fo fadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th'Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To fowre your happineffe, I muft report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worfe then a Phyfitian
Would this report become? But I confider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will feize the Doctor too. How ended fhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Moft cruell to her felfe. What fhe confeft,
I will report, fo pleafe you. Thefe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were prefent when fhe finifh'd.

Cym. Prythee fay.

Cor. Firft, fhe confeft fhe neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatneffe got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perfon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but fhe fpoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom fhe bore in hand to loue
With fuch integrity, fhe did confeffe
Was as a Scorpion to her fight, whofe life
(But that her flight preuented it) fhe had
Tane off by poyfon.

Cym. O moft delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worfe. She did confeffe fhe had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches wafte you. In which time, fhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiffing, to
Orecome you with her fhew; and in time
(When fhe had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his ftrange abfence,
Grew fhameleffe defperate, open'd (in defpight
Of Heauen, and Men) her purpofes: repented
The euils fhe hatch'd, were not effected: fo
Difpayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, fo pleafe your Highneffe.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for fhe was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her feeming. It had beene vicious
To haue miftrufted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayft fay,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prifoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comm'ft not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the loffe
Of many a bold one: whofe Kinfmen haue made fuite
That their good foules may be appeas'd, with flaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our felfe haue granted,
So thinke of your eftate.

Luc. Confider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We fhould not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Prifoners with the Sword. But fince the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ranfome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can fuffer:
Auguftus liues to thinke on't: and fo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranfom'd: Neuer Mafter had
A Page fo kinde, fo duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occafions, true,
So feate, fo Nurfe-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my requeft, which Ile make bold your Highneffe
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue feru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And fpare no blood befide.

Cym. I haue furely feene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haft look'd thy felfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To fay, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Mafter, liue;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ftate, Ile giue it:

Yea,

Yea, though thou do demand a Prifoner
The Nobleft tane.
Imo. I humbly thanke your Highneffe.
Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no, alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I fee a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Mafter,
Muft fhuffle for it felfe.
Luc. The Boy difdaines me,
He leaues me, fcornes me: briefely dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.
Why ftands he fo perplext?
Cym. What would'ft thou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's beft to aske. Know'ft him thou look'ft on? fpeak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?
Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highneffe, who being born your vaffaile
Am fomething neerer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'ft him fo?
Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you pleafe
To giue me hearing.
Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my beft attention. What's thy name?
Imo. *Fidele* Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Mafter: walke with me: fpeake freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?
Arui. One Sand another
Not more refembles that fweet Rofie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?
Gui. The fame dead thing aliue.
Bel. Peace, peace, fee further: he eyes vs not, forbeare
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am fure
He would haue fpoke to vs.
Gui. But we fee him dead.
Bel. Be filent: let's fee further.
Pifa. It is my Miftris:
Since fhe is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
Cym. Come, ftand thou by our fide,
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, ftep you forth,
Giue anfwer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatneffe, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture fhall
Winnow the truth from falfhood. One fpeake to him.
Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poft. What's that to him?
Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, fay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnfpoken, that
Which to be fpoke, wou'd torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conftrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'ft banifh: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd (thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falfe fpirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.
Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy ftrength
I had rather thou fhould'ft liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: ftriue man, and fpeake.
Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That ftrooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurft
The Manfion where: 'twas at a Feaft, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyfon'd (or at leaft
Thofe which I heau'd to head:) the good *Pofthumus*,
(What fhould I fay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the beft of all
Among'ft the rar'ft of good ones) fitting fadly,
Hearing vs praife our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the fwell'd boaft
Of him that beft could fpeake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ftraight-pight *Minerua*,
Poftures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A fhop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, befides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairneffe, which ftrikes the eye.
Cym. I ftand on fire. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too foone I fhall,
Vnleffe thou would'ft greeue quickly. This *Pofthumus*,
Moft like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not difpraifing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miftris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his defcription
Prou'd vs vnfpeaking fottes.
Cym. Nay, nay, to'th'purpofe.
Iach. Your daughters Chaftity, (there it beginnes)
He fpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And fhe alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made fcruple of his praife, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainft this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In fuite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leffer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, ftakes this Ring,
And would fo, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might fo fafely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Pofte I in this defigne: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chafte Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Moft vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practife fo preuayl'd
That I return'd with fimular proofe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay fome markes
Of fecret on her perfon, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaftity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I fee him now.
Poft. I fo thou do'ft,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, moft credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines paft, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyfon,
Some

Some vpright Iufticer. Thou King, fend out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worfe then they. I am *Pofthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a leffer villaine then my felfe,
A facrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was fhe; yea, and fhe her felfe.
Spit, and throw ftones, caft myre vpon me, fet
The dogges o'th'ftreet to bay me: euery villaine
Be called *Pofthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leffe then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Poft. Shall's haue a play of this?
Thou fcornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pif. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Miftris: Oh my Lord *Pofthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Pofth. How comes thefe ftaggers on mee?

Pifa. Wake my Miftris.

Cym. If this be fo, the Gods do meane to ftrike me
To death, with mortall ioy.

Pifa. How fares my Miftris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my fight,
Thou gau'ft me poyfon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pifæ. Lady, the Gods throw ftones of fulpher on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter ftill.

Imo. It poyfon'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queene confeft,
Which muft approue thee honeft. If *Pafanio*
Haue (faid fhe) giuen his Miftris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, fhe is feru'd,
As I would ferue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poyfons for her, ftill pretending
The fatisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no efteeme. I dreading, that her purpofe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine ftuffe, which being tane, would ceafe
The prefent powre of life, but in fhort time,
All Offices of Nature, fhould againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Moft like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is fure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Poft. Hang there like fruite, my foule,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Flefh? my Childe?
What, mak'ft thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not fpeake to me?

Imo. Your bleffing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't.

Cym. My teares that fall
Proue holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am forry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, fhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere fo ftrangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pifa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile fpeake troth. Lord *Cloten*
Vpon my Ladies miffing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and fwore
If I difcouer'd not which way fhe was gone,
It was my inftant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Mafters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To feeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Mafters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he poftes
With vnchafte purpofe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I flew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, fhould from my lips
Plucke a hard fentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gui. I haue fpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A moft inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me fpurne the Sea,
If it could fo roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ftanding heere
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am forrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and muft
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headleffe man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our prefence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then the man he flew,
As well defcended as thy felfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
Had euer fcarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By tafting of our wrath? How of defcent
As good as we?

Arui. In that he fpake too farre.

Cym. And thou fhalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I muft
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous fpeech,
Though haply well for you.

Arui. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadd'ft (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? He is a banifh'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Affum'd this age: indeed a banifh'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſaue him.
Bel. Not too hot;
Firſt pay me for the Nurſing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoone
As I haue receyu'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my Sonnes?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy: heere's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then ſpare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yſſue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my Iſſue.
Bel. So ſure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Belarius*, whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my neere offence, my puniſhment
It ſelfe, and all my Treaſon that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. Theſe gentle Princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are) theſe twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; thoſe Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highneſſe knowes: Their Nurſe *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) ſtole theſe Children
Vpon my Baniſhment: I moou'd her too't,
Hauing receyu'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treaſon. Their deere loſſe,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Vnto my end of ſtealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I muſt looſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt Companions in the World.
The benediction of theſe couering Heauens
Fall on their heads liks dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.
Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The Seruice that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my Children,
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A payre of worthier Sonnes.
Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Aruiragus*.
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a ſanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him ſtill that naturall ſtampe:
It was wiſe Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Bleſt, pray you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a Kingdome.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer ſay heereafter
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Siſter: I you Brothers,
When we were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arui. I my good Lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lou'd,
Continew'd ſo, vntill we thought he dyed.
Corn. By the Queenes Dramme ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumſtantiall branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to ſerue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether theſe?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will ſerue our long Interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And ſhe (like harmleſſe Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Maſter hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is ſeuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, ſo wee'l hold thee euer.
Imo. You are my Father too, and did releeue me:
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.
Cym. All ore-ioy'd
Saue theſe in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they ſhall taſte our Comfort.
Imo. My good Maſter, I will yet do you ſeruice.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that ſo Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Poſt. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company theſe three
In poore beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finiſh.
Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heauie Conſcience ſinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beſeech you
Which I ſo often owe: but your Ring firſt,
And heere the Bracelet of the trueſt Princeſſe
That euer ſwore her Faith.
Poſt. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I haue on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
Wee'l learne our Freeneſſe of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.
Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.
Poſt. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-ſayer: As I ſlept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my boſome; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſſe, that I can

Make no Collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.
Luc. *Philarmonus.*
Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

WHen as a Lyons whelpe, ſhall to himſelfe vnknown, without ſeeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plentie.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is this moſt conſtant Wife, who euen now
Anſwering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender Aire.
Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.
Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Perſonates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* ſtolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maieſticke Cedar ioyn'd; whoſe Iſſue
Promiſes Britaine, Peace and Plenty.
Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diſſwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iuſtice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid moſt heauy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Viſion
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of yet this ſcarſe-cold-Battaile, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to Weſt, on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Cæſar*, ſhould againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines heere in the Weſt.
Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt Altars. Publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittiſh Enſigne waue
Friendly together: ſo through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feaſts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did ceaſe
(Ere bloodie hands were waſh'd) with ſuch a Peace.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

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